April 2, 1990

# THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

APRIL
W. Steig

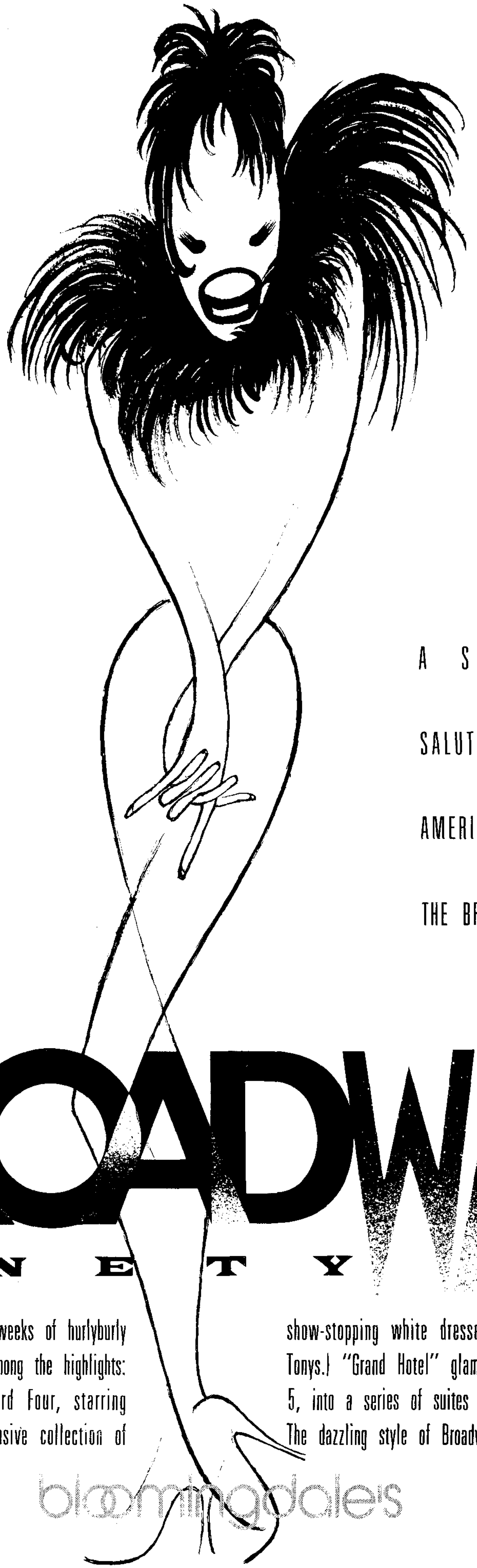
VSOP
Fine Champagne
COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
COGNAC

If you're looking for perfection in cognac, you're getting warm.

COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon

Cognac, 40% Alc. Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, FL 1989

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAMATICALLY STAGED.

STYLISHLY CHOREOGRAPHED.

OPENING APRIL 8

AT BLOOMINGDALE'S.

A STOREWIDE

SALUTE TO A GREAT

AMERICAN ART FORM:

THE BROADWAY THEATER.

BROADWAY

NINETY

oomingdale's and American Express present 8 weeks of hurlyburly id hullabaloo on every floor, in every store. Among the highlights: The Great White Way" comes to Boulevard Four, starring even leading American designers, in an exclusive collection of show-stopping white dresses, just for us. (And perfect for the Tonys.) "Grand Hotel" glamorously transforms our model rooms on 5, into a series of suites reserved for a bevy of legendary stars. The dazzling style of Broadway '90 has arrived, in all our stores.

bloomingdale's

©Al Hirschfeld. Drawing reproduced by special arrangement with Hirschfeld's exclusive representative, The Margo Feiden Galleries Ltd., New York.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
MAR 29 1990

# THE NEW YORKER

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

APRIL 2, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 31
"A VISIT TO THE GREAT MAN" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Benoît van Innis* 36
"t.V." . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Larry Doyle* 38
"SMOKE" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Michael Chabon* 41
"APRIL FOOLS' DAY, NEW YORK STATE" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . *Harold Brodkey* 44
A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE MERCHANT MARINE—PART II) . . . . . *John McPhee* 46
"THE PREPOSITIONS" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Sharon Olds* 48
"THE BADLANDS SAID" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Jean Valentine* 86
THE THEATRE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Mimi Kramer* 87
THE SKY LINE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 90
REPORT FROM ROMANIA . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Robert Cullen* 94
BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Helen Vendler* 113

**COVER:** *William Steig*

**DRAWINGS:** *Joseph Farris, Edward Koren, Gahan Wilson, George Price, Richard Cline, Eldon Dedini, Richard Oldden, Peter Steiner, Dana Fradon, Jack Ziegler, Roz Chast, Bernard Schoenbaum, Donald Reilly, Robert Weber, William Hamilton, Danny Shanahan, Stephanie Skalisky, Mick Stevens, James Stevenson*

---

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

## SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVI, No. 7, April 2, 1990. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1990 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. *Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.*
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

UNITED STATES

Austin

Boston

Chicago

Chicago
(Ritz-Carlton)

Houston
(Center)

Houston
(Inn on the Park)

Los Angeles
(At Beverly Hills)

New York
(The Pierre)

Newport Beach, California

Philadelphia

San Francisco

Seattle

Washington, D.C.

CANADA

Montreal
(Le Quatre Saisons)

Ottawa

Toronto
(Yorkville)

Toronto
(Inn on the Park)

Vancouver

UNITED KINGDOM

London
(Inn on the Park)

RESORTS

Dallas
(Las Colinas)

Maui
(Wailea)

Nevis W.I.
(Winter 1990)

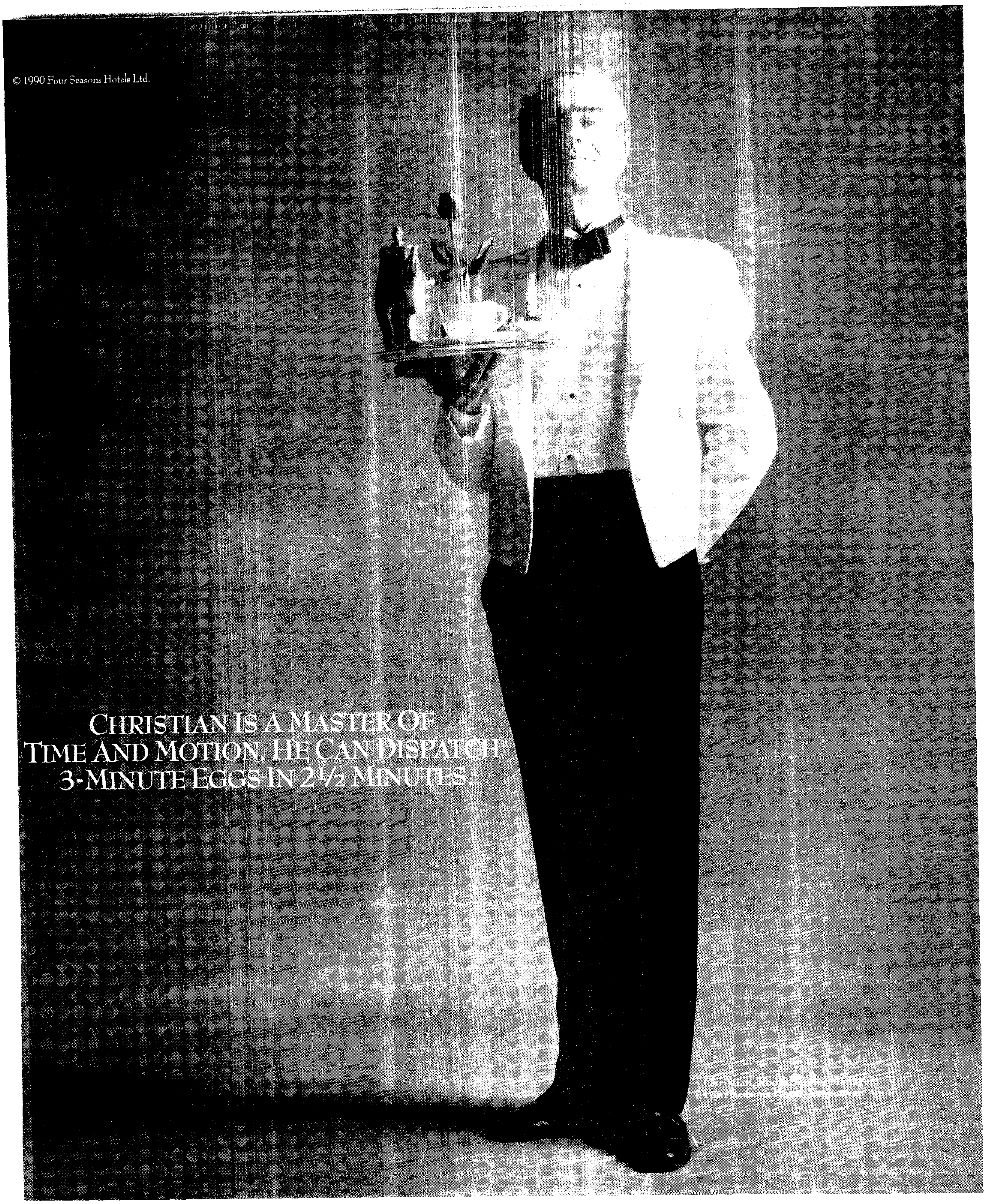
Santa Barbara
(The Biltmore)

Canada
(Minaki Lodge,
Northern Ontario)

For reservations, call your travel agent, or in the U.S. call: (800) 332-3442; in Canada (800) 268-6282.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

© 1990 Four Seasons Hotels Ltd.


CHRISTIAN IS A MASTER OF
TIME AND MOTION. HE CAN DISPATCH
3-MINUTE EGGS IN 2½ MINUTES.

He has stricken the word "impossible" from his vocabulary. Which is why he can have champagne and caviar brought to you in moments, magically fulfill requests for dishes not listed on the menu, and remember to dispatch the ice cream after the entree, not a minute before. For like all our employees, Christian realizes everything about your room must be perfect. Including, of course, what is brought into it.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

WE missed the boat, a few weeks back, writing about The New Theatre of Brooklyn's production of Tom Stoppard's "Rough Crossing," directed by Steve Stettler. We spent a whole column telling everybody about Brooklyn—that it exists, and all—when we should, we realize now, have been focussing on Mr. Stettler's leading lady, Patricia Norcia.

The connection would have been actresses from Central Europe: Miss Norcia played one in the Stoppard play. What we didn't know then was that the Continental prima donna is rather a specialty of Miss Norcia's, who is fond of performing Ruth Draper monologues around town for people who are fond of listening to them.

One Monday night not long ago, we joined a crowd of Draper fans who had convened in Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall to hear Miss Norcia perform "A Class in Greek Poise," "The Actress," and "Three Women and Mr. Clifford." (She will perform two other programs there in October.) "The Actress" is the one that entails large amounts of furious plotting in gibberish Romanian—at which Miss Norcia was pretty impressive. What impressed us most, though, was her impersonations of the various women in the life of this Mr. Clifford—his secretary, his wife, his mistress: how little they resembled each other or Miss Norcia. And, watching the piece (it consists of three scenes), we came to understand something about these monologues—why one has to see somebody perform them, and why nothing that so-called monologuists do now can touch them.

None of the three women Miss Norcia plays in the final piece turn out to be quite what you expect: the secretary is not so exclusively devoted to Mr. Clifford, the wife not so utterly unsympathetic, the mistress not so designing or cheap as the hackneyed situation between the four of them might lead us to suppose. What happens as you watch Miss Norcia acting—relating to an empty space onstage in the person of three entirely different characters—is that you begin to see that Mr. Clifford is the real subject of the piece: this man, about whom you felt you knew all you needed to know and whom you can't see, becomes a huge question mark. You leave knowing less about him than you did at the beginning, yet somehow feeling that you've seen an entire three-act play.

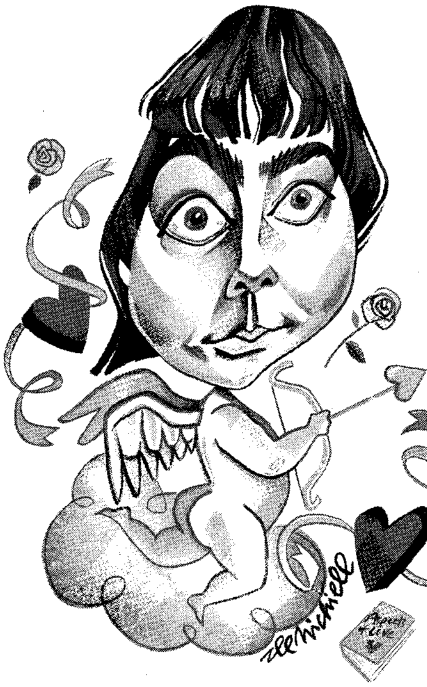
### OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

**Aspects of Love**—The new Andrew Lloyd Webber musical, imported from London. Directed by Trevor Nunn, the show features Ann Crumb, Kathleen Rowe McAllen, Michael Ball, and Kevin Colson. In previews. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

**The Balcony**—A revival of Jean Genet's 1960 play. Previews begin March 28. (Hudson Guild, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | | |



*"Aspects of Love" composer Andrew Lloyd Webber*

**The Crucible**—A revival of Arthur Miller's drama, with Justine Bateman, who is making her New York stage début. Directed by Gerald Freedman. Previews through March 28. Opens March 29 at 8. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

**Der Ring Gott Farblonjet**—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company in Charles Ludlam's 1977 play. In previews. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

**King Lear**—The Rustaveli Theatre Company of the Soviet Union in an updated, Georgian-language production of Shakespeare's play. Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. The brief engagement opens April 2 at 7, and runs through April 8. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

**Making Movies**—A new comedy by Aaron Sorkin, the author of "A Few Good Men." With Michael Countryman and David Marshall Grant. Opens March 27 at 8. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

**Mountain**—Len Cariou is William O. Douglas in this play by Douglas Scott. Directed by John Henry Davis. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

**New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players**—Presenting **of thee i sing,** the company's first non-Savoyard production. Opens March 29 at 7, and runs through April 15. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

**Starting Monday**—Ellen Greene and Pamela Wiggins in a play by Anne Commire. Previews through April 3. Opens April 4 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

### NEW THIS SEASON

**And the Soul Shall Dance**—A play by Wakako Yamauchi, presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 245-2660. Closes April 7.)

**Away Alone**—No one could accuse Janet Noble's sweet, feckless comedy about young Irish immigrants in the Bronx of being overly sophisticated. The play is innocent, sentimental, and old-fashioned—a little like the characters it portrays—but the feeling it creates in the audience becomes infectious, a little like the laughter it inspires. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

**Bad Habits**—A revival of two 1973 one-acts by
Terrence McNally. Nathan Lane, Ka
Nelligan, and Faith Prince are in the cas
Directed by Paul Benedict. (Manhattan Th
atre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th S
581-7907.)

**Bovver Boys**—There's some terrific acting i
this interesting little play by Willy Holt
man, about an American conscientious obje
tor (the play is set in 1970) and the hostilit
he encounters from local youth gangs i
Scotland, where he has gone to do commun
ty-service work. (45th Street Theatre, 35
W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

**By and for Havel**—A pair of one-acters in r
vival. "By"—**audience**—is based on an ep
sode that occurred when Václav Havel had
menial job in a brewery; "for"—**catastrop**
—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Hav
when he was in prison. Together, they ma
an evening that is both comic and stirrin
With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockwa
(Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/90.) (Joh
Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd S
564-8038.)

**Carbondale Dreams**—Steven Sater's trilog
about a family of Ugly-American Jews in t
Midwest began life as a pair of one-ac
entitled "Beth" and "Bradley." (A thir
"Arnold," has since been added.) We s
through "Beth" and found it so full of Jewis
self-loathing and hostility toward one's pa
ents (the work reeks of autobiography) as
be unendurable. Perhaps Sater needs to
reminded that the best revenge is living we
not writing poorly. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42
St. 564-8038.)

**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof**—Kathleen Turner
Maggie in this production of Tennessee Wi
liams' play. With Daniel Hugh Kelly
Brick, and Charles Durning and Pol
Holliday as Big Daddy and Big Mama. D
rected by Howard Davies. (Reviewed in th
issue.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 24
0220.)

**The Circle**—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Ste
art Granger, and an able supporting comp
ny have raised Somerset Maugham to t
heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The pla
is about an elderly couple who pay a visit
the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deser
ed thirty years before. Brian Murray direct
the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassado
215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—**prelude to a ki**
Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comed
slips into fantasy when an old man kisses
bride at her wedding. Under the deft dire
tion of Norman René, the performance is a
it should be. Barnard Hughes is the old ma
Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Al
Baldwin is her groom, and they could char
the birds off the trees. (3/26/90) (99 Seven
Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes April 1.)

**City of Angels**—Larry Gelbart, dramatist;
Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arrange
James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, lea
ing men; and Michael Blakemore, directo
are all in top form in this sharp, joke
musical satire about Hollywood in the fortie
The plot concerns the making of a privat
eye movie (and the unmaking of its author
The spectacular settings and costumes we
designed by Robin Wagner and Floren
Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/8
(Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

**Closer than Ever**—This charmer amounts to a
anthology of songs and sketches by Richa
Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music
as sung and performed by Brent Barret
Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lyn
Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, an
lucky to have such attractive, humorous, an
tender songs to sing and words to speak. T
fact that there is no amplification is an ext
boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Con
merce St. 989-2020.)

**A Few Good Men**—"Mister Roberts" mee
"The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aar
Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats i
sues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and m
rality with the slick, facile smugness of
half-hour comedy series, but the perfo
mances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino
direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Mus
Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**Grand Hotel**—The dazzling imagination
Tommy Tune's direction and choreograph
and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walto
almost make up for the inner vacancy of th
show (except for a glorious, eccentric dan

# How to select an independent Financial Advisor.

Why do so many investors who make their own decisions do business with Schwab? They choose Schwab to take advantage of our low commissions and excellent service.

But many other investors need some investment advice to help them keep up with today's fast-changing market. They also want to avoid the conflicts of interest created when full-commission brokers provide "advice." That's why we wrote *The Charles Schwab Guide To Selecting A Financial Advisor.*

## Independent advice

So if you're looking for objective advice, Financial Advisors are a good resource to consider because they won't pressure you to buy any specific investments. Our free *Guide To Selecting A Financial Advisor* explains why we think you'll get the best investment advice from an independent Financial Advisor. An independent Financial Advisor works for you—not Schwab, or any other brokerage firm.

## Questions to ask

But how do you find an Advisor who's right for you? This *Guide* can help you find an Advisor whose investing styles and strategies are compatible with your financial goals.

*The Charles Schwab Guide To Selecting A Financial Advisor* gives you key questions to ask Advisors. And it includes practical tips on what you should look for when selecting an Advisor.

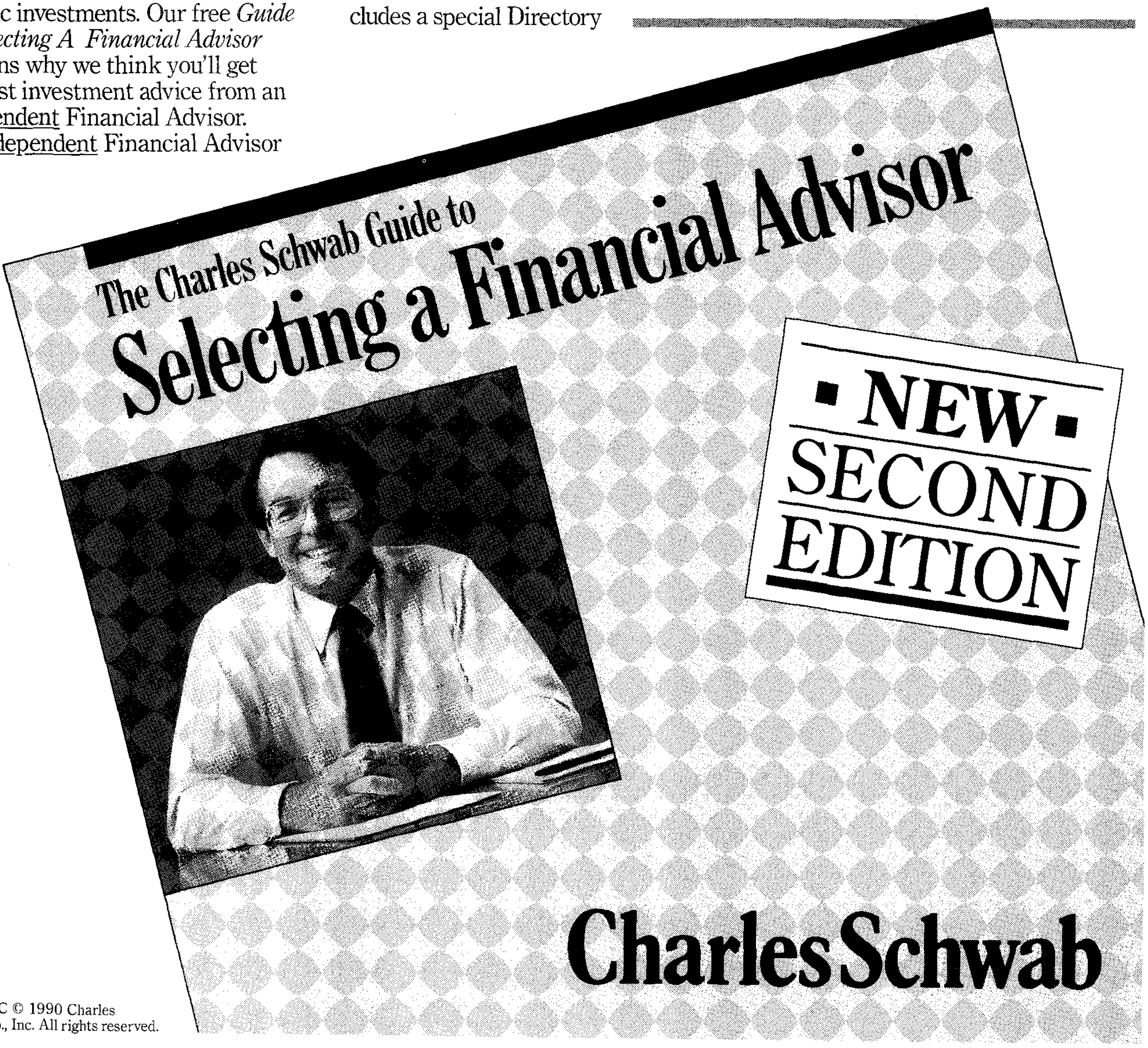
## A convenient resource

Our *Guide* also includes a special Directory section for your convenience. As a starting point, you'll find a listing of many professional Financial Advisors in cities all across the country.

So, if you're one of those investors who'd appreciate some independent advice, call now for your free copy of *The Charles Schwab Guide To Selecting A Financial Advisor.* It's an easy way to find a professional who can help you achieve your investment objectives.

Call now, toll-free:

**1-800-962-2900**



ember SIPC © 1990 Charles
hwab & Co., Inc. All rights reserved.

# IF SO
# OFFE
# THE MA
# WALK

ASSOCIATION OF LOYAL MACALLAN DRINKERS TO PREVENT

EONE
S YOU
ALLAN,
AWAY.

REXPOSURE OF The MACALLAN SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Fortunately, The Macallan is 43% Alc. by Vol. Unfortunately, it is widely distributed by Premiere Wine Merchants, Inc., New York, N.Y.

by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

**The Grapes of Wrath**—Gary Sinise, Lois Smith, Terry Kinney, and others in the Steppenwolf Theatre Company's production of the Steinbeck classic. Adapted and directed by Frank Galati. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

**Gypsy**—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

**Heart of a Dog**—Deloss Brown's adaptation of Mikhail Bulgakov's 1925 novella. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 8.)

**I Am a Winner!**—A comedy by Fred Valle that takes place in Spanish Harlem. Three performances a week are in English; four are in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

**Jean Cocteau Repertory**—Presenting two works in rotating repertory: **THE PRINCE OF HOMBERG,** by Heinrich von Kleist, in a translation by Douglas Langworthy; and Eric Bentley's version of Brecht's **A MAN'S A MAN.** (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

**Lettice & Lovage**—Maggie Smith and Margaret Tyzack star in this London comedy by Peter Shaffer. The cast also includes Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze. Staged by Michael Blakemore. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

**Meet Me in St. Louis**—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

**A Mom's Life**—A one-woman play written and performed by Kathryn Grody. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

**St. Mark's Gospel**—Alec McCowen's solo show, first seen here in 1978. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes April 15.)

**Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll**—All manner of hypocrites, fakes, liars, and other ethical discards are subjected to Eric Bogosian's incomparable mimicry and wit. The evening is anything but depressing. (2/26/90) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

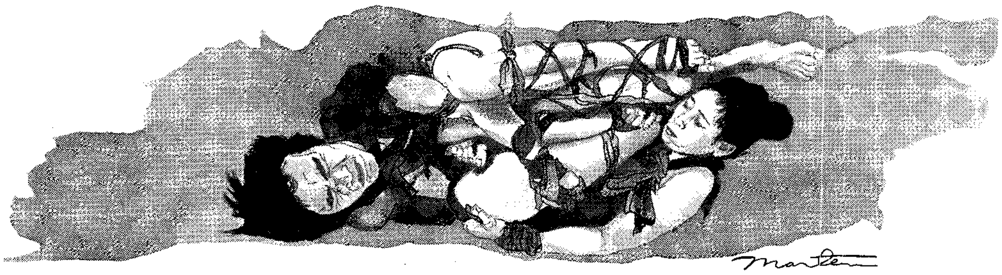
**Some Americans Abroad**—Yank Anglophilia and self-hatred among a group of academics on their department's annual theatre tour of England. The play, by Richard Nelson, would be worth seeing if only for the quality and style of the performances—particularly from Colin Stinton and Henderson Forsythe. You could do a lot worse than this well-observed and amusing comedy of manners. (So, as the record shows, could the playwright.) (2/26/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

**The Sound of Music**—As Rodgers and Hammerstein's would-be postulant, Maria, Debby Boone combines a talent for yodelling with an apparent inability to act or sustain a note. This City Opera revival is so inert that it would probably bore a child. Still, Werner Klemperer (in the Kurt Kasznar role) is nice to have around. (3/26/90) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

**Spare Parts**—A play by Elizabeth Page. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

**Tru**—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**York Theatre Company**—Presenting a revival of **THE GOLDEN APPLE,** the 1954 musical by John LaTouche (score) and Jerome Moross (lyrics). (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)



*Eiko & Koma*

## LONG RUNS

**BLACK AND BLUE:** An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

## DANCE

BRAZILIAN dance music and socia dances are among the world' joys, and we went to see "Oba Oba '9 (the Brazilian Extravaganza)" wit high hopes. At first, we were flying The front cloth at the Marquis Theatre was sensational: a huge, prismatically rendered image crowded wit scores of figures in motion. The déco for the first scene also boded well— town square surrounded by jungl vegetation and stocked with carefull observed wildlife. As the revu wended its way through two and half hours, though, our spirits san progressively lower, and by the en they were quite dashed.

We heard good musicians and singers in wonderful songs whose medle arrangements depersonalized the performers and diffused the music's emotional character; it didn't help tha the sound system butchered any of th music's subtleties. We saw showgirls a few of staggering beauty, pum their bare buttocks up and down a regular intervals with exactly th same attack they accorded the impoverished group of steps that the program identified as the samba. (On number showed how cellulite, liberall displayed, acquires a life of its ow when the dancer sets it going whil perambulating in toe shoes.) We sa proficient male dancers in routine that conferred on them a commo wild-eyed anonymity. We saw audience members become most enthusiastic when they had a chance to ge their hands on the girls' rear end during the "Grand Carnival" finale In this context, the section devoted t the lambada—the only dancing fo couples in the show—made the performers look like the Castles. Mor often, though, they looked like pawns the section on the capoeira, for instance, had all the agility of high school stage fighting.

Later, we learned that the fron cloth we had admired is, in fact, th permanent curtain (designed by Bjor Wiinblad) for the Marquis, wher "Oba Oba '90" will play until Apri 22, and that the jungle décor was on of the few bits of set that actuall originated in Brazil. The bulk of i was fashioned in Italy, the birthplac of the show's producer, Franc Fontana.

**Feld Ballets/NY**—Final performances of the engagement. March 27 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Shadow's Breath," "Danzon Cubano," an "Mother Nature." . . . ¶ March 28 at 8 "Medium:Rare," "Charmed Lives," "A Midnight," and "Mother Nature." . .

aramis
LAB SERIES
TRI-GEL
SHAVE FOR
aramis
LAB SERIES
© 1989 Aramis, Inc.

BEAT THE BLADE

**TRI-GEL SHAVE FORMULA**

Triple-action to save your face. **Before:** it lifts and softens your beard so you can shave close. **During:** it creates a comfort zone where your skin meets metal. **After:** it leaves soothers and hydrators for continuing care. With regular use, you can actually increase the closeness and smoothness of your shave. So you can face the blade. And face down danger.

aramis
LAB SERIES
FRAGRANCE FREE
OIL FREE
MADE FOR MEN

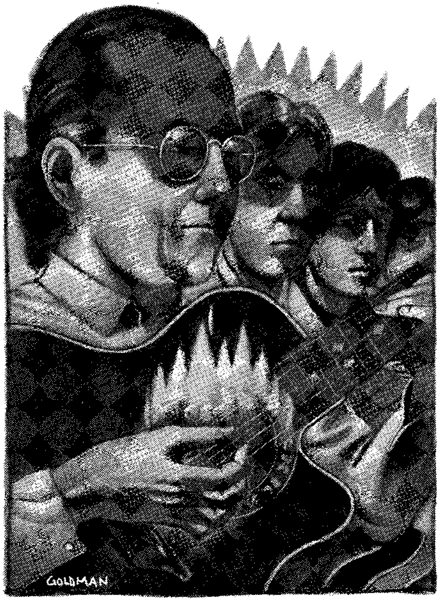
¶ March 29 at 8: "Kore," "Asia," "Adieu," and "Ah Scarlatti." . . . ¶ March 30 at 8: "Contra Pose," "At Midnight," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ March 31 at 2: "Kore," "Danzon Cubano," "Adieu," and "Ah Scarlatti." . . . ¶ March 31 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Mother Nature," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ April 1 at 2: "Excursions," "Medium:Rare," "Charmed Lives," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

**EIKO & KOMA**—In the first two performances of a one-week engagement that will run through April 8. The New York premières "Passage," "Memory," and "Rust" make up the program. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 3 at 7:30 and April 4 at 8.)

**"OBA OBA '90"**—An updated version of a Brazilian music-and-dance revue that played here in 1988. (Marquis Theatre, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**PILAR RIOJA**—In a program entitled "Falla & Flamenco." (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. March 27-30 at 8, March 31 at 3, April 1 at 7, and April 4 at 8. Through May 20.)

**JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE**—Presenting benefit performances of Saeko Ichinohe's "An Act of Compassion" (première) and works by Anna Sokolow, Doris Humphrey, David Parsons, and Brunilda Ruiz. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. March 30-31 and April 2 at 8, and April 1 at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)



*Robert Fripp and the League of Crafty Guitarists at the Bottom Line*

## NIGHT LIFE

A PIANIST can get buried at Fortune Garden Pavilion, which on some nights is a Chinese restaurant first and a jazz club second. For instance, when we saw Dave McKenna, a first-rate pianist, play here a while back, he was all but lost in the hubbub. But Dorothy Donegan, who performed here more recently, had a few advantages. First of all, with a bassist and drummer backing her she was louder, and, furthermore, her repertoire favors the kind of rollicking, barrelhouse blues and boogie-woogie that can make you drop your fork. On top of that, she's hard to ignore: although at sixty-eight she has toned down a little, she can still break into the vaudevillian antics that have been her trademark for most of her fifty-year career—stomping her feet, rolling her head, impersonating jazz divas, staring down audience members. But Ms. Donegan is no mere ham: she has a broad, virtuosic technique that reflects both her classical training and her days as a protégée of Art Tatum, who went to Chicago to hear her play when she was eighteen, because, she once said, "other musicians had told him that I could outplay him." She can turn a simple blues number into a boisterous exposition on piano styles, jumping from one idiom to another while swinging hard all the time. (Her accompanists, Major Holley on bass and Ray Mosca on drums, deserve credit for keeping pace.) During her final number, with only a handful of people left, Ms. Donegan gave the ham in herself free rein, getting up from the piano bench and dancing and singing. Then she introduced the band. Then she introduced a few friends sitting nearby. Then—what the hell—she introduced the rest of the audience.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**ALGONQUIN HOTEL**, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS**, a lively singer-pianist who bounces up and down on the bench like a marionette and whose performances are heavily spiked with the transatlantic chatter of Noël Coward, Cole Porter, and other latter-day saints, is currently performing in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

**BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club. **ROBERT FRIPP** has done for guitars roughly what Brian Eno has done for keyboards, making technology seem lovely, primal, and otherworldly. He has played with and/or produced an astonishingly large and disparate crew of musicians—Eno, Blondie, Peter Gabriel, the Roches, and King Crimson, to name a few. Perhaps his strangest undertaking, however, is the League of Crafty Guitarists, a giant, surrealistic think tank usually composed of more than twenty-three acoustic guitarists who sit in a semicircle and search for a melody. The group will perform here March 28-29. **STEVE MORSE** will be here April 1, and **MICHAEL PENN**—a newly discovered folk-pop singer and Madonna's former brother-in-law—comes in on April 2. Texas-born singer-guitarist **TOWNES VAN ZANDT**, who'll perform here on April 4, is a legend in some circles and a positive unknown in others. He didn't record much in the eighties, and many of his earlier efforts—some of which date back to the sixties—have been out of print for a long time. Still, as Steve Earle put it not long ago, "Townes Van Zandt is the best songwriter in the whole world, and I'll stand on Bob Dylan's coffee table in my cowboy boots and say that." Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar with first-rate jazz combos and pro conversationalists. Singer-pianist **FREDDY COLE**—who grew up with four piano-playing older brothers, including one named Nat—leads a trio here March 26-31. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**CARLYLE HOTEL**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The gravelly contralto **JULIE WILSON**, who has been known to tuck a flower behind her ear and whose latest revue is dedicated to the music of Cy Coleman, will be in the Café Carlyle through March 31. **DIXIE CARTER** takes over on April 3. Ms. Carter is a TV actress and songbird, and her shows include a good deal of character acting, as well as music from a rather diverse cast of songwriters—Bob Dylan and Cole Porter among them. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano through March 31, an **BARBARA CARROLL'S** familiar face reappears he on April 3. Shows from nine-forty-five Tue days through Saturdays.

**CAT CLUB**, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Ever Sunday night, this club, usually dominate by such acts as Exiter and Sweet Cheetah, ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusias called the New York Swing Dance Societ An older couple glide across the floor, lost a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, h tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws h date around like a crazed cossack. The Wid spread Jazz Orchestra, a ten-piece out whose repertoire stretches from the thirti to the fifties, is in action on April 1. Mus from eight to midnight.

**CONDON'S**, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snu candlelit catacomb just east of Union Squar **BOBBY WATSON**, an alto saxophonist who serve time with Art Blakey's Jazz Messenger heads up a quintet March 27-April 1. Th **ART TAYLOR** quintet kicks off on April 3. Mus after ten.

**FAT TUESDAY'S**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (53 7902)—**CASSANDRA WILSON**, a Brooklyn-base singer-composer whose voice has been know to take some hairpin turns, will be doing h idiom-bending thing here March 27-April virtuoso bassist **RON CARTER** leads his non here as of April 3. Mondays remain in t hands of **LES PAUL**, the guitarist, guitar-buil er, and overdubbing pioneer. Music fro eight. Dining.

**FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION**, 209 E. 49th St. (75 0101)—Chinese food served in a plush gree house setting. Through the glass roof, whi supports a jungle of potted greenery, you ca admire the fruits of the midtown real-esta boom and, when available, the moon. Steinway grand is encamped in the middle the room, making things tricky for the wai ers but improving the over-all quality of lif March 27-April 1, the bench is occupied the ebullient Harlem stride practitioner **RAL SUTTON**; a trio consisting of **JAMIE BAUM, B MAYS**, and **HARVIE SWARTZ** comes in on April Music from eight Mondays through Satu days, and from seven on Sundays.

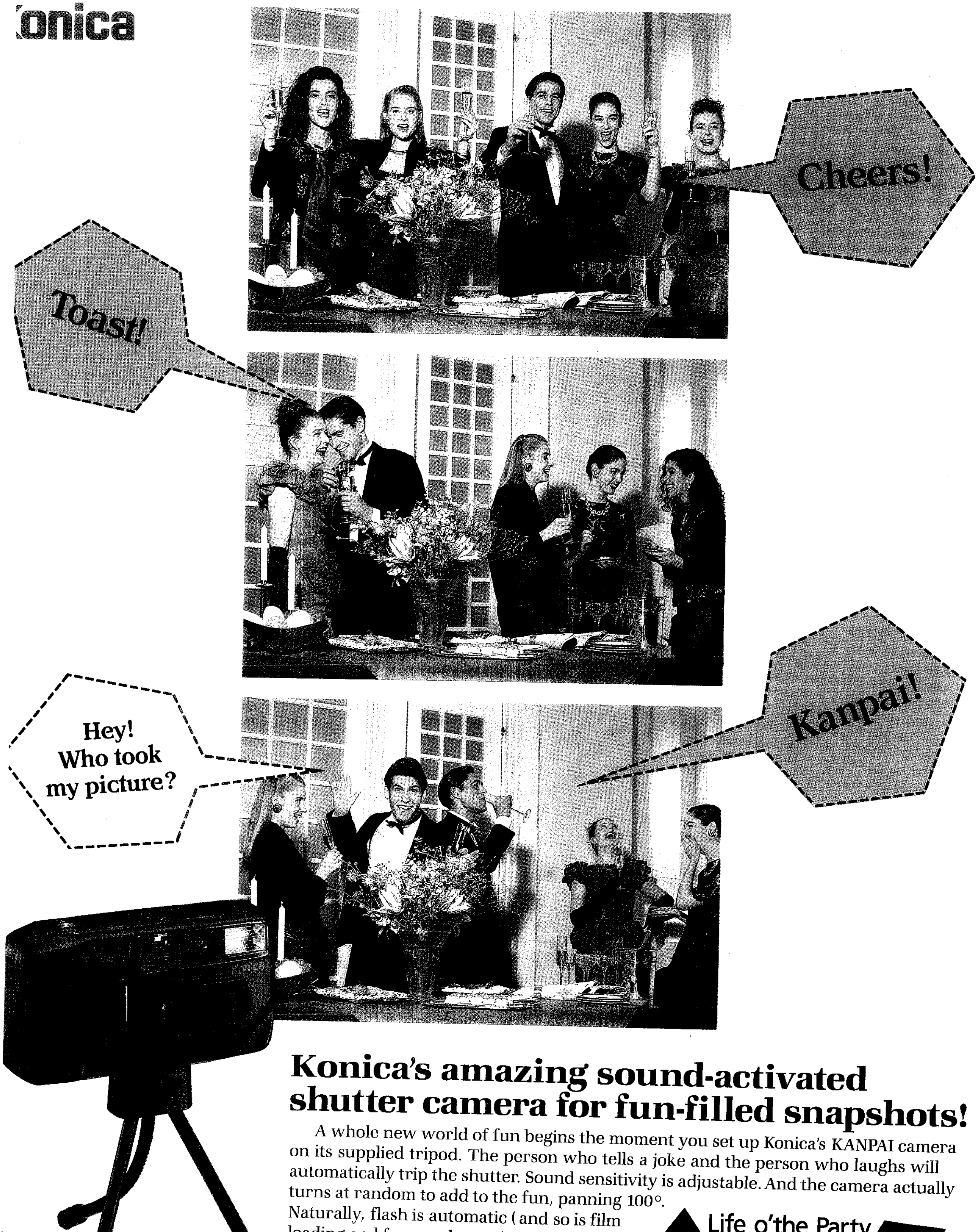
**KNICKERBOCKER**, 33 University Pl., at 9th S (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill locate with nearby Bradley's in the piano-bass di trict. The pianist **STEVE KUHN**, whose résum includes a music degree from Harvard, well as stints with John Coltrane and Sta Getz, leads a trio March 27-31. **JUDY CAR CHAEL** and **MIKE HASHIM** begin work on April Music from about nine-thirty.

**KNITTING FACTORY**, 47 E. Houston St., near Mu berry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neig borhood that boasts the Puck Building to t west and a host of windshield washers to t east, this modest space provides a forum f free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody a optional, "music" and "noise" relative term **MIRACLE LEGION**, a Connecticut band that co bines R.E.M.-school guitars with a plainti direct emotionalism (best exemplified on t 1985 song "The Backyard"), will be here March 29, with the guitarist **ELLIOTT SHARP**, his lonesome, opening. **DEFUNKT** perfor March 30-31, and April 4 belongs to **MI GOESE**, John Kelly, and the Klezmatics. Mus after nine.

**LONE STAR ROADHOUSE**, 240 W. 52nd St. (24 2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled resta rant and bar featuring a load of snaz Gibson guitars, some Washington Squar style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley a Dr. John, and funky French fry–potato ch hybrids. A bleary-eyed patron here was cently heard remarking, "I don't know abo you people, but I'm feeling a lot of love this room." **MICK TAYLOR**, the onetime Rolli Stones guitarist, shows up on March 28, wi Young Neal & the Vipers. **JERRY JEFF WALKER**, proponent of the "outlaw" school of count music, and also the man who wrote "M Bojangles," steps in April 4-5. Music aft nine. Dining.

**MAXWELL'S**, 1039 Washington St., Hobok (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound syste cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphe make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hob ken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars a popular hangout for musicians and the followers. Manhattanites who stay throu the second set will need all their Scout trai ing to get home, but the smell of the near Maxwell House factory may give them boost. March 29: Helios Creed and the Bab lon Dance Band. March 30: the World F mous Blue Jays. March 31: Bullet LaVol and Destroy All Bands.

Konica


Cheers!
Toast!
Hey! Who took my picture?
Kanpai!

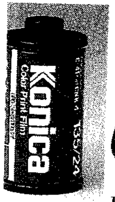
Konica's amazing sound-activated shutter camera for fun-filled snapshots!

A whole new world of fun begins the moment you set up Konica's KANPAI camera on its supplied tripod. The person who tells a joke and the person who laughs will automatically trip the shutter. Sound sensitivity is adjustable. And the camera actually turns at random to add to the fun, panning 100°. Naturally, flash is automatic (and so is film loading and frame advance).

Since KANPAI is a versatile Konica, you can also use it as a normal quality compact anywhere, anytime.

Konica's KANPAI: the ultimate in unposed, fun-filled natural snapshots!

Life o'the Party KANPAI!



Konica Color Film

FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE CALL 1-800-69-56642 (1-800-MY-KONICA)

## NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

**Ritz,** 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—The dreamy hipster **RICKIE LEE JONES,** who hails from a faraway land where everybody has nicknames, started out making ten dollars a night in Los Angeles clubs "full of bikers, degenerates, drunken men, and toothless women." She recently released a long-awaited record called "Flying Cowboys," and she'll perform here March 27-28. The twenty-five-year-old singer and multi-instrumentalist **LENNY KRAVITZ,** who recently released "Let Love Rule," a début album rife with John Lennon overtones, will be here with his five-man band on March 30. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

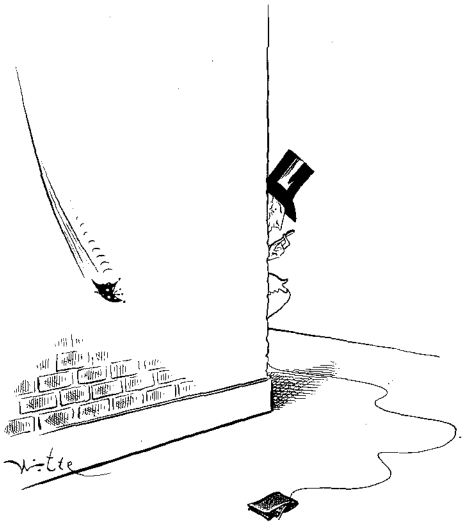
**Sounds of Brazil,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. The Argentine tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI,** a pioneer in melding Latin and North American styles, is appearing March 27-29. Kanda Bongo Man is here April 3-4. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. **BENNY GOLSON,** a tenor saxophonist redolent of Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster, and a composer of many jazz standards, is here March 27-April 1. Terumasa Hino and the Bluestruck Band get under way on April 3. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Two stellar bluesmen are appearing back to back in the big, plain downstairs room of this three-floors-of-fun entertainment complex. **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN,** a guitarist with a mean, biting attack, is here on March 28, followed by **ALBERT KING,** the widely imitated guitarist, singer, and blues stylist, who comes in March 30-31.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia, but the music is anything but stale. The young, improvisation-minded trombonist **RAY ANDERSON** is here with a quartet through April 1. Mondays are reserved for a big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis. Music after ten.

**Zanzibar & Grill,** 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees rustle tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "Suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. The schedule for this week: the **MICROSCOPIC QUARTET** on March 29; the **ROY GERSON** Revue, with Jim Masters, on March 30; and the Lew Soloff All-Stars on March 30.



**Zinno,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **PAUL WEST** are at work through March 31. Music from eight weeknights and from seven-fifteen on Sundays.

## EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

LA TOYA notwithstanding, the Jackson family has more talent per capita than any current Broadway musical. One trait they share with current Broadway musicals, however, is a reverent distrust of spontaneity.

Naturally, in the kingdom of the primed the one-gloved man is king: with Michael it's evident from his first short-stopped spin that his concerts are planned down to the final hiccup on "She's Out of My Life." But Michael has a genius for performance art that BAM's Next Wave roster can only approximate. And because—whether by instinct or design—he's so otherworldly that he incites adoration rather than love, he can get away with anything. But when you're a mere mortal you need to remember that humans like affection, and that humans make mistakes.

Janet Jackson's fans have waited for years to see her perform live. In the meantime, they've fallen hard for the smiling little bundle on video—her staccato energy, her happy eyes, her unthreatening sexiness. Waiting for her "Rhythm Nation" concert to begin at Madison Square Garden, eighteen thousand fans spontaneously began chanting with deafening clarity, "We love Janet! We love Janet!" And when she appeared she re-created all the delightful things she does on MTV—the robotic hand movements, the sidestepping footwork, the "Miss You Much" hat trick. She worked hard. Too hard. It would have been more fun had she simply acknowledged where she was. But she said next to nothing. She never relaxed. She was too busy with her agenda.

Her brother Jermaine has showed what can happen when you rely too much on planning. At Arista's recent fifteenth-anniversary concert, at Radio City Music Hall, he was supposed to sing to a tape of his one hit, "Do What You Do," but when he appeared onstage, audio had accidentally substituted the track for newcomer Lisa Stansfield's smash "All Around the World." He froze. Solid. How long has this man been performing? If this had been Amateur Night at the Apollo, he wouldn't have lasted long enough for them to switch the tape.

Janet was luckier, but just as unimpulsive. Except for her hair. How she got it and how it moves may be among the wonders of better living through chemistry, but her black velvet mane bounced, leapt, spun, and fell with all the fascinating grace that comes with voluntary movement. It was hard to tell if Janet was enjoying herself, but her hair had a great time.

## IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

**The Circus**—The hundred and twentieth version of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey three-ring show. (Madison Square Garden. Opens March 29 and runs through April 29. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300.)

**"Crowbar"**—A play, of sorts, by Mac Wellman presented by En Garde Arts, and performed in the old Victory Theatre. The score is by David Van Tieghem. (209 W. 42nd St. 279 4200. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8.)

**"The Nature of Things"**—A theatrical work written and performed by David Cale. Roy Nathanson and Marc Ribot composed the score and will perform it live. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3 Through April 7.)

**"Downtown/Uptown"**—A performance-art extravaganza. March 27-April 1: "Cities Ou of Print," an evening-length work by Susan Mosakowski. . . . ¶ April 3-8: Four shor pieces and a film by regulars at P.S. 122 Dancenoise, Terry Galloway, Ishmael Houston-Jones, Guy Yarden, and Ruth Peyser (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Performance nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinée Saturdays and Sundays at 3. The series continues through April 22.)

**"Against the Earth"**—A wordless opera, presented by the Thunder Bay Ensemble, abou nature—i.e., rocks, fossils, water. The story is told through dancing, vocals, percussion and shadow puppetry. (La Mama, 74A E 4th St. 475-7710. March 29-April 1 at 8 Through April 15.)

**"Video Art Goes to the Movies"**—A program o short videos about film (incorporating film clips or commenting on films). Starts April and runs through April 29. (The Kitchen 512 W. 19th St. Tuesdays through Saturday *from 1 to 6. No tickets necessary.)*

**P.S. 122**—March 30-April 1 at 8: Nina Martin' new work, called "Date with Fate," is abou people who continually collide with thing and with each other, but never die. . . ¶ April 2 at 8: Film Crash, an evening o short experimental films. (150 First Ave., a 9th St. 477-5288.)

# ART

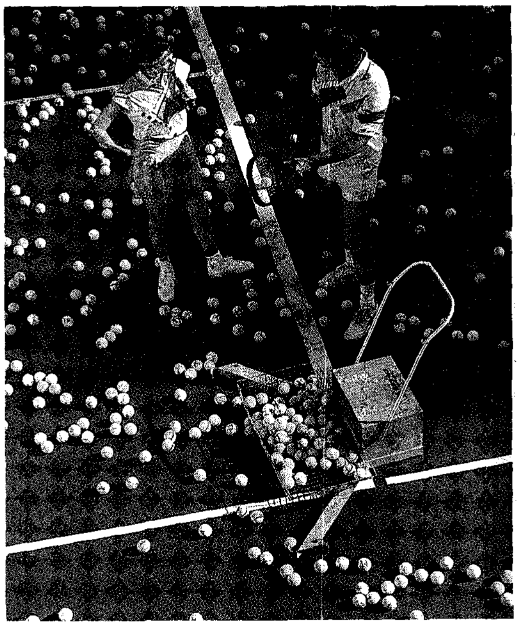
BOOKS 'R' Art these days, judging by all the book-lined shows in town. Martin Kippenberger's blank linen-bound volumes may be thi prankster's answer to decorators who fill their clients' bookshelves with books by the yard—or they could be a Proustian remembrance of all those dire children's corners in old-fashioned libraries and pediatricians' offices. Svetlana Kopystiansky use books like building blocks, as part of a structural (and structuralist) façade she's critiquing the old Russian cul of book worship. With Connie Beckley books and their erstwhile helpers—a light bulb, for instance, "embalmed" in silk in one of her recent works—are elegized, held up as specimens, turned over to history, just as an eighteenth century experiment with an air pump was memorialized in a painting by Wright of Derby. Jonathan Borofsky' new show is a New Age tabernacle complete with pipe organ and open access podium, and its centerpiece i a giant facsimile of a book. But only two pages, a passage on how to be a "practicing idealist," are reproduced and the book is essentially a tract Clegg & Guttmann have made large Cibachromes of selections from the shelves of the Union City Free Public Library, in New Jersey, but this project is surely actuarial, if not taxidermic. Paging Mrs. Bush . . . Is this literacy or is this Memorex?

Great Masterpieces of Switzerland. Lindt®

# PEOPLE HAVE A NAME FOR VACATIONS LIKE THIS.

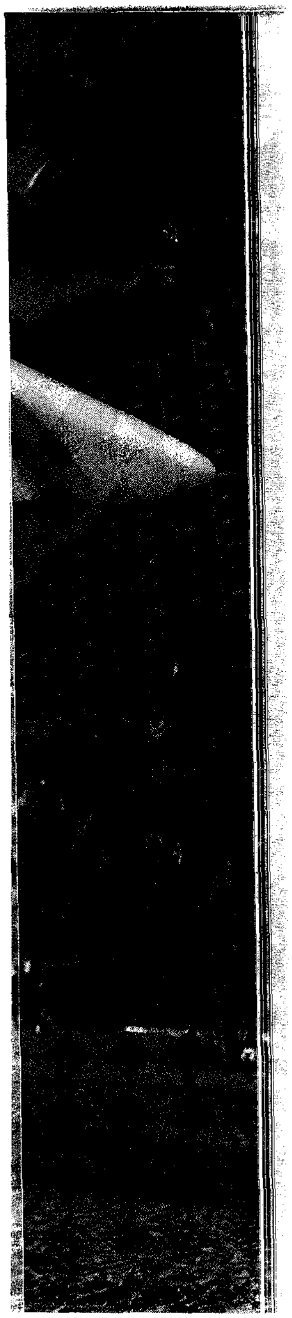
Fun in the sun from Florida and the Caribbean to Hawaii.

Family vacations, from our family to yours. No wonder the Hilton at Walt Disney World® Village is an Official Hotel of Walt Disney World.



Whatever your game, Hilton has it.

© The Walt Disney Co.



ALABAMA
- Perdido Beach Hilton (Orange Beach)
  *On the beach of the Gulf of Mexico.*

ARIZONA
- Scottsdale Hilton Resort & Spa
  *Near restaurants, shopping, nightlife.*

CALIFORNIA
- Lake Arrowhead Hilton Resort
  *Mountain lakeshore resort.*
- Ojai Valley Inn & Country Club
  *Championship golf course.*
- Palm Springs Hilton
  *A Mobil 4-Star & AAA 4-Diamond resort.*
- San Diego Hilton Beach & Tennis Resort
  *On Mission Bay, near Sea World.*

COLORADO
- Breckenridge Hilton
  *In ski area with indoor pool, saunas.*

FLORIDA
- Clearwater Beach Hilton
  *1,000' of private beach on the gulf.*
- Clearwater/St. Petersburg area-North Redington Beach Hilton
  *Florida's newest resort with private beach.*
- Daytona Beach Hilton
  *On the preferred end of Daytona Beach.*
- Ft. Lauderdale area (Hollywood) Hollywood Beach Hilton
  *On scenic intracoastal waterway.*
- Marco Beach Hilton (Marco Island)
  *Ocean views from all rooms.*
- Melbourne Beach Hilton
  *Oceanfront rooms/suites with balconies.*
- Miami Beach-Fontainebleau Hilton Resort & Spa
  *A Miami Beach landmark.*
- Orlando (Kissimmee)-Hilton Inn Gateway
  *Near Walt Disney World®/Epcot® Center*
- Orlando-Hilton at Walt Disney World Village
  *Inside the Walt Disney World Resort.*
- Palm Beach Hilton
  *On the beach, minutes from Worth Ave.*
- St. Petersburg Beach-Hilton Inn
  *Miles of white sand beaches.*
- Sarasota-Longboat Key Hilton
  *On the gulf, near St. Armand's Circle.*

HAWAII
- Honolulu-Hilton Hawaiian Village
  *On Waikiki Beach, with tropical lagoon.*
- Honolulu-Kahala Hilton
  *Secluded atmosphere away from Waikiki.*
- Kahuku, Oahu-Turtle Bay Hilton & Country Club
  *808 lush acres on Oahu's North Shore.*
- Kailua-Kona-Kona Hilton Beach & Tennis Resort
  *Oceanfront on the Kona Coast.*
- Lihue-Kauai Hilton & Beach Villas
  *In the center of "Garden Island" activities.*

NEVADA
- Las Vegas Hilton
  *24-hr. casinos/shows, and "Superbook."*

NEW YORK
- Lake Placid Hilton
  *Along the lake amidst shops.*

NORTH CAROLINA
- Asheville-Great Smokies Hilton Resort & Conference Center
  *Golf/tennis on 120 parklike mtn. acres.*

SOUTH CAROLINA
- Myrtle Beach Hilton
  *Oceanfront rooms/pool and golf course.*

TEXAS
- Kerrville-Y.O. Ranch Hilton
  *AAA 4-Diamond resort w/ Old West decor.*

CARIBBEAN
- St. Martin (F.W.I.)-La Belle Creole
  *French seaside "village" ambiance.*

MEXICO
- Hotel Conrad Cancun (open mid '90)
  *5-star resort, ocean/lagoon front location.*

PUERTO RICO
- San Juan-Caribe Hilton
  *Private beach front, 1 mile from San Juan.*

TRINIDAD
- Port of Spain-Trinidad Hilton
  *View of Northern Mountains, Gulf of Paria.*

VENEZUELA
- Margarita Hilton
  *On private Caribbean Moreno Beach.*

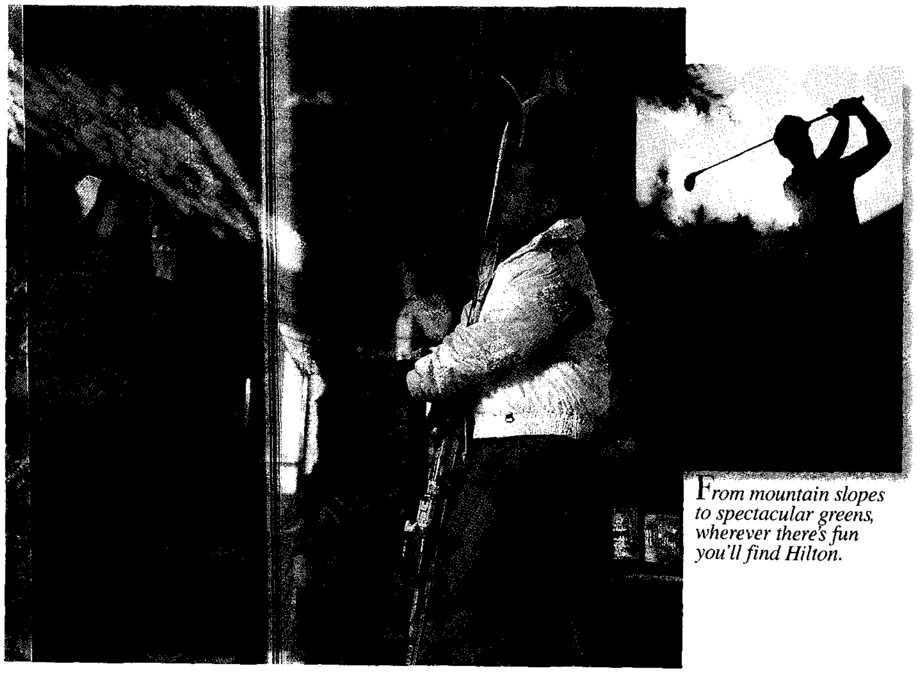
WEST INDIES
- Bridgetown-Barbados Hilton
  *On 1000' of beach, near historic sites.*

*Affordable vacations you can't afford to miss. Kids always stay free in their parents' room.*

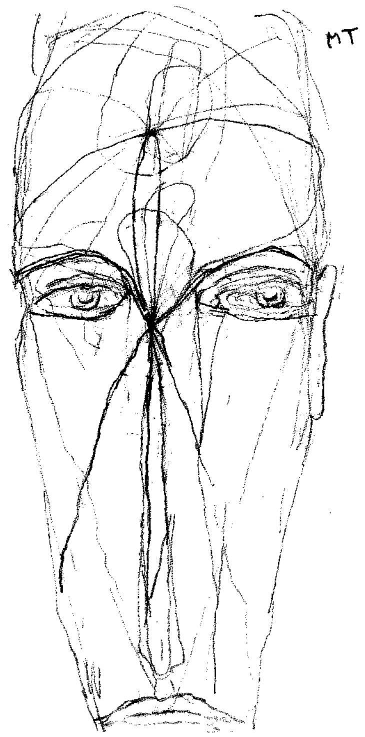
The name is Hilton. We have over 45 hotels in spectacular resort locations. So you can be assured of world-famous Hilton comfort and hospitality no matter where you go. So book your next vacation by name.

For reservations at any of over 400 Hiltons, just call your travel consultant, any Hilton, or Hilton Worldwide Reservations at 1-800-HILTONS.

**HILTON**
IT'S ALL IN THE NAME.



*From mountain slopes to spectacular greens, wherever there's fun you'll find Hilton.*



*Self-portrait by Michael Tetherow*

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A small gathering of works by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, the mid-eighteenth-century painter of genre scenes that wag a moral finger. "The Broken Eggs," for instance, refers to a young girl's lost virtue, and "Aegina Visited by Jupiter" may reflect the artist's desire, as he *once said to Diderot, "to paint a woman* completely nude without offending modesty"—the resulting puff of smoke and makeshift G-string are both comic and moderately obscene. Through May 6. . . . ¶ The best Greuze on view at the museum, "Head of an Old Man," is in a show of master drawings from the collection of Ian Woodner, a real-estate developer, architect, and painter whose extraordinary procession of European works on *paper extends from the fourteenth century to* the early twentieth. The sections devoted to the German and French Schools are especially strong. "Hare Beneath a Tree," by Hans Hoffmann (1530-91/92), for instance, and the assortment of drawings and pastels by Odilon Redon are first-round knockouts. *Through May 13. . . . ¶ Watercolors and* etchings by the contemporary Belgian artist Jean-Michel Folon, including a series of illustrations for volumes by Guillaume Apollinaire and Jacques Prévert. Through June 3. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—The twist on Robert Moskowitz' brand of minimalist painting is that his central image is usually a representation of something phallic, and subtly so—a skyscraper, a cane, a smokestack. An exhilarating retrospective traces the motif's methodical evolution. Through May 1. . . . ¶ "Photography Until Now," a show of nearly three hundred works, *examines the technological, commercial, and* creative developments that have shaped the medium over the past century and a half. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Photographs by Tina Barney. Through April 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Before the museum closes to complete its restoration, visitors can see about a hundred *and fifty paintings and sculptures* (by Chagall, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Léger, Calder, Giacometti, and others) from the collection. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. *at 75th St.*—In "New Sculpture 1965-75: Between Geometry and Gesture," marvel of cool panache follows marvel of drop-dead elegance—all sprawled in perfect, if at times narcissistic, indolence over two monumental floors. The radical spirit of these works by Alan Saret, Lynda Benglis, Barry LeVa, Keith Sonnier, the late Robert Smithson, Bruce Nauman, Joel Shapiro, Richard Serra, Richard Tuttle, and the late Eva Hesse has apparently evolved into a state of profound and impeccably pomaded art-historical grace. The many triumphant pieces here have not lost their potency; on the contrary, *they now appear seminal. Through May 20.* (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—Two multi-panel works from 1986 and 1987 by Komar & Melamid are on view in the lobby. *Through June 4. . . .* ¶ "Czech Modernism: 1900-1945." There are some electrifying paintings in this show and a healthy and *welcome selection of drawings, prints, and* books, all of which give a strong sense of a vital, nearly volcanic exchange of ideas—the artists and painters of Prague seem to have devoured every kind of modern art that came their way. Many of the works are peculiar hybrids: Cubo-Expressionism (one fractured fellow knifing another), Expressionistic primitivism (the merger of Munch and Rousseau). Through May 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—An annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures, this year by thirty-two contemporary artists, eight of whom will receive awards from the Academy-Institute. Among those represented are Ida Applebroog, Milton Resnick, Mel Bochner, and Petah Coyne. Through April 1. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Bronx Museum of the Arts,** *1040 Grand Con*course—An exhibition of paintings that attempts to look at the parallels between artists of African descent in the United States and Brazil, two formerly slave-dependent nations that abolished slavery at roughly the same time. The most moving part of the show is a display of various grotesque iron shackles from Brazil, reproductions of old prints of slaves wearing them, and the startling statistic, *printed on a wall label, that six per cent* of the African slaves were shipped to the United States and sixty per cent to Brazil. Mel Edwards' "Lynch Fragment" series of sculptures, which is installed nearby, is the richer for this historical material. Through May 28. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

**Frick Collection,** 1 E. 70th St.—A show of many ebullient paintings and watercolors by *the brilliant and irresistibly charming Tho*mas Rowlandson (1756-1827). Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Japan Society,** 333 E. 47th St.—During Japan's Kamakura period (1185-1333), power shifted from the court to the samurai. In this dramatic installation the court paintings—mostly scrolls with angular portrayals of poets—run down one wall, and swords, gleaming with perfection, run down the opposite wall in a duel for refinement and mastery. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show from Düsseldorf of works by German artists whose paintings and drawings protested against the First World War and the Weimar Republic. The best known of the artists represented are Otto Dix, Käthe Kollwitz, and Max Ernst. Through May 23. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of more than a hundred illuminated manuscripts from fifteenth- and early-sixteenth-century Holland that indicates the influence these works had on later painters. Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Pen-and-ink and chalk drawings from the Renaissance by the brothers Taddeo and Federico Zuccaro. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**The New Museum,** 583 Broadway—Mary Kelly's "Post-Partum Document" is the closest the art world gets to a cult classic. Her new work, "Interim," continues her critique of traditional gender and class roles, this time through an examination of identity, desire, and desirability in women approaching middle age. The four parts of this environmental text-centered, post-women's-movement work are visually distinct and distanced. They challenge traditional expectations of how art works should function and are deliberately nonauthoritarian and only somewhat seductive. . . . ¶ Jana Sterbak's post-body-art objects have great style—a metal chaise that emits a mild electrostatic shock, for example Both *shows through April 8.* (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6 Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St —Spring training for non-players in a show called "Diamonds Are Forever," which offers the reflections of contemporary authors and artists on that most American of pastimes baseball. The parks, players, equipment, and action are all immortalized, by fans such as Claes Oldenburg, Edna Ferber, Nicholas Nixon, Roger Angell, and Andy Warhol Through April 21. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—A show of contemporary sub-Saharan African art that should inspire serious rethinking of such issues as cultural imperialism and the function of art within society. Through May 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; *Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)*

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

**Georg Baselitz**—A substantial group of the artist's important, early "Hero Paintings" from the sixties. Baselitz' hero-figure may make you think of Wozzeck the soldier, op*era's leading Everyman. In these rich, lean* paintings—there is also a beautiful group of prints on the same theme—he undergoes multiple incomplete sex changes and other mortifications of the flesh, and he projects an air of tragicomic fatalism. Through April 14 (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

**Paul Laster**—These interesting and very good looking small works with transparent tape and print mediums over found images do more or less what Peter Schuyff's drawing on found drawings did earlier in the season Laster, however, takes a more analytic (and less intuitive) approach and is more specifically fixated on the history of photography and on modernism. Also, in a separate show three big recent color drawings by Carl Maria Mariani, just the neo-neoclassicis we've been longing to hear from. Through

## GRAVY TRAIN

*It was an average Sunday afternoon. The conductor on the I.R.T. from Brooklyn to Manhattan had just announced that, because of a fire, the West Side trains would be running express on the East Side, when the train stopped at Borough Hall and a dog stepped on. He was about two feet tall, very furry, with brown and black patches, a pointy face, and highly mobile eyebrows. He lay down next to a pole in the aisle and yawned. The train took off. We looked at him. He looked back, smiled, and raised one eyebrow. We looked around the train for a likely human chaperon. None appeared. We asked the assembled riders, sotto voce, whether anyone knew the dog. No one did. We reached out to look for tags (none there), and the dog licked our elbow. Near Wall Street, he left his place on the floor fo the doors at the far end of the train and when two children opened then he wobbled expertly into the adjacent car. Just when we had decided to face reality and take him to the A.S.P.C.A. the train stopped at Canal Street, and the dog stepped off. Maybe he wa going out for dim sum.*

calandre
paco rabanne
Saks Fifth Avenue

**Underground classic**

The year was 1969.

People were tiring of Pop Art, Op Art, psychedelia and the Summer of Love.

The fashion underground was talking about a new fragrance which had just surfaced quietly in Paris. And the knowledgeable few were snapping it up.

It was fresh but not flowery. Utterly clean yet oddly seductive. It had what the French call "presence."

Today, years later, it's still very much with us.

It flourishes in spite of minimal fanfare and an advertising budget that wouldn't keep Colette in stickpins.

It's a classic, durable as the prose of Proust, the images of Griffith, the cut of a Poiret gown.

And classics don't need million-dollar hype. Just women of impeccable taste.

PARIS

© 1989, COMPAR, Inc.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 31. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

**Paul Resika**—Recent canvases by a marvellous painter in the lyrical, abstract landscape genre pioneered by Dove, Avery, et al. The yellow-to-orange range and the color blue seem especially to galvanize Resika's work, for instance in the fuguelike "Silent Pier," with its sad, sunset tones, and in the euphotic "Half Moon," with its pale, lemony lights within a milky blue. Through March 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Center for African Art**—In yet another provocative exhibition, the Center questions the very value of what we have come to call art work. This time the subject is portraiture, but the show is really about representation in broader terms. Through texts and traditional sculptures in wood, bronze, and other materials, it contrasts the concepts of portrayal in African history with those in the West and the East. Through Aug. 12. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

**Short List**—**Hannelore Baron**, Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (open Mondays, through April 21); **Melvin Edwards**, CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. (open Mondays, through March 31); **Cleve Gray**, Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, through April 14); **George Grosz**, Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through April 14); **Neil Jenney**, Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through March 31); **Marion Kenyon Jones**, Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. (through March 31); **Hugo Robus**, Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through April 14); **Fulvio Testa**, Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through March 31).

### GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

**Arman**—A man who knows how to run with a theme. In these so-called "Dirty Paintings," the theme isn't smut but squeezed, dripping tubes of quality paint. They have been glued onto every square inch of each canvas, and they "do" Abstract Expressionism while "being" a hundred per cent Arman. They look frightfully expensive, as if the artist were bragging in a buffo way. Through March 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Art & Language / Lawrence Weiner**—Most of this British duo's paintings consist of Monet-like rows of trees overlaid with one of two nearly identical texts, whose differences result from interchanging like-sounding words that have something to do with Humpty Dumpty. It's Monty Python meets art critique, but, unlike the group's earlier, incisive painted commentaries, the current work satisfies neither category. / A rich show of sketches spanning many years but concentrating on the past few. The work on display—including designs for posters, exhibition spaces, signage, and more—broadens New York's rather singular view of this pillar of conceptual art. Through March 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Ronald Bladen** (1918-88)—Thickly impastoed paintings from the late fifties; and one floor sculpture from the seventies, in the artist's most familiar, matte-black, physically powerful and harshly linear style. A heartbreakingly charming quotation by the late Thomas Hess, in the exhibition brochure, tells us that Bladen was "an original 'Tenth Streeter' " and thus "an artist with strong opinions and few words." All the works bear this out. Through April 7. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Grisha Bruskin**—Crass metallic sculptures of rotund Communists, holding tennis rackets and hammers and sickles, that are funny, like Boteros, but little else; also, narrative paintings that have a naïve charm but are indecipherable. Through March 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Llyn Foulkes**—This painter made an important contribution to the Pop-art movement in Los Angeles. But now, in true anti-Pop spirit, he has spent five years making the one painting on view—a shallow-relief assemblage, actually—titled "What's Up Pop?" It's a maniacally obsessive portrait of the artist sitting in his armchair, watching TV, with his gun in his holster, his children standing by, and his eyes bugged out in utter comic horror. Through March 31. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Michel Haas**—Forcefully executed paintings on paper of large shadows of animals, people, and musical instruments—a diluted, decorative Expressionism. Through March 31. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |  |  |  |

**Joan Nelson / Ed Ruscha**—Exquisite paintings of landscape details from Old Master paintings. A multifacetted faith in painting distinguishes them from the skepticism that underscores much similar work. / Selections from Ruscha's "Twentysix Gasoline Stations," an important document in the history of books by artists. The stations that Ruscha photographed are sealed in a time that seems to exist only cinematically, and yet the pictures are still fresh. Through March 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Ruggero Savinio**—Recent paintings—of Italian ruins and various vaguely mythological themes—in a first New York show by a son of the marvellously perverse Alberto. This Savinio has a highly polished and honed palette-knife technique, resulting in interestingly chalky allover textures, and he has a good, moody, symbolist sense of color—the blues against dark grounds, especially, are pretty great—but these works are awfully affected and effete, to the point of being inexplicably grim. Through April 7. (Daverio, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Michael Tetherow**—Strange, beautiful acrylic paintings of faint, spidery, sexually loaded lines and intense color stains—rich material for a Freudian. Through March 31. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St.)

**"Graphic Design in America"**—From Coke bottles and Ritz-cracker boxes, to M & Co.'s eighties album designs for Talking Heads and menu designs for the restaurant Florent, with Knoll furniture ads and I.R.S. tax forms in between—this exhibition offers a clean sweep of its subject. Of course it's interesting, and bound to be a crowd pleaser, but it's too tidy—like a report. Through April 7. (IBM Gallery, Madison Ave. at 56th St.)

**Short List**—**Pat Adams**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 21); **Leland Bell**, Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 18); **Squeak Carnwath**, Shea & Becker, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 31); **Jim Dine**, Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 31); **Robert Jessup**, Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 21); **Herbert Katzman**, Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 31); **Minoru Kawabata**, Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through March 28); **Alain Kirili** and **Robert Barry**, Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 21); **Robert Lahotan**, Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 28); **Katherine Porter**, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 31); **Bridget Riley**, Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 24); **Mitchell Siporin**, Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 3); **Antoni Tàpies**, Gálerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 23); **David True**, Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 21); **Robin Utterback**, de Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 28); **James Valerio**, Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 30).

### GALLERIES—SoHo

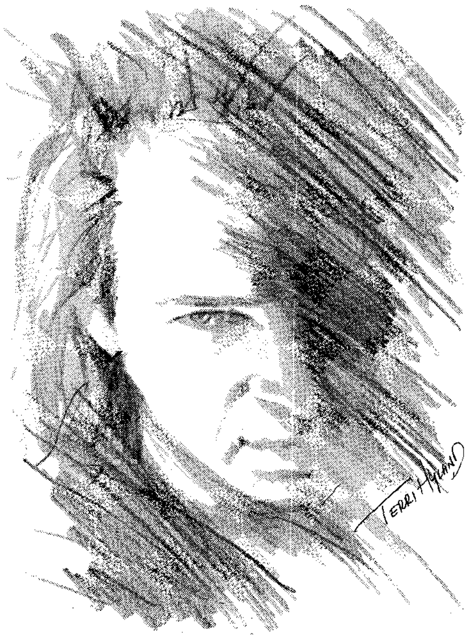
**Connie Beckley**—Mixed-media sculptures and wall reliefs that appear to be formal meditations on sound, reading, and light. There's a remote, pristine, egghead quality to Beckley's endeavors. In some cases, these innate qualities lead to works of considerable elegance, but too often they result in objects that suggest frozen ideas. Through April 7. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

**Jonathan Borofsky**—A big, melodramatic installation of mixed-media works that add up to a post-apocalyptic New Age tableau. The individual components include near-life-size fibreglass-and-Cellu-clay figures with headlights; drawings with their own programmed lighting; a programmed pipe organ; assorted rock, egg, and solar groupings or motifs; and a giant book about how to be a "practicing idealist." The drawings, which suggest M. C Escher and Pointillism, are interesting. Th show, however, is intellectually lacklustr and spiritually coarse. Through March 28 (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Paul Brach**—Large crosshatched drawings tha depict some moody weather floating acros mesas; formally, they seem to be a synthesi of all color-field painting. Through April 3 (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

**Braco Dimitrijevic**—Even though they may no know it, today's post-conceptualists ow something to this artist. Since 1969, he ha challenged the role of fame in history b photographing occasional passersby, sometimes placing them in the company of famou artists, and sometimes displaying his snap in huge photographic banners on buildings i Venice, Zagreb, and Berlin. Some of thes casually appealing banners and other perio documents—subway "ads," street placard —are on view at the Hearn Gallery. Throug April 3. (39 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ At th Klagsbrun Gallery, bronze portraits of passersby Helen Berger, Mario Orsini, and Pete Someren are displayed on green marbl plinths in a circle, alternating with busts o Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo Buonarott and Albrecht Dürer. Through March 31. (5 Greene St.)

**Mark Dion** (with William Schefferine)—A fur hip-looking installation of metal wal plaques, wheelbarrows full of stuffed toys an goldfish, and other Mike Kelley- or Marce Broodthaers-indebted stuff, in a rather litera context. Dion was evidently asked to create signage-and-information system for a ne zoo in Belize—which the artist, in a pres release, happily refers to as a "newly independent liberal democracy" in Central America. Whether this proves to be false or tru it's a little disconcerting to find anything s obviously Broodthaers-influenced put to suc direct and earnest propagandistic use Through April 7. (American Fine Arts, 4 Wooster St.)



*Donald Lipski*

**Aaron Fine**—Paintings of large fruit and of hat. Great craft in the details, but the artis seems to have forgotten his content along th way. Through March 31. (Beitzel, 11 Greene St.)

**Ralph Humphrey**—Honest, handsome, forthrigh abstractions, at home in a cementlik impasto. For many people, this artist's wor has been a long-running, low-intensity affai of the heart. This is admirable, considere stuff—lately, it's been looking good, too— but its literalness makes other people a littl restive. Through March 31. (Boone, 417 Wes Broadway.)

**Martin Kippenberger**—There's pathos to thes strange mixed-media sculptures by a bad boy German who all too often—although no here—relies upon defensive cynicism to mask his poetic melancholy. A foam-rubber bed encased in Plexiglas, entitled "Snow White's Coffin," a self-portrait of a Beuysian man standing in the corner, and a colorful shingled gondola with crates labelled "PASTA" and "SOZIAL" all speak of social and aesthetic dejection. Through April 7. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

**VETLANA KOPYSTIANSKY** and **IGOR KOPYSTIANSKY**—Recent work by a young married couple from Russia. Svetlana K. would like to raise the standing of the visual arts in the Soviet Union to a level traditionally held by literature. To this end, she uses books and other word/language implements as decorative objects, in rather glib and perhaps French-influenced installations. Igor K. makes somewhat clumsy-looking structural set pieces (tables and chairs, pergolas) out of copies of Old Master paintings. Through April 11. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

**ONALD LIPSKI**—A sedate show of the artist's tiny found and altered objects pinned to the wall like butterfly specimens. Also, two large works that play with the issue of "big" sculpture, including one that consists of a large piece of glass shoved into a battered string-bass cover. Through April 7. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the adjacent Lennon, Weinberg Gallery, organic objects—lemons, tomatoes, roses, etc.—float in preservative-filled glass tubes mounted on the wall. Through March 31.

**YLVIA MARTINS**—Recent paintings by a Brazilian-born artist given to a rather flinty palette-knife technique and dusty earth tones inflected by, for instance, specks of red. These works are competent enough, but they suggest a strained approach—little pleasure or imagination. When Martins lets loose a bit and resorts to materials that denote artifice—glitter, etc.—the results are better. Through April 7. (Trabia, 54 Greene St.)

**RUCE NAUMAN**—Large wax sculptures, most of them suspended, representing partially dismembered animal carcasses that have been stuck together—particularly powerful portrayals of mutilation. Also, waxes of heads, some with their tongues sticking out, that are especially haunting. Through March 31. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway, and 65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

**OSEPH SANTORE**—Included among these voyeuristic painted portraits is an especially disturbing one of two naked women in sexual repose surrounded by detached onlookers, including a skeleton, and by a sea of heads embedded in the floor, in a canary-yellow twilight zone. The artist is aggressively adept with a brush, but his use of color is so claustrophobic that the viewer is inspired to flee. Through April 14. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

**AURA SHEEHAN**—These new environmental sculptures, collectively titled "Insulation," are an assortment of tents, tepees, and beach cabañas created by brilliantly swagging large sheets of aluminum-foil-like material onto light, efficient structures of metal tubing—a technical upgrade for Sheehan. Through March 31. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway.)

**ARK TANSEY**—New paintings that look like the artist's typical manicured monochromatic conundrums of theory, but with a startling shift. He has overlaid many of the endlessly clever images with sheer curtains of silkscreened text by Derrida and de Man, the words smeared and rarely readable. The ruin of language is everywhere: the foreground of one painting is littered with letters; in another, the figures of Derrida and de Man foxtrot on the edge of a dangerous rock ledge, with no place to go but down. Through March 31. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

**ONY TASSET / JIM SHAW**—A disappointing show of cool sculptures, objects, photographs, a text piece, and a drawing. / Peculiar and endearing same-sized works in many different mediums and styles, arranged in a frieze. There's an assemblage of eyeballs, tattoo-like drawings, and a painting of a sad-faced egg overlaid with a purple-and-yellow fishnet pattern. Through April 7. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

**RSULA VON RYDINGSVARD**—A powerful exhibition of heavy wood sculptures with figurative references—a mature vision operating at full force. Through March 31. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

**ERNARD VENET**—Big recent sculptures of steel, principally in the form of the artist's characteristic spirals—sometimes coiled in three-dimensional space, sometimes marking time on the walls. There is very little finesse and no element of surprise in Venet's work, agreeable though it can be. Through April 14. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway.)

**JOHN WESLEY**—A painter who is at home and awake in the Pop vernacular but who naps in a Surrealist's bed. In "Daddy's Home," he repeats the image of a demanding Nancy kind of girl who has assumed the primal terror of a Fury. And Wonder Bread culture is lampooned in "Leche," in which a blond mommy figure proffers a glass of milk to a lineup of three progressively paler girls. Through March 31. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St.)

**STEPHEN WESTFALL**—A sweet, subtly colored, flesh-and-pink painting of spatial planes and the narrow spaces between them; and muddied geometric paintings with intense colors and vibrating optical effects. Through April 7. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

**"ILLEGAL AMERICA"**—In light of recently legislated restrictions on N.E.A. funding and the marketplace's sometimes voracious appetite, this re-creation of a show of provocative art created outside the law seems more important than when it was first mounted, at Franklin Furnace, in 1982. In thoroughly readable documents and photographs the exhibition brings together such diverse and pungent works as the Guerrilla Art Action Group's People's Flag Show at Judson Church in 1970, Gordon Matta-Clark's transformation of an abandoned pier building into a deconstructionist cathedral, Krzysztof Wodiczko's projection of a swastika onto the façade of the South African Embassy in London, and Rebecca Howland's poster for Colab's "Real Estate Show," which confronted East Village gentrification head on. Very few of the displays are art; they are, rather, documents of art—necessary reminders of the ephemerality of creative impulses. Through April 21. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

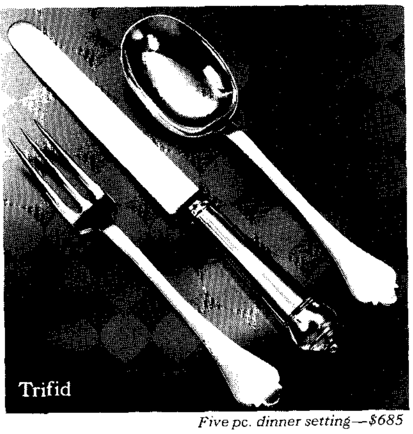
**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **AUDIELLO**, 142 Greene St.: A punchy show of works in different mediums by five artists with a close-to-the-edge view of erotica: Louise Bourgeois, Bruce Nauman, Francesco Clemente, Ed Ruscha, and the late Robert Mapplethorpe. Through April 7. . . . **HANSON**, 415 West Broadway: Titled "Token Gestures" and curated by the clever entrepreneurial team of Collins & Milazzo, this visually interesting exhibition stresses the most flamboyant aspects of abstract illusionism by artists such as Stella, Richter, Polke, Twombly, and the relatively unknown Charles Clough, who is thus given a refreshed aesthetic "context." He is the sole subject of a small, adjoining Collins & Milazzo show. Through March 31. . . . **STEINGLADSTONE**, 99 Wooster St.: Recent sculptures by Jannis Kounellis, John Chamberlain, Bruce Nauman, Richard Long, Donald Judd, Dan Flavin, Luciano Fabro, and others. The Judd floor piece, a "box" with sumptuous, umber-colored Cor-Ten sides and a positively papal purple Plexiglas floor, is very, very beautiful, and Fabro's metal wall hanging is very elegant and—for this artist—unusually tough. Through April 7.

**SHORT LIST**—**ERIC BAINBRIDGE**, Ala, 560 Broadway (through April 14); **ARNOLD BITTLEMAN**, Milliken, 98 Prince St. (through April 4); **NANCY BOWEN**, Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through April 14); **ALEXANDER BRODSKY AND ILYA UTKIN**, Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through April 28); **NEIL CAMPBELL**, Rosen, 130 Prince St. (through April 7); **ANDREA EVANS**, Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through April 21); **IAN HAMILTON FINLAY**, Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through April 21); **STEVE GIANAKOS**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (through April 7); **ANN MESSNER**, Fawbush, 568 Broadway (through April 5); **CARL OSTENDORP**, Wolff, 560 Broadway (through March 31); **STEPHEN PRINA**, Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through April 21); **WOLFGANG ROBBE**, Gibson, 568 Broadway (through April 21); **MARIANNE STIKAS**, Davis, 568 Broadway (through March 31); **DOROTHEA TANNING**, Nahan Contemporary, 380 West Broadway (through March 31).

## OTHER GALLERIES

**MASSIMO IOSA-GHINI** and **PHILIPPE STARCK**—A concise and delightful display of recent furniture and objects by two contemporary giants of design. Iosa-Ghini, who has not yet attained the cult status here of his counterpart, seems to have learned both from Carlo Mollino and from surfer culture. His "Confluenze" desk is made of mahogany so elegantly curved and highly polished that it looks as if it were peeled into place. His sofas are as inviting as big pairs of lips, which they resemble. Through April 5. (Modernage, 795 Broad-

Handmade Sterling Silver



Five pc. dinner setting—$685

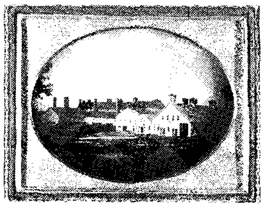
Keeping an artistic tradition alive,
our workshop has been producing
outstanding sterling silver flatware
by hand for over 400 years.
Now, as then, our high standards
remain uncompromised.
We invite you to see our
flatware, to compare its quality, and
to learn why our 18 patterns deserve
your consideration.

James Robinson INC
15 East 57th Street New York 10022
(212) 752-6166
Catalogue $3.00

AUCTIONS AT SWANN
Thursday, April 12 at 10:30 a.m.
AMERICANA
including Central America

Centerfold from the San Francisco satirical weekly, The Wasp, September 4, 1886.
Catalogue $7

Monday, April 23 at 1:00 p.m.
Important 19th & 20th Century
PHOTOGRAPHS
ALBUMS • BOOKS • MANUSCRIPTS
DAGUERREOTYPES • VINTAGE MASTER PRINTS



One of a pair of superb quarter-plate daguerreotypes of a coal-burning factory, circa 1850.
Illustrated Catalogue $15

For Preview Hours, Newsletter and Catalogues, and to discuss Consignments to Future Sales, please call Swann at (212) 254-4710.

SWANN GALLERIES
104 East 25 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

way. Opens Saturdays and Sundays at noon.)

**Christian Marclay**—An austere and somewhat disappointing show from a usually witty artist. Marclay's photographs in which broken records have been used as negatives are formally trite; a translucent room divider made of vinyl records is attractive enough, but an old table with two speakers embedded in it is so glib it seems angry. Through March 31. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

**Charles Saxon** (1920-88)—Original watercolors for *New Yorker* covers, plus cartoons and sketchbooks. (Butler Library, Columbia University, 6th floor, Broadway at 114th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

**Short List**—**GERHARD RICHTER,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through April 21); **JAMES TURNBULL,** Sragow, 67-73 Spring St. (opens Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6, through April 14).

## PHOTOGRAPHY

IT'S delightful to see Eve Sonneman working in such a committed and modest way, as she's done in the photographs that grace a new book, "America's Cottage Gardens" (Random House), which will be out this week. Some of Sonneman's large color photographs from this project are also being shown at the Zabriskie Gallery, on Fifth Avenue. Years ago, Sonneman produced a small artist's book called "Real Time," and since then we have missed the ease those pictures had, and have often felt that she was trying too hard to make pictures that were impressive. But the photographs that accompany Patricia Thorpe's text for "America's Cottage Gardens" are once again less pressured. They're not puffed up; they're lovely fragments and glances. The color is sweet, as is so much else of what we see in these pictures. But that doesn't mean there's no eccentricity or wildness. There's plenty of both.

**Tina Barney**—This artist is on to something profound about the dynamics, habits, and possessions that weave people together and also keep them apart. When her work embraces complexity, as in a pink bedroom scene complete with the princesses of the house and their black maid, Barney is a photographer whose sense of sensuality and plot stands out. Through April 10. (Museum of Modern Art.)

**Czech Modernism: 1900-1945**—A show of a hundred and eighty-five black-and-white photographs, in conjunction with the exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper at the Brooklyn Museum. Through May 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

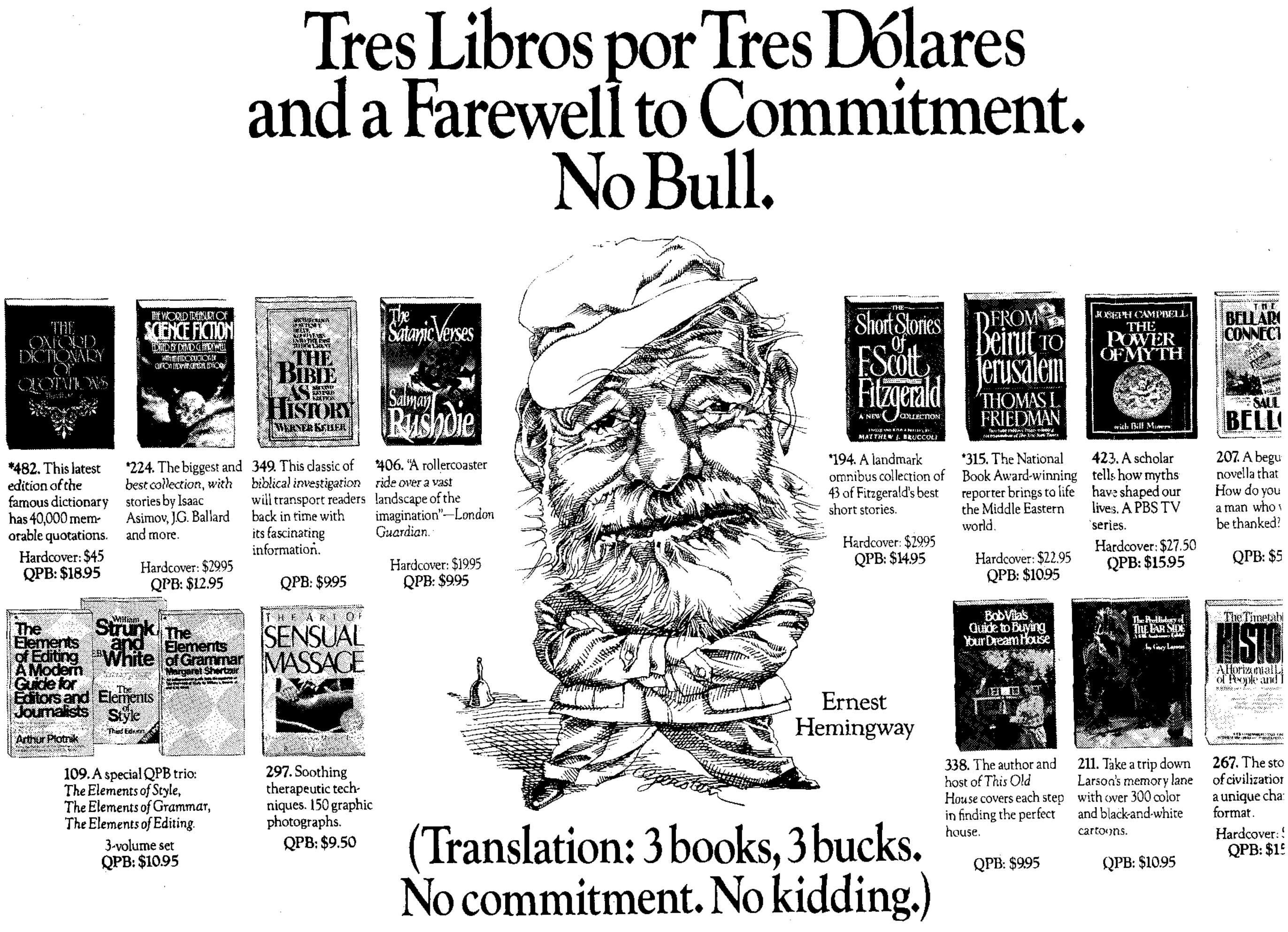
**"The Indomitable Spirit"**—Most of the ninety-four artists represented (among them Barbara Kruger, Louise Lawler, and Andres Serrano) have created works specifically for this show—a photographic response to AIDS. Through April 7. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**Short List**—**CLEGG & GUTTMANN,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through April 7); **ROY DECARAVA,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 7); **STEPHEN FRAILEY,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 14); **ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE,** Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St. (through March 31); **EVE SONNEMAN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 28).

## MUSIC

MUSICAL performance and programming have their own kin of postmodernism—a mélange, really of old modernisms of various stripe A music lover could hear four or fiv approaches to concert-giving within few days at the end of March, eac identifiably "modernist" and yet i great contrast with one another. Maurizio Pollini, for instance, is a pianis whose outlook seems derived from th precise, intricate contemporary work he plays and from the Toscaninia model of intensive attention to th details of notation and rejection o national or traditional stylistic practices in execution. That this shoul have brought a pianist success i playing Chopin is a remarkable commentary on Mr. Pollini's gifts and o the multiple layers of structure an meaning in the composer's scores Most observers in Chopin's day, an for a long time afterward, stressed th personal, the fantastic, the unnotatable in his works—yet Mr. Pollini ha consistently brought rigor and minute, deliberate examination to bea on the Polish composer's music. Wha the pianist has in common with th great Chopin tradition, of course, is virtuosic command of the keyboar He is to play the preludes (Opus 28 and a selection of longer single piece on the 31st at Carnegie Hall.

Early-music experiments—origina



Tres Libros por Tres Dólares
and a Farewell to Commitment.
No Bull.

*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95

*224. The biggest and *best collection, with* stories by Isaac Asimov, J.G. Ballard and more.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95

349. This classic of *biblical investigation* will transport readers back in time with its fascinating information.
QPB: $9.95

*406. "A rollercoaster *ride over a vast* landscape of the imagination"—*London Guardian.*
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95

109. A special QPB trio: *The Elements of Style, The Elements of Grammar, The Elements of Editing.*
3-volume set
QPB: $10.95

297. Soothing therapeutic techniques. 150 graphic photographs.
QPB: $9.50

Ernest Hemingway

*194. A landmark omnibus collection of 43 of Fitzgerald's best short stories.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $14.95

*315. The National Book Award-winning reporter brings to life the Middle Eastern world.
Hardcover: $22.95
QPB: $10.95

423. A scholar tells how myths have shaped our lives. A PBS TV series.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95

207. A begu novella that How do you a man who be thanked?
QPB: $5

338. The author and host of *This Old House* covers each step in finding the perfect house.
QPB: $9.95

211. Take a trip down Larson's memory lane with over 300 color and black-and-white cartoons.
QPB: $10.95

267. The sto of civilizatio a unique cha format.
Hardcover:
QPB: $1

(Translation: 3 books, 3 bucks.
No commitment. No kidding.)

instruments and all that—are a closely related type of modernism: a distancing and objectification of certain aspects of execution so that the music performed can be heard from a different angle. James Richman's Concert Royal Baroque Orchestra (in a mixed program at Merkin Concert Hall on the 29th) and Richard Westenburg's Musica Sacra (Bach's "St. John Passion" at Alice Tully Hall on the 30th) offer current examples.

On the same evenings come two older kinds of modernism: the performance of actual modern works (Kathy Supove in piano music of Babbitt, Scelsi, Zorn, Lang, and others at Weill Hall on the 29th), and a playing style derived from such works (Alexander Schneider, who represents a spiky Stravinskyan style of string playing, with his Brandenburg Ensemble, performing Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart on the 30th at Avery Fisher Hall).

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—**DON GIOVANNI**, a new production, with Carol Vaness, Karita Mattila, Dawn Upshaw, Jerry Hadley, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by James Levine. (March 26, March 29, and April 2, all at 8.) . . . **DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL**, with Marilyn Mims, Erie Mills, Uwe Heilmann, and Anthony Laciura; James Levine. (March 27 and March 30, when Lars Magnusson will sing the role of Pedrillo, at 8.) . . . **LA BOHÈME**, with Kallen Esperian, Nancy Gustafson, Francisco Araiza, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. (March 28 at 8, March 31 at 1:30, and April 3 at 8.) . . . **DAS RHEINGOLD**, with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; James Levine. (March 31 at 8:30.) . . . **DIE FLEDERMAUS**, with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Helga Dernesch, David Rendall, and Thomas Allen; Hermann Michael. (April 4 at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** On April 1 at 2:45, the eleven winners of the Metropolitan Opera National Council competition will sing a program of arias. Tickets are available at the box office.

**GOLDEN FLEECE, LTD.**—Presenting four short one-act operas. Mara Waldman will conduct. (Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. March 29-31 at 8 and April 1 at 3. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

**AMATO OPERA COMPANY**—A new production of "Un Ballo in Maschera." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. March 30-31 at 7:30.)

**AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY**—Presenting "Cabildo," an opera in English by Amy March Cheny Beach. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. March 31 at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

**INTERNATIONAL OPERA SINGERS COMPETITION**—The seven finalists will offer arias and art songs in the seventh installment of an annual event. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus Ave. at 59th St. March 31 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall. March 27 at 7:30: Christof Perick conducting music by Weber, Brahms, and Beethoven. With Ida Haendel, violin. . . . ¶ March 29 at 8, March 30 at 2, and March 31 and April 3 at 8: Charles Dutoit conducting music by Frank Martin, Ravel, and Beethoven. With Rudolf Buchbinder, piano.

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Riccardo Muti conducting a Berlioz-Wagner-Scriabin program. With Barbara Hendricks, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. March 27 at 8.)

**PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI**—Richard Kapp conducting concertos by Vivaldi. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 27 at 8.)

**CONCERT ROYAL BAROQUE ORCHESTRA**—James Richman conducting and playing the harpsichord. The soloists will be Lisa Rautenberg and Ryan Brown, violin; and Sandra Miller, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 29 at 8.)

**POLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**—Emmanuel Krivine conducting. With Augustin Dumay, violin. (Carnegie Hall. March 30 at 8.)

**ATLANTA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Yoel Levi conducting works by Barber, Brahms, and Stravinsky. With Shlomo Mintz, violin. (Carnegie Hall. April 4 at 8.)

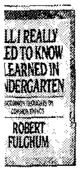
**JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA**—Christopher Keene conducting works by Dvořák and David Diamond, among others. With Erkki Lahesmaa, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 4 at 8.)

**MUSICA SACRA CHORUS AND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE**—Richard Westenburg directing Bach's "St. John Passion." With Jane Adler, soprano; Suzanne Duplantis, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Steven Tharp, tenors; Paul Rowe and James Maddalena, baritones. (Alice Tully Hall. March 30 at 8.)

**"ST. MATTHEW PASSION"**—Blanche Moyse directing a large chorus and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. With Henriette Schellenberg, soprano; Mary Westbrook-Geha, mezzo-soprano; William Watson, tenor; Sanford Sylvan, baritone; and others. (Carnegie Hall. April 1 at 7.)

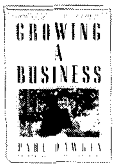
**HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS**—Christopher Hogwood directing Bach's B-Minor Mass. With Sharon Baker and Lorraine Hunt, sopranos; Drew Minter, countertenor; John Mark Ainsley, tenor; and William Sharp, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 2 at 7:30.)

**ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHOIR**—James Litton directing Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt." With the Fairfield Period Instrument Academy. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. April 4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 751-1616, ext. 227.)



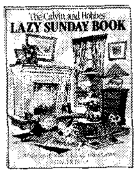
ulghum's
se is that we
d the important
s by age 5: "Play
lush...."
rdcover: $15.95
QPB: $7.95

*330. More than 600 recipes from an award-winning food writer.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



403. A hands-on guide that explains how to successfully start a business.
Hardcover: $16.95
QPB: $7.95

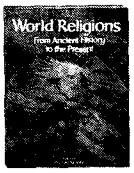
*447. A hilarious new collection from the author of *Lake Wobegon Days*.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



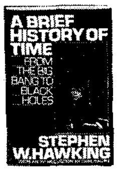
204. Relax with Calvin and Hobbes in this new full-color collection of Sunday cartoons.
QPB: $7.95

*117. Over 1600 problem-solving drawings with explanations on every aspect of home repair.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95

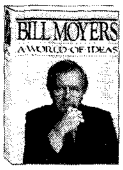
198. QPB's specially produced volume of Woody Allen's three hilarious books.
(3-in-1 vol.)
QPB: $12.95



601. The evolution of beliefs throughout history. Illustrated.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95



*321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science with notable individuals.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95

Why don't cats
swim? Find out
swer to *really*
tant questions.
rdcover: $15.95
QPB: $6.95

An eye-opening
t the natural
inal effects of
n foods.
rdcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

How QPB Membership Works.

*Selection:* You'll receive the *QPB Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

*Return Privilege:* If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

*Cancellations:* You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

*Bonus Books for Bonus Points:* For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points that entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

OK. Send me my 3 books for 3 bucks. No commitment. No bull.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

Indicate by number your 3 choices:
0-16
☐ ☐ ☐

QPB® Quality Paperback Book Club

Name (*Please print clearly.*) QB116-4-1
Address Apt.
City State Zip

Prices generally higher in Canada. © 1990 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

Richard Wagner

**Hilliard Ensemble**—Performing the New York première of Arvo Pärt's "Passio." (Alice Tully Hall. April 4 at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Yuval Waldman**—Violin. With Juliana Osinchuk, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. March 27 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Hung-Kuan Chen**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. March 28 at 8.)

**Music Today**—John Harbison conducting the chamber ensemble in, among other things, premières by Peter Lieberson and Christopher Rouse. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 28 at 8.)

**Tallis Scholars**—Peter Phillips directing a program entitled "Vocal Music of the Spanish Renaissance." (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. March 28 at 8. For information about tickets, call 921-2939.)

**James Graseck and Doris Stevenson**—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. March 29 at 8.)

**Kathy Supove**—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. March 29 at 8.)

**Amsterdam Guitar Trio**—Three classical guitarists. (Weill Recital Hall. March 30 at 8.)

**Brandenburg Ensemble**—With Alexander Schneider and Pamela Frank, violin; and Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. March 30 at 8.)

**Julian Bream**—Classical guitar and lute. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 31 at 8.)

**"The Italian Influence"**—A program of baroque music played on period instruments. With Evelyn Simon, soprano; Dongsok Shin, harpsichord; and others. (St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. March 31 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**David Korevaar**—Piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. March 31 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Kronos Quartet**—Playing premières by Hirokazu Hiraishi, Peter Sculthorpe, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. March 31 at 8.)

**Maurizio Pollini**—Piano, performing works by Chopin. (Carnegie Hall. March 31 at 8.)

**Western Wind**—A vocal sextet, in a program of American music. With an early-instruments ensemble. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. March 31 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

**Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. April 1 at 2.)

**Cleveland String Quartet**—Playing works by Schubert, Beethoven, and Schoenberg. (Alice Tully Hall. April 1 at 2.)

**Virtuosi Quintet**—Playing, among other works, an American première by Peter Paul Fuchs. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. April 1 at 2. No charge beyond museum admission.)

**New York Philharmonic Ensembles**—Members of the orchestra playing works by Haydn, Dvořák, Rossini, and Mendelssohn. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 1 at 3.)

**Pinchas Zukerman**—Violin and viola. With Marc Neikrug, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 1 at 3.)

**Linda Chesis and Sara Cutler**—Flute and harp. With Joanna Gleason, the American String Quartet, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 2 at 8.)

**Speculum Musicae**—In a program of chamber music. With Sanford Sylvan, baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 2 at 8.)

**New World String Quartet**—Playing music by Brahms, Mozart, and Debussy. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 3 at 8.)

**Takács String Quartet**—Playing all six of Bartók's quartets in two evenings. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 3-4 at 8.)

**Galina Heifetz**—Violin. With Maria Platt, piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. April 4 at 7:30.)

**League/ISCM**—Presenting Carolyn Sebron, mezzo-soprano, and Eliza Garth, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. April 4 at 8.)

**North/South Consonance**—Presenting the Manhattan Vocal Ensemble in premières by Frank La Roccam, Max Schubel, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 4 at 8.)

### JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

**Joe Satriani**—In a world starved for guitar heroes, this native of Long Island (he now lives in Northern California) has more or less single-handedly resurrected the rock-instrumental genre with three albums of fingers flying on the frets of his Ibanez guitars. You can't really discuss his work without using words like "flawless," "accomplished," "virtuosity," and "technique." None of these qualities are part of what makes great rock music great, but Satriani is certainly doing an admirable job of exploring his craft. He's not transcendent, but he's awfully impressive. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 27 at 8.)

**Judy Collins**—Sweet Judy Blue Eyes is a grandmother now, and the folkie woods are full of angelic madonnas with Martin acoustic guitars. But Judy Collins' womanly soprano is still remarkable and undiminished, and the competition can't really touch her. Even when she falls for songs of blunderbuss sentimentality like "Wind Beneath My Wings" and "Cats in the Cradle"—both are in her current repertoire—she somehow manages to redeem them by searching out a core of honesty and grownup regret. Above all, she continues unsurpassed in her delivery of politically progressive anthems like "Bread and Roses" and "From a Distance." (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. April 1 at 2.)

**Eric Clapton**—Selling out like Steve Winwood, Eric Clapton is playing Michelob music, and his recent albums don't amount to much. His music, once sloppy and colorful, now comes packaged and designer wrapped, with expensive producers and sidemen inside. There's no doubt he'll be playing a good portion of his recent release, "Journeyman," on his trademark "Clapton is God" guitar, but it's in mining the enormous musical fortunes of his past that he'll really shine. An ardent traditionalist, he needs the groove of a "Crossroads" to catch fire. His band is hot (drummer Steve Ferrone and percussionist Ray Cooper, among others), and he's just come off an unprecedented, sold-out, eighteen-night stand at Albert Hall, in London. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. April 2 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. April 3 at 8. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. April 6 at 8.)

**"Anything Cole"**—The New York City Gay Men's Chorus presents benefit performances of a Cole Porter revue. (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. 279-4200. March 28-30 at 8, and March 31 at 7:30 and 10:30.)

**Jon Hendricks**—With the Count Basie Orchestra, Al Jarreau, the Manhattan Transfer, and Michele Hendricks. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 29 at 8.)

**Sharon Freeman and Mike Richmond**—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. March 30 at 8.

**Joe Walsh**—Beacon Theatre. March 30 at midnight.

**Grupo Aymara**—Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. March 31 at 5:30. No charge beyond museum admission.

**Muzsikas**—With Márta Sébestyén, who is billed as "the Hungarian Sandy Denny." (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. March 31 at 8.)

**Glen Velez**—With Steve Gorn and Layne Redmond. (Washington Square Church, 135 W 4th St. March 31 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**David Borden**—With Mother Mallard and Friends. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 3 at 7.)

**"New York Rock and Soul Revue"**—Patti Austen Donald Fagen, Michael McDonald, and Phoebe Snow. (Beacon Theatre. April 4 at 8.)

**Roulette**—March 29: Denman Maroney and Joseph Paul Taylor. . . . ¶ March 30: Anthony Coleman. . . . ¶ March 31: Laurie Carlos and Don Meissner. (228 West Broadway 219-8242. Evenings at 9.)

## SPORTS

### HOME TEAMS

**Rangers**—Vs. the Washington Capitals, April 1 at 7:30.

**Islanders**—Vs. the Calgary Flames, March 27 . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, March 31 (Game time, 7:35.)

**Devils**—Vs. the Washington Capitals, March 27 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, March 29 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings March 31 at 1:35.

**Knicks**—Vs. the Washington Bullets, March 27 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Denver Nuggets March 31 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, April 3 at 7:30.

**Nets**—Vs. the Knicks, March 28 at 7:30. . . ¶ Vs. the Phoenix Suns, March 30 at 7:30 . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, April 1 at 1 (The Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play a the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

### RACING

**Horses**—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway Weeknights, except Wednesdays, at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands Weeknights at 7:30.

## ABOVE AND BEYOND

**Beaux Arts**—A show and sale that include displays of furniture (including garden furniture), silver, quilts, paintings, books, and architectural ornaments. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. March 29-31 from 11 to 9, and April 1 from 11 to 6.)

**Stand Up and Be Counted**—An exhibit at Federa Hall that demonstrates, through cartoonlike pictures, how and why the census-takers do their stuff. All visitors to the gallery will be counted and recorded according to variou demographic categories. (26 Wall St., a Broad St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5 Through May 25.)

**"Amazon Week"**—Not a week celebrating the women warriors of myth, but a week (March 26-April 1) of free films, exhibitions, and panel discussions about the future of Brazi and its rain forest, organized by a group a NYU. Call the Anthology Film Archives (477-2714) for information about film programs, and NYU (998-7388) for information about other events.

**Serious Business**—A convention of fifty female comedians: perfect for April Fool's Day weekend. On March 31, beginning at 8, each o the fifty will do a standup routine, and on April 1, starting at 1, they'll talk in panels about why they do standup routines. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. For information about tickets, call 674-7200.)

**Readings**—March 30 at 8: Ursula Le Guin will read from her own prose. (West Side Y, 5 W 63rd St. 787-6557.) . . . ¶ April 2 at 8: John Holman and Nancy Lemann will read from their own fiction. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848. . . . ¶ April 2 at 8: Ann Beattie will read from her new novel, "Picturing Will," and Andre Dubus will read from his short stories. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415 5440.) . . . ¶ April 4 at 8: Fay Weldon, James Lasdun, and Jeanette Winterson will read from their own fiction. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St 854-7799.)

A DAY'S WORTH OF DAIRY CALCIUM, LIFE SIZE.

See how easily dairy calcium fits into your life? It doesn't take much to get 100% of your minimum daily requirement.

So you don't need to fill your plate to fill your calcium needs. And dairy foods go with every possible meal.

Best of all, dairy calcium is natural and delicious.

So let dairy foods satisfy your calcium needs, for life.

America's Dairy Farmers
National Dairy Board
© 1989 N.D.B.

REAL
REAL DAIRY CALCIUM

DAIRY CALCIUM. CALCIUM THE WAY NATURE INTENDED.™

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | | |

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

### EAST SIDE

**Angelika Film Center,** 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Black Rain" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Year's Day" (directed by Henry Jaglom).
Theatre 3: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (John McNaughton).
Theatre 4: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

**Public Theatre,** 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
(Separate admissions) "Summer Vacation: 1999" (Shusuke Kaneko; in Japanese); and "The Insect Woman" (1963, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

**Movieland 8th Street Triplex,** 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
*Theatre 2:* "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.
Theatre 3: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.

**Bijou Cinema,** 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Born on the Fourth of July" (†).

**Loews 19th Street East 6,** B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver.
Theatre 3: Through March 29: "Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer. From March 30: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 4: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 5: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 29: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
From March 30: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver. From March 30: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 3: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jürgen Prochnow.

**Manhattan Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

**59th Street East Cinema,** 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.

**Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.
Theatre 2: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 3: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin.

**Gemini 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
*Theatre 1:* "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "Glory" (†).

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 29: "Coupe de Ville" (Joe Roth), with Daniel Stern, Arye Gross, Patrick Dempsey, and Alan Arkin.
From March 30: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

**Loews New York Twin,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver. From March 30: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).

**Park & 86th Street Cinemas,** 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October."

**86th Street East Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin.
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

### WEST SIDE

**Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Macho Dancer" (directed by Lino Brocka). From March 30: "Sweetie" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 2: "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "The Forbidden Dance" (Greydon Clark), with Laura Herring and Jeff James. From March 30: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.
Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

**Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 2: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

**Chelsea Cinemas,** 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 2: "Mountains of the Moon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosalie Goes Shopping" (Percy Adlon), *with Marianne Sägebrecht, Brad* Davis, and Judge Reinhold.
Theatre 4: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 5: "Coupe de Ville" (Joe Roth), with Daniel Stern, Arye Gross, Patrick Dempsey, and Alan Arkin.
Theatre 6: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 9: Through March 29: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane. From March 30: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), *with* Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 2: "The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 3: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jürgen Prochnow.

**Worldwide Cinemas,** 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†). From March 30: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.
Theatre 3: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe and James Spader.
Theatre 4: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 6: "Rosalie Goes Shopping" (Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht, Brad Davis, and Judge Reinhold.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mountains of the Moon" (†).

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"For All Mankind" (†).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

**Carnegie Screening Room,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Lonely Woman Seeks Life Companion" (Viacheslav Krishtofovich; in Russian).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (†).

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.

**62nd & Broadway,** 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Sweetie" (Jane Campion). From March 30: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: Through March 29: "The Plot Against Harry" (Michael Roemer). From March 30: "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet. From March 30: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio. From March 30: Theatre closed.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.

**Loews 84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver. From March 30: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).

Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Theatre 3: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

Theatre 4: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.

Theatre 5: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Theatre 6: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, Peter Riegert, Elizabeth McGovern, and Will Patton.

**Metro Cinema I and 2,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).

Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

**Olympia I and II,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 29: "The Forbidden Dance" (Greydon Clark), with Laura Herring and Jeff James. From March 30: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

Theatre 2: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "House Party" (directed by Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Theatre 2: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin.

Theatre 3: "The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 4: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).

Theatre 5: Through March 29: "House Party." From March 30: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).

Theatre 6: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.

**Embassy I,** B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver.

Theatre 3: "Blue Steel."

Theatre 4: "Internal Affairs" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Forbidden Dance" (Greydon Clark), with Laura Herring and Jeff James.

Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane. From March 30: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

**Warner,** 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Glory" (†).

**West Side Cinema I and 2,** 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "Hard to Kill."

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Biograph Cinema,** 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

March 26: "High and Low" (1963, directed by Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Throne of Blood" (1957, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Mifune.

March 27-28: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971, Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Dersu Uzala" (1978, Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian).

March 29-April 4: "The Seven Samurai" (1954, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Mifune.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

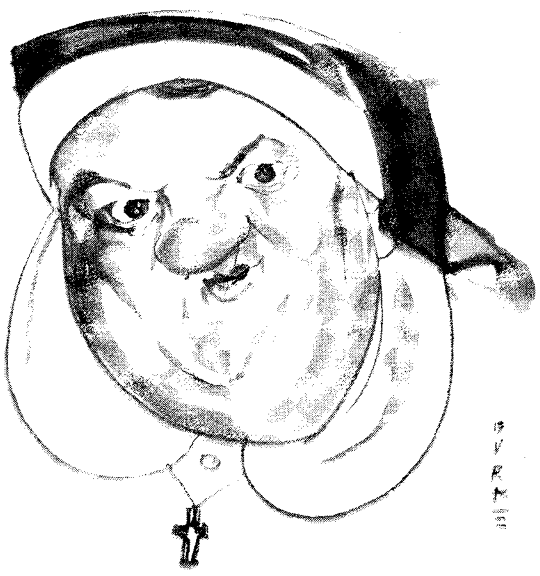
Through March 27: "Local Hero" (1983, Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, Fulton MacKay, and Burt Lancaster; and "Atlantic City" (1981, Louis Malle), with Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid.

March 28-29: "The Bear" (1988, Jean-Jacques Annaud); and "Quest for Fire" (1982, Annaud), with Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, Nameer El-Kadi, and Rae Dawn Chong.

March 30-31: "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "North by Northwest" (†).

April 1: "Dark Eyes" (1987, Nikita Mikhalkov; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Marthe Keller, Elena Sofonova, and Silvana Magnano; and "A Slave of Love" (1978, Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei.

April 2-3: "Mogambo" (†); and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964, John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.



*Robbie Coltrane in "Nuns on the Run"*

From April 4: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971, Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966, Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

**Thalia SoHo,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through March 29: "Roots" (1977). The eight-part television adaptation of the Alex Haley novel, with LeVar Burton and John Amos. March 26-27, Parts 1-4; and March 28-29, Parts 5-8.

March 30-31: "Mala Noche" (1985, Gus Van Sant); and "We Were One Man" (1980, Philippe Vallois).

April 1: "What's Up Tiger Lily?" (1966), a Japanese film, with dubbed dialogue provided by Woody Allen; and "Hannah and Her Sisters" (1986, Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Dianne Wiest, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Lloyd Nolan.

April 2-3: "Nashville" (†).

From April 4: "The Shining" (†); and "The Exorcist" (1973, William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 26: "La Grande Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "La Bête Humaine" (1938, Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin.

March 27: "The Hollywood Revue" (1929, Charles Reisner), with Jack Benny, Joan Crawford, and Buster Keaton; and "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929, Millard Webb), with Mary Eaton.

March 28: "Victim" (1961, Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms, and Dennis Price; and "Peeping Tom" (1960, Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer.

March 29: "Pygmalion" (†); and "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946, Gabriel Pascal), with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Flora Robson, and Stewart Granger.

March 30-31: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Men" (1950, Fred Zinnemann), with Teresa Wright, Brando, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

April 1: "Amarcord" (1974, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Conformist" (1970, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

April 2: "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Ugetsu" (†).

April 3: "A Guy Named Joe" (1943, Victor Fleming), with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne, Ward Bond, Van Johnson, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Tortilla Flat" (†).

April 4: "His Girl Friday" (1940, Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy, Gene Lockhart, and Billy Gilbert; and "No Time for Comedy" (1940, William Keighley), with Russell, James Stewart, and Charles Ruggles.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

**Theatre 1:** April 2 at 2:30: "Miracle in Milan" (1950, directed by Vittorio De Sica; in Italian). . . . ¶ April 2 at 6 and April 3 at 2:30: "The Killing" (1956, Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards. . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "Miracle in Milan."

**Theatre 2:** April 2 at 6:30: A program of short Super-8 and 16-mm. films by Brady Lewis. . . . ¶ April 3 at 3: "Les Années Declic" (1983, Raymond Depardon), with Depardon. . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "Nostalgia" (1971, Hollis Frampton); "One Second in Montreal" (1969, Michael Snow); and "La Jetée" (1963, Chris Marker; in French), with Hélène Chatelain and Davos Hanich.

**Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)**—An international festival of new films by new directors. March 26 at 6: "The Seventh Continent" (Michael Haneke, Austria). . . . ¶ March 26 at 9 and March 27 at 6: "A Wopbopaloobop a Lopbamboom" (Andy Bausch, Luxembourg and West Germany). . . . ¶ March 27 at 8:30: "The Seventh Continent." . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "Saint's Day" (Sergei Selyanov and Nikolai Makarov, U.S.S.R.). . . . ¶ March 28 at 8:30 and March 29 at 6: "Maicol" (Mario Brenta, Italy). . . . ¶ March 29 at 9: "Saint's Day." . . . ¶ March 30 at 6: "Little Fish in Love" (Abai Karpikov, U.S.S.R.). . . . ¶ March 30 at 8:30 and March 31 at 3: "Homebound" (Ilkka Järvilaturi, Finland). . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "American Dreaming: Atlantic City's Casino Gamble" (Michael Penland, United States) and "Painting the Town: The Illusionistic Murals of Richard Haas" (Amalie R. Rothschild, United States). . . . ¶ March 31 at 9: "The Women on the Roof" (Carl-Gustaf Nykvist, Sweden). . . . ¶ April 1 at 3:30: "Little Fish in Love." . . . ¶ April 1 at 6: "The Women on the Roof." . . . ¶ April 1 at 8:30: "American Dreaming: Atlantic City's Casino Gamble" and "Painting the Town: The Illusionistic Murals of Richard Haas." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 708-9501.)

**Museum of Broadcasting,** 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Laurence Olivier: The Television Legacy." March 27-31: "The Merchant of Venice" (1974, Jonathan Miller and John Sichel; ABC), with Olivier, Jeremy Brett, Michael Jayston, Anthony Nicholls, and Joan Plowright. Showings Tuesday at 2:30 and 5:30, Wednesday through Friday at 2:30, and Saturday at 1. . . . From April 3: "Love Among the Ruins" (1975, George Cukor; ABC), with Olivier, Katharine Hepburn, Colin Blakely, Richard Pearson, and Leigh Lawson. Showings Tuesday at 3 and 6, Wednesday through Friday at 3, and Saturday at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." March 27-31: "Peter Brook" (1989, David Thomas), a documentary. . . . From

## MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

April 3: "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, Episode 2" (1982), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company. Showings Tuesdays at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2.

**American Museum of the Moving Image,** 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre. March 28 at 2:30: "They Live" (1988, John Carpenter), with Keith David.... ¶ March 29 at 2:30: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (1989, Terry Gilliam), with John Neville and Eric Idle.... ¶ March 30 at 2:30: "Farewell to the King" (1989, John Milius), with Nick Nolte.... ¶ Films on which William Cameron Menzies was either the production designer or the director. March 31 at noon: "The Son of the Sheik" (1926, George Fitzmaurice; silent), with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. ... March 31 at 5: "Tempest" (1928, Sam Taylor; silent), with John Barrymore.... April 1 at noon and April 4 at 2:30: "Invaders from Mars" (1953, Menzies), with Helena Carter, Arthur Franz, and Jimmy Hunt.

**Anthology Film Archives,** 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. March 27 at 7: "The Forbidden Land" (1989, Helena Solberg) and "Do I Kill Them?" (1983, Sergio Bianchi), both Brazilian documentaries.... ¶ March 27 at 9: "The Kayapó: Out of the Forest" (1989, Michael Beckham) and "Altamira: First Amazon Encounter" (1989, Neville de Almeida and David Guber), both Brazilian documentaries.... ¶ March 28 at 7: "Citizen Jatobá" (1987, Maria Luiza Aboim) and "Conversations in Maranhão" (1977, Andrea Tonacci), both Brazilian documentaries.... ¶ March 28 at 7: "Aerograd" (1928, Alexander Dovzhenko; silent).... ¶ March 28 at 9: "The Lost World of Kozak" (1988, Fernando Severo) and "Iracema" (1975, Jorge Bodansky), both Brazilian documentaries. ... ¶ March 28 at 9: "Day of Wrath" (1943, Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish).... ¶ March 29 at 7: "Faithless Marjika" (1934, Vladislav Vančura; in Czech).... ¶ March 29 at 7: "Serial Film," a program of eight short Japanese films by Takahiko Iimura.... ¶ March 29-30 at 9, March 31 at 7, and April 1 at 9: "On the Sunny Side" (Vančura; in Czech).... ¶ March 30 and April 1 at 7: "Before the Finals" (1932, Svatopluk Innemann and Vančura; in Czech).... ¶ March 30 at 7: "Conceptual I," a program of five short Japanese films by Iimura.... ¶ March 31 at 1 and 5: Two different programs of short Brazilian films.... ¶ March 31 at 7: "Conceptual II," a program of six short Japanese films by Iimura.... ¶ March 31 at 9: "Sky" (1988, Paula Gaitan) and "Ikatena—Let's Hunt!" (1982, Luis Paulina dos Santos), both from Brazil.... ¶ April 1 at 5:30: "From Personal Cinema to Advertising: Nine Films, 1930-41," short Czech films. ... ¶ April 1 at 7: A program of short Brazilian films.... ¶ April 4 at 7: "Strike" (1925, Sergei Eisenstein; silent).... ¶ April 4 at 9: "Ordet" (1955, Dreyer; in Danish).

**Florence Gould Hall,** 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—March 28 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Real Presence" (1983, Raoul Ruiz; in French), with Franck Oger, Nadège Claire, and Lou Castel; and "Snakes and Ladders" (1980, Ruiz; in French), with Jean-Loup Rivière and Pascal Bonitzer.... ¶ April 4 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Red and the Black" (1954, Claude Autant-Lara; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Jean Martinelli, and Antonella Lualdi.

**Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building** 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—March 28 at 6: "Coffy" (1973, Jack Hill), with Pam Grier Booker Bradshaw, and Robert Doqui; and "TNT Jackson" (1975, Cirio Santiago), with Jeanne Bell, Stan Shaw, and Pat Anderson ... ¶ March 29 at 6 and 8:25: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983 Spike Lee), with Monty Ross; and "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Lee), with Tracy Camilia John, Tommy Hicks, John Canada Terrell, Ray Dowell, and Lee.... ¶ March 30 at 1 and 4: "Stormy Weather" (1943, Andrew Stone), with Lena Horne, Bill Robinson Cab Calloway, and Katherine Dunham; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943, Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Horne, Louis Armstrong, and Rex Ingram.... ¶ March 30 at 6:30: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles), with Melvin Van Peebles Mario Van Peebles, and John Amos; "Redd Foxx Raw" (1979, Foxx); and "Dolemite Part II" (1974, Cliff Roguemore), with Rudy Ray Moore.... ¶ April 1 at 1 and 5:35 "Amazing Grace" (1974, Stan Lathan) "Boarding House Blues" (1948, Josh Binney) and "Killer Diller" (1948, Binney), all with Jackie (Moms) Mabley.... ¶ April 1 at 7:30 An "Amos 'n' Andy" retrospective, with five long-unseen episodes, followed by a pane discussion on the series.

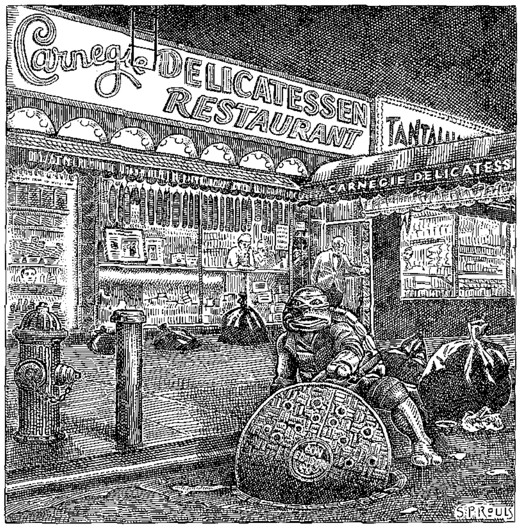
**Japan Society,** 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—March 30 at 6 and 8:30: "The Pornographers" (1966, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Shoichi Ozawa.

# IN BRIEF

### SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
### IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

**Black Rain**—The most surprising thing about this film, which tells the story of a family of survivors of the atomic-bomb attack on Hiroshima, is that it isn't depressing. It's too intelligent; every scene is drenched in irony. The director, Shohei Imamura, treats the bombing itself with telling poetic concision, as a series of awful tableaux flashing before us with *the speed of memory. Then, abruptly, he* cuts to a tranquil-looking country scene and a very different kind of story. It's five years later, and the Shizuma family, last seen making their way through the wreckage of the city, now live in a remote village and are preoccupied with a traditional problem of Japanese movie families: arranging a marriage. This leisurely rural existence is restful in only the most superficial ways: two members of the family suffer from radiation sickness and have been ordered not to work hard. The Shizumas live in a perpetual state of suspension, a constant twilight; their survival is more like a wary, static persistence. We're unsure how to respond; *we've never seen a family drama quite* like this. Imamura has transformed this Hiroshima story into a Sartrean soap opera. With Yoshiko Tanaka, Kazuo Kitamura, and Etsuko Ichihara. The screenplay, by Imamura and Toshiro Ishido, is based on a novel by Masuji Ibuse. Superb black-and-white cinematography by Takashi Kawamata; a harrowingly beautiful score by Toru Takemitsu. In Japanese.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/90.) (Angelika Film Center.)



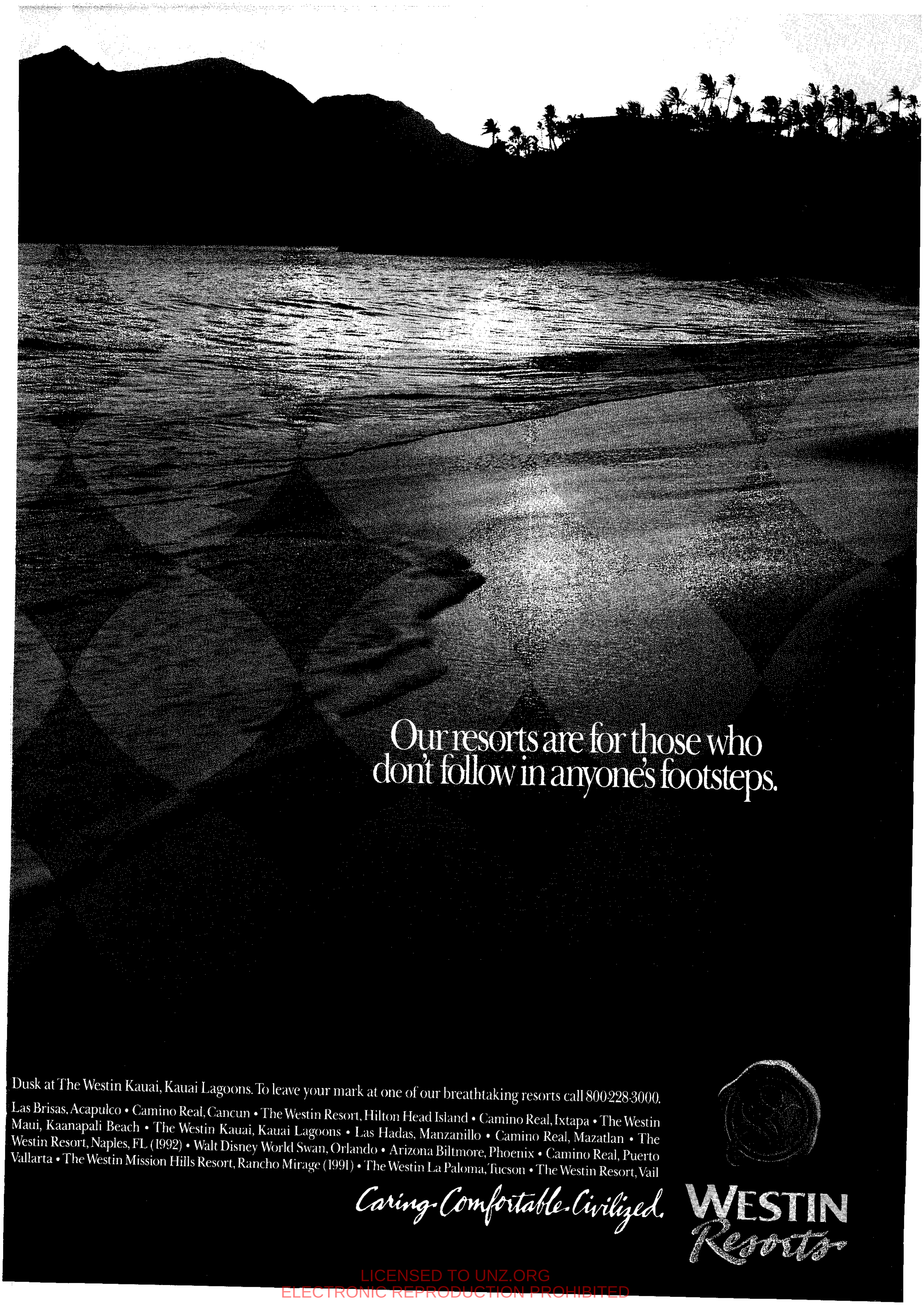
*"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles"*

**Born on the Fourth of July**—An antiwar epic, it's like one of those commemorative issues of *Life*. This one covers 1956 to 1976, and the counterculture is presented in a nostalgic, aesthetically reactionary way: it's made part of our certified public memories. The director, Oliver Stone, plays bumper cars with the camera and uses cutting to jam you into the action, and you can't even enjoy his uncouthness, because it's put at the service of sanctimony. The pure of heart, Catholic and patriotic hero Ron Kovic (Tom Cruise) thinks war is how he'll prove himself a man. He joins the Marine Corps and is sent to Vietnam; in 1968, his spine is severed, and he's left in a wheelchair, impotent, paralyzed from the chest down. The movie is a scream of rage at how he was betrayed, mutilated, neglected; it's also an uplifting account of how he boozed, quarrelled with everyone, and despaired until he stopped being contemptuous of the war protesters and became active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Overblown right from the start, this story is constructed as a series of blackout episodes that suggest the Stations of the Cross; rising strings alert you to the heavy stuff. Then the finale—Resurrection—takes Ron into white light, and John Williams lays on the trumpets. The script, by Stone and Kovic, is based on Kovic's autobiography. With Willem Dafoe, Tom Berenger, Raymond J. Barry as the gentle father, Caroline Kava as the castrating Mom, Kyra Sedgwick as Donna, and Abbie Hoffman.—P.K. (1/22/90) (Bijou Cinema, Manhattan Twin, and Art Greenwich Twin.... ¶ Worldwide Cinemas; through March 29.)

**Camille Claudel**—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer ("French Provincial," "Barocco"), doesn't seem to know how to tel a story— not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer) and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French —T.R. (Paris.)

**Driving Miss Daisy**—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. *But it's acted (and directed)* eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, Quad Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas Cinema 3, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

**Drugstore Cowboy**—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the


Our resorts are for those who
don't follow in anyone's footsteps.

Dusk at The Westin Kauai, Kauai Lagoons. To leave your mark at one of our breathtaking resorts call 800-228-3000.

Las Brisas, Acapulco • Camino Real, Cancun • The Westin Resort, Hilton Head Island • Camino Real, Ixtapa • The Westin Maui, Kaanapali Beach • The Westin Kauai, Kauai Lagoons • Las Hadas, Manzanillo • Camino Real, Mazatlan • The Westin Resort, Naples, FL (1992) • Walt Disney World Swan, Orlando • Arizona Biltmore, Phoenix • Camino Real, Puerto Vallarta • The Westin Mission Hills Resort, Rancho Mirage (1991) • The Westin La Paloma, Tucson • The Westin Resort, Vail

*Caring. Comfortable. Civilized.*

WESTIN
Resorts

story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gros, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

*As Walt, the lead character in Gus Van Sant's "Mala Noche" (playing March 30 and 31 at the Thalia SoHo), Tim Streeter has a seedy amiability that's lovable, scurrilous, and pathetic. This happy-go-unlucky character—a Portland convenience-store operator with a yen for Mexican teen-agers—shuffles down mean streets with a silly, openmouthed smile that looks all the more pitiable because of his patchy stubble. Walt is obsessed with Johnny (Doug Cooeyate), who scorns him, and at one climactic point scratches a coarse Spanish homophobic putdown on his door. The closest Walt comes to having an affair with Johnny—who says he's eighteen but looks sixteen—is living with the boy's equally jejune best friend, Pepper (Ray Monge). Still, no matter how disheartened Walt is by the turn of the sheets, he doesn't succumb to despair. Streeter offers an impeccable, complicated embodiment of lower-depths resilience.*

*Like Van Sant's celebrated second film, "Drugstore Cowboy," his first film (made in 1985) is all of a piece yet startlingly varied in its attack. The characters go through desperate flirtations and raucous betrayals that never get stale or repetitive. Like the changing images thrown off by a magic lantern as the pictures pass across the lamp, the coquetry and spats reveal the myriad aspects of Walt's and the boys' personalities. Walt alternately acts like a true amigo, a sex-starved vulture, a nurse, and a lover; the boys are giggling kids, punks, and hustlers. Van Sant takes a simple obsession and reveals its complexity—the opposite of the Hollywood approach. Days after you've seen this movie, images from it slip up on you unexpectedly, like Walt's face leaning into the light as his voice on the soundtrack croons that Johnny makes his heart throb. Van Sant seems to be saying, Look closely and you can grasp the ugliness in this world; look even closer and you can find the beauty.*

**Enemies, A Love Story**—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Gotham Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

**For All Mankind**—This documentary about American astronauts' flights to the moon is a great movie experience. From thousands of hours of footage in the NASA archives, the director, Al Reinert, has made an eighty-minute film that collapses the nine Apollo lunar missions into a single epic journey. The movie's primary concern is to draw us into the shifting emotional states of the space travellers, and it makes their feelings vivid and immediate: their curiosity, their fear, their professional detachment, their awe. Reinert combines majestic visions with odd human details, and the film, for all its splendor, has a friendly, down-home quality. He uses the astronauts' humor (which is often corny) to keep us aware of the gap between where these men are and where they've come from. We experience the voyage as the astronauts must have, in a state of constant surprise: every sensation is intensified, because we never know quite what to expect. Reinert and his editor, Susan Korda, also make expert use of the varied textures of the visual material at their disposal. Sometimes the images are spectacularly, heartbreakingly sharp (the filmmakers transferred the original 16-mm. footage to 35-mm.), sometimes they're trembly and a little vague, and sometimes they're fuzzy blowups from videotapes; each has its own kind of beauty. This is a graceful and good-humored work: the home movie of men who can say, with only a trace of irony, "The stars are my home." Music by Brian Eno.—T.R. (3/26/90) (57th St. Playhouse.)

**Glory**—This Civil War epic, based on fiery, spirit-stirring material that has never before been tapped for the movies, is emotionally moving even when the scenes falter. The 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was the first black fighting unit to be formed in the North, and the white colonel in command of the effort to prove that black men had the discipline and valor to stand up against the enemy was Robert Gould Shaw, the twenty-five-year-old son of abolitionists. As the small, sad-faced Shaw, Matthew Broderick shows us the misery of a softhearted commanding officer who is determined to prepare his men for what's ahead. Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Andre Braugher are the usual representative group of enlistees who bicker and quarrel before they shape up and become fine soldiers, but the actors perform the roles as if they've never been played before. Although the script is a conventional melodrama, the director, Edward Zwick, has made something more thoughtful than that. He doesn't have the instinct for images that would burst the written framework, but he's made a good film on a great subject. The screenplay, based partly on Shaw's letters, is by Kevin Jarre. With Jihmi Kennedy.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and Warner.)

**Henry V**—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

**Internal Affairs**—Bad fun. This sophisticated variant of other L.A. cops-and-coke-and-art-world thrillers has a creepy, rhythmic quality that sucks you in and keeps you amused. The subtext is ingeniously nasty: it's a dirty, sexy twist on the Iago-Othello relationship. This Iago is a prosperous veteran cop, played by Richard Gere, who's being investigated by two officers from the Police Department's internal-affairs division: a righteous, ramrod-straight Latino (Andy Garcia) with a beautiful blond wife, and his sane, honest partner (Laurie Metcalf). Gere torments the stiff-backed Othello (Garcia), boasting of his adulterous conquest of the blond wife (Nancy Travis), and manipulates him into a jealous rage. Gere slithers through the picture very dexterously, but Garcia gives a one-note, glaring-eyed performance: except for his key, violent explosions (which are terrific), he's so rigid he's barely human. As Garcia's partner, a lesbian who doesn't try to ingratiate herself with anybody, Metcalf gives a strong, contained performance. Directed by Mike Figgis, whose previous feature was the 1988 "Stormy Monday." The smart script is by Henry Bean.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Embassy.)

**Joe Versus the Volcano**—Tom Hanks plays Joe, a depressed-looking average guy who works in the advertising department of a Staten Island medical-supply business. A doctor tells him he has only a few months to live; a wealthy businessman offers him a paid trip to a South Seas island so that he can end his life gloriously by leaping into an active volcano; after stops in Manhattan and Los Angeles, he sets sail on a yacht piloted by the businessman's daughter Patricia (Meg Ryan, who also plays two other roles); a shipwreck, tropical high jinks, and a romantic happy ending ensue. This sort of crackpot comic fantasy works only if it's done with a light touch. Unfortunately, John Patrick Shanley, directing for the first time (from his own original screenplay), overemphasizes everything. He has a talent for weird, off-kilter dialogue (he also wrote "Moonstruck"), but his inspirations are too fragile for the hard sell he gives them here. Also with Lloyd Bridges, Robert Stack, Dan Hedaya, and Ossie Davis, who is commandingly funny in his brief appearance.—T.R. (3/26/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Baronet, U. A. East, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through May 29.)

**Mogambo** (1953)—Clark Gable as a mighty hunter in Africa, in a remake of "Red Dust," which he'd starred in twenty-one years before; Ava Gardner plays the old Jean Harlow role—the wisecracking, tough broad—and Grace Kelly does her hot-ice bit as a ladylike prig (the old Mary Astor role). Gable certainly doesn't have the animal magnetism he had in the earlier version, but when Gardner and Kelly bitch at each other, doing battle for him, they're vastly entertaining anyway. (Gardner has never seemed happier.) The director, John Ford, got a little carried away with African wildlife ("Red Dust" was faster and funnier), but this sexual melodrama never takes itself too seriously. John Lee Mahin revamped his earlier script; the color cinematography is by Robert Surtees and Freddie Young. With Donald Sinden, Denis O'Dea, and Laurence Naismith.—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 2-3.)

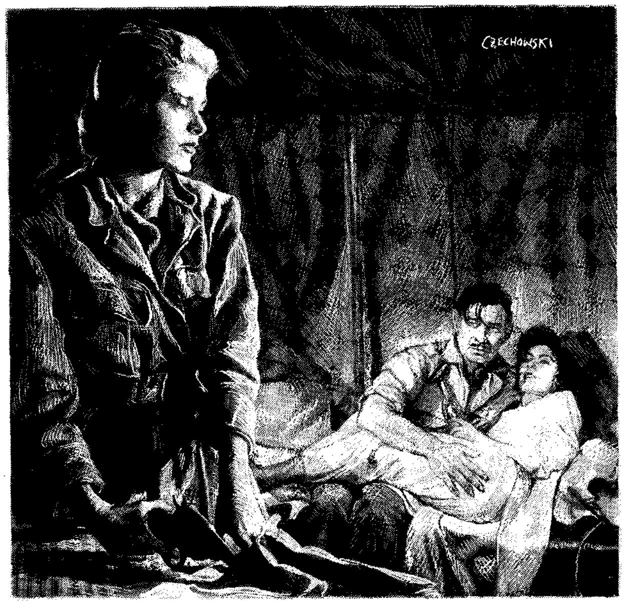
**Mountains of the Moon**—An awfully strange movie about an 1857 expedition to discover the source of the Nile, and the subsequent feud between the explorers, Richard Burton

(Patrick Bergin) and John Hanning Speke (Iain Glen). The director, Bob Rafelson, seems to be trying for a mixture of irony and spectacle, but he doesn't carry it off. Although he deliberately underplays the romance of nineteenth-century exploration, his historical irony isn't rigorous enough: it doesn't extend to Burton. Burton, a dashing intellectual adventurer, was in some ways ahead of his time; Rafelson distorts history to make Burton seem entirely a man of *our* time—the enlightened opposite of all the Victorian values and mores we now reject. The director and his cinematographer, Roger Deakins, give the film a wonderful look in the African scenes; during the explorers' arduous trek we often feel, despite everything that's going wrong, that we're on the verge of seeing something amazing. But, whatever it might be, it remains just over the horizon. Also with Richard E. Grant, Bernard Hill, Fiona Shaw, and Paul Onsongo. The screenplay is by Rafelson and William Harrison (the author of a 1982 novel called "Burton and Speke").—T.R. (3/12/90) (Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

**My Left Foot**—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

**Nashville** (1975)—The funniest epic vision of America ever to reach the screen. Robert Altman's movie is at once a "Grand Hotel"-style narrative, with twenty-four linked characters; a country-and-Western musical; a documentary essay on Nashville and American life; a meditation on the love affair between performers and audiences; and an Altman party. When Altman's people—the performers we associate with him because he has used them in ways no one else would think of and has filtered them through his sensibility—start arriving, and pile up in a traffic jam on the way from the airport to the city, the movie suggests the circus procession at the non-ending of "8½." But Altman's clowns are far more autonomous; they move and intermingle freely, and the whole movie is their procession. The basic script is by Joan Tewkesbury; the actors have been encouraged to work up material for their roles, and not only do they do their own singing but most of them wrote their own songs, and wrote them in character. The songs distill the singers' lives, as the pantomimes and theatrical performances did for the actors in "Children of Paradise." With Ronee Blakley as a true folk artist and the one tragic character, and, among many others, Ned Beatty, Karen Black, Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Shelley Duvall, Henry Gibson, Scott Glenn, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Harris, Michael Murphy, Lily Tomlin, Gwen Welles, and Keenan Wynn. Also with Richard Baskin (who arranged and supervised the music) and Elliott Gould and Julie Christie, who do bits as themselves.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 2-3.)

**North by Northwest** (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the mad geography and improbable plot. The compass seems to be spinning as the action hops all over the United States, people rush about in the wrong direction, and, for no particular reason, the hero—played by Cary Grant—heads north (by Northwest Airlines). Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces that he wants to put in (such as the chase on Mount Rushmore). But it has a classic sequence, in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust Grant, and it has a genial, sophisticated, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggest a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau as the blue-eyed menace Leonard. The music is by Bernard Herrmann; the script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps."—P.K. (Cinema Village; March 30-31.)



*Grace Kelly, Clark Gable, and Ava Gardner in "Mogambo"*

**Pygmalion** (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever made. It doesn't seem weighted down with talk, like most of the others, and though a trifle slow in spots, it has a very satisfying tempo. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, the Covent Garden flower girl, and Leslie Howard is marvellously high-spirited and combative as the smug Professor Higgins, who trains Eliza to speak like a lady. Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling was the cinematographer. The costumes are by Czettell, Worth, and Schiaparelli. The cast includes Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins, and Scott Sunderland as Colonel Pickering. Though several writers worked on the screenplay, the Academy Award for it was given to Shaw (who wrote some new scenes for the movie).—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 29.)

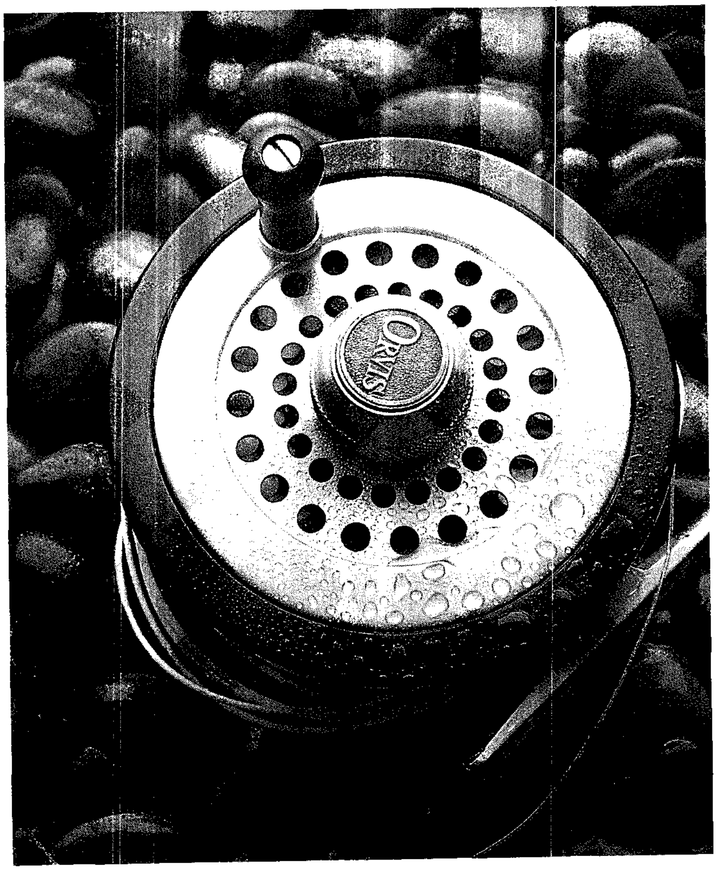
**Roger & Me**—Michael Moore's widely praised muckraking documentary is about his pursuit of Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, according to the film, is directly responsible for closing eleven plants and bringing about the destruction of Flint, Michigan—GM's birthplace and Moore's home town. The film purports to show what was happening in Flint from February, 1987, to August, 1989, but what happens is that Moore, a big shambling joker who's the director, producer, writer, and star, deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges. He chases gags and improvises his own version of history: in his account of the plant closings, the worker layoffs, and the construction of tourist attractions, he compresses the events of many years and fiddles with the time sequence. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. And he does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Quad Cinema.)

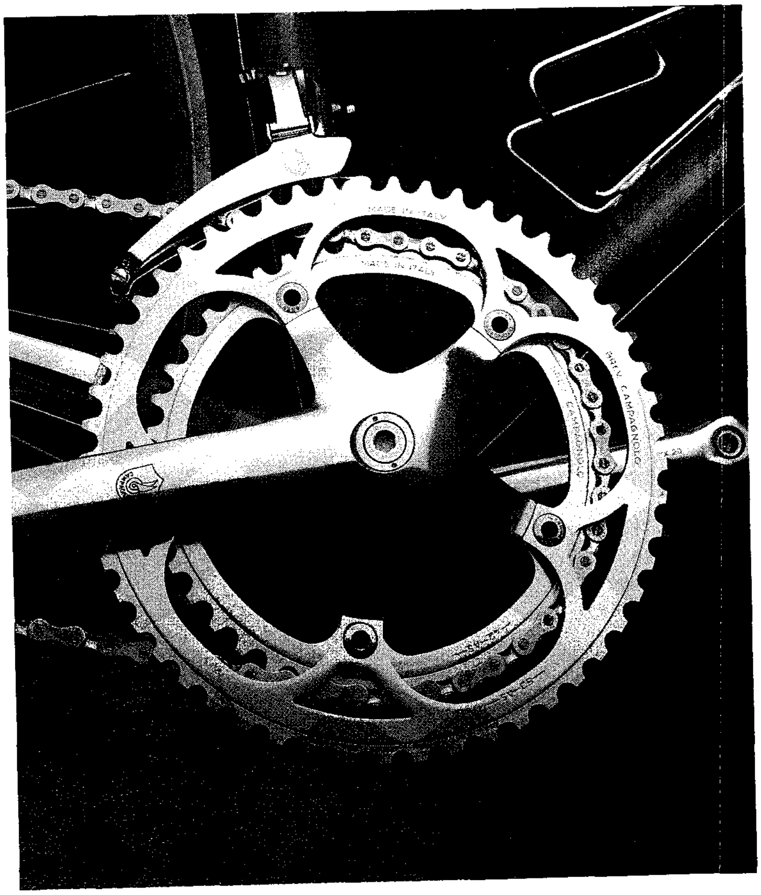
**The Shining** (1980)—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Though taken from a pulp best-seller by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. Script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. With Scatman Crothers.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting April 4.)

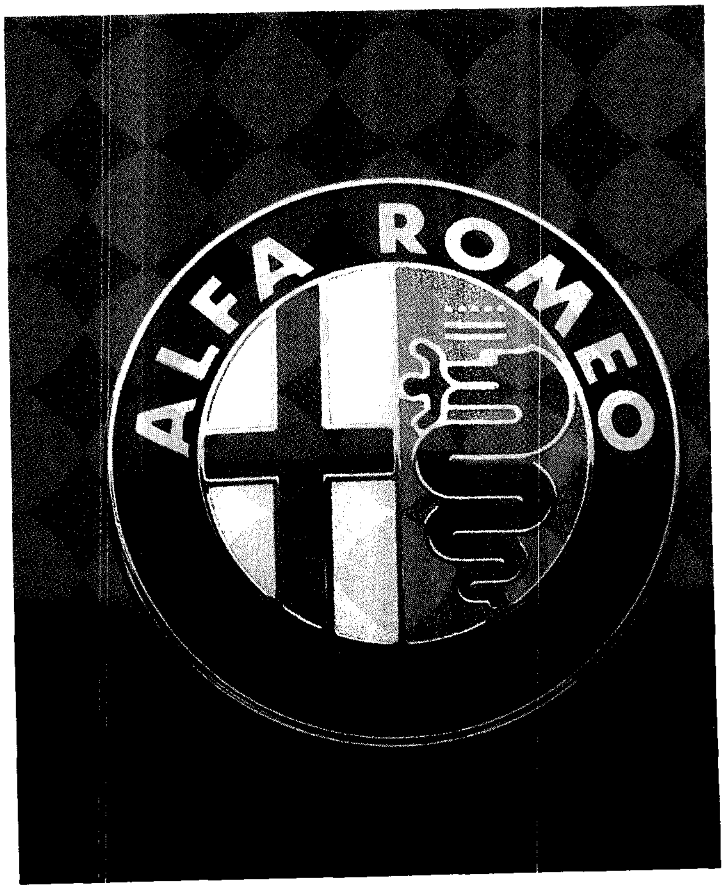
**Tortilla Flat** (1942)—A good-natured and engaging minor novel by Steinbeck, turned into a good-natured and engaging (though corny and quaint and picturesque) film at M-G-M. Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, John Qualen, Sheldon Leonard, Akim Tamiroff, and Allen Jenkins are among the wine-drinking *paisanos* of a studio-version shantytown section of Monterey, California. Jenkins doesn't even try to pass, but the others make a stab at acting ignorant and talking in a folk rhythm—they sound like Broadway wise guys out of Damon Runyon. Tracy is meant to be a scrounger loafer who leads the others astray. An unusually animated Hedy Lamarr plays a hot-tempered Portuguese girl (with pigtails) who works in a cannery and keeps a goat. The only performer who really gets into his role is Frank Morgan, bearded, as a saintly old beggar who talks to the stray dogs he takes in to his chicken-coop home. Morgan is very effective, but the moviemakers know it and they milk it; he is rewarded by a vision of St. Francis of Assisi. By the time Tracy pleads for a miracle to save the injured Garfield's life and is overheard by a silver-haired padre (Henry O'Neill), the picture's charm has become cloying. Victor Fleming directed. The script is by John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3.)

**Ugetsu** (1954)—This subtle, violent yet magical film is one of the most amazing of the Japanese movies that played American art houses after the international success of "Rashomon" in 1951. The director, Kenji Mizoguchi, handles the narrative in two styles: barbaric sequences dealing with greed and civil war that seem realistic except that the characters are deliberately animalistic and are symbolically acting out the bestial side of man; and highly stylized sequences dealing with the aesthetic, luxurious, and romantic modes of life. When the hero (Masayuki Mori), a grunting peasant potter, develops self-awareness and becomes an artist, the meanings multiply. The film is upsetting and unspeakably cruel at times, and then so suggestive and haunting that it's confounding. When, in the midst of serene elegance, the phantom Lady Wakasa (Machiko Kyo) offers the potter-artist rarefied sensual delights, you know how he feels as he cries, "I never imagined such pleasures existed!" Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. With Kinuyo Tanaka as the potter's wife. In Japanese.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

# Pursuits of pleasure.







©1990 Alfa Romeo Distributors of North America.

For an attractive brochure on the history of Alfa Romeo, traditional favorite of motoring enthusiasts and maker of the new Alfa Romeo 164 high-performance luxury sedan, coming soon, call:
**1-800-245-ALFA.**

Alfa Romeo. The legendary marque of high performance.

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

LAST December, on the day after the invasion of Panama, the *Wall Street Journal* wrote that Manuel Noriega had "learned, and others like him should take note, that there are limits to the uncivilized behavior that the United States will accept or endure." Now, three months later, United States troops are still occupying the country, and Panamanians are learning what will and will not be accepted. American and Panamanian forces have openly raided newspaper offices and union halls and rounded up hundreds of dissidents—among them a prominent newspaper publisher who wrote a column criticizing the invasion, and the law professor who negotiated the 1977 Canal Treaties on behalf of the Panamanians—and many of these people have been detained without charge at United States military bases or held in jails for "impeding the renewal of the powers of state." At the same time, the United States has quietly dropped its request that Panama toughen its laws on the laundering of drug money. The request was opposed by Panama's new government, four of whose top officials have owned or directed banks accused of laundering drug funds.

In El Salvador, meanwhile, the press spotlight has moved on, and the government, which President Bush recently praised for its "commitment to democracy" has continued to crack down on universities, unions, coöperatives, and the Catholic Church. Human-rights observers say that more than two dozen members of such groups have been killed or "disappeared" since last November, and their offices have been invaded and sacked. The government has formally extended martial law for the fourth time since November—an extension that is something of a formality, since for the past twenty-five years people who have attempted to exercise their rights in El Salvador have been subject to assassination by the Army. According to Colonel René Emilio Ponce, the Army chief of staff, the extension is necessary to control "the reaction of the population to the austerity measures that have been enacted." Those measures include wage freezes, evictions, mass layoffs, and the reversal of land reform. The Army's radio station has broadcast death threats against university administrators and the archbishop of San Salvador. In December, as hundreds of international relief workers were abandoning the country, the Salvadoran Air Force dropped copies of a leaflet saying "If you have to kill terrorists of the FMLN and their internationalist allies, do it."

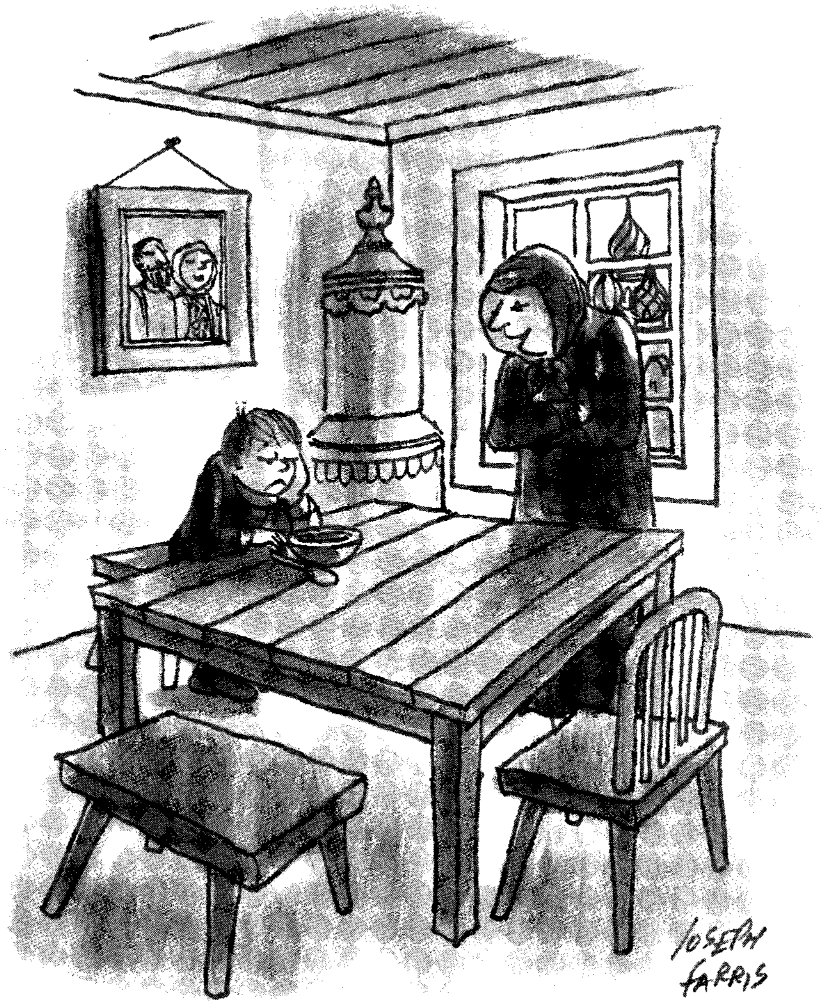
Such leaflets are familiar to citizens of Guatemala: in the late nineteen-sixties its Army began dropping illustrated death lists, and followed up with flyers showing photographs of corpses. Ever since 1978, Guatemala has been one of the worst countries in the world for per-capita army killings of civilians, but in the past year the carnage has reached new levels. The Army has abducted fourteen student leaders from the University of San Carlos and is throwing back their mutilated bodies—six so far, according to Americas Watch. The office of the organization called The Relatives of the Disappeared has been bombed, and government agents have threatened Factor Méndez, the head of a leading Guatemalan human-rights group. In northwest-highland villages, where men do twenty-four hours a week of forced labor for the Army and residents must sign out before they leave home to work their fields, the military is showing a videotape saying that the human-rights advocate Amílcar Méndez Urízar is a dangerous subversive. (Six members of his group, the Council of Indigenous Communities, have been assassinated or "disappeared.") Bodies are being dumped in ravines and public streets at the rate of more than forty per month.

All this is happening under an ostensibly civilian government, which has been described by the Bush Administration as "a democratic success story." The previous military regimes had depended principally on our Republican Administrations and on the government of Israel, but since the inauguration, in 1986, of President Vinicio Cerezo—a civilian, who said during his campaign, "I will not plan social reforms, because the Army would oppose it"—liberal Democrats in Congress have led the way in supporting the Guatemalan regime. In

fact, in 1987 and 1988 Congress voted more military aid for Guatemala than the Administration requested. Representative Stephen Solarz, of New York, though he opposed United States aid to China, saying, "I simply do not see how we can continue to conduct business as usual with a government which is using machine guns to massacre its own people," helped push through a sale of sixteen thousand M-16s to Guatemala.

When the United States wants to justify intervention in Central American countries or assert that they constitute a threat, politicians and news commentators often refer to them as "our back yard." Yet all too often when we cover the suffering of people in these countries we treat them as if they were faraway and obscure places with which we have little to do. When reports about Central America do appear, they are often hard to reconcile with the facts. For example, during the Guatemalan government of General Efraín Ríos Montt, which lasted from 1982 to 1984, the Army destroyed some six hundred villages, burning crops and decapitating villagers, including babies and pregnant women; the Bishops Conference of Guatemala issued a pastoral letter saying, "Never in our history have such extremes been reached, with assassinations now falling into the category of genocide." Yet during those years the Washington *Post* wrote that the Army was engaged in an effort to win "the hearts and minds of Guatemala's Indian majority," while *Newsweek* wrote, "The Reagan Administration is impressed with Ríos Montt's aggressive populism," and quoted one United States official in the region as saying that "if this 'win the people' program works, the Guatemalans may have found a viable solution to leftist insurgence—the political equivalent of finding a cure for cancer." Last year, after Americas Watch, Amnesty International, and Guatemala's three independent human-rights groups all published information implicating senior officers and the Minister of Defense, Héctor Gramajo, the killings intensified, yet the *Times Magazine* wrote, "No one believes that senior political leaders are again directing death squads, as they did during some periods over the last 30 years, and there is no indication that top army officers are involved either."

In Orwell's "1984," Winston Smith sits at a table in a cell writing, "FREEDOM IS SLAVERY. . . . TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE. . . . GOD IS POWER," and he feels a rush of understanding. "He accepted everything," Orwell writes. "The past was alterable. The past never had been altered. Oceania was at war with Eastasia. Oceania had always been at war with Eastasia. . . . He remembered remembering contrary things, but those were false memories, products of self-deception. How easy it all was! Only surrender, and everything else followed. It was like swimming against a current that swept you backwards however hard you struggled, and then suddenly deciding to turn round and go with the current instead of opposing it." Smith was brought to this point after weeks of torture and unrelenting surveillance by an all-powerful central state. Our press and our leaders have the sad distinction of having got there on their own.



*"Eat your borscht. Don't you want to be President of the Soviet Union when you grow up?"*

• •

## *Harping*

IF you aren't a musician, you probably learned about harp playing from watching Harpo Marx movies, and so you probably think harpists play with all ten fingers. Actually, only Harpo, a self-taught musician, did that; conservatory-trained harpists use eight, leaving their little fingers crooked aloft, as if their hands were simply lifting cups of tea, and not attempting to work forty-seven strings that have been tightened to exert nearly a ton of pressure on a soundboard that is just under twenty-two inches wide. There are a lot of myths to dispel about the harp, beginning with the idea that the thing practically plays itself. That may have been the case for the ancient Greeks in Asia Minor, who adapted their harps so that they could be left outdoors and any old current of air would knock off a scale, but it doesn't work for a twenty-three-thousand-dollar handmade, gold-leaf-decorated Lyon & Healy instrument such as the one the winner of the first U.S.A. International Harp Competition is going to lug home from the company's Chicago showroom in a couple of months. As harpists never seem to tire of explaining to non-harpists, a modern harp requires you to coördinate the action of your hands, on the strings, with that of your feet, on seven pedals, which control what key the harp is playing in at any given moment. The catch is that you must engage a pedal several bars in advance of the strings it controls. "If you miss a pedal, you'll be playing the right notes but in the wrong key," Susann McDonald told us recently, over a drink at the Conservatory Restaurant. "You're preparing harmonies all the time. I compare it to being a trapeze artist without a net."

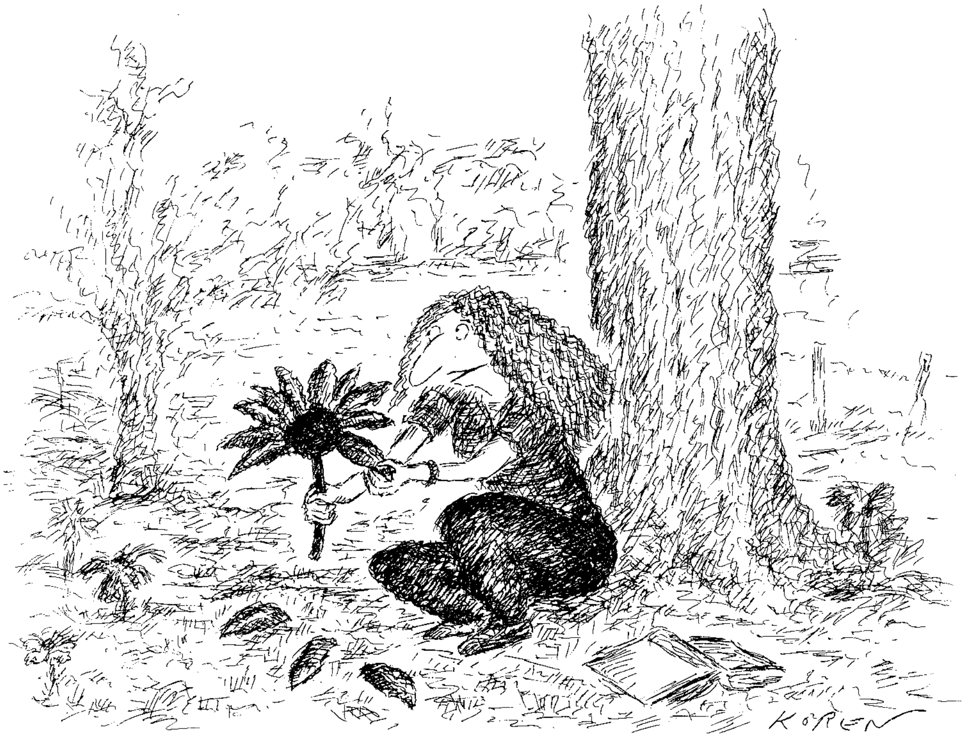
Miss McDonald, who is the chairman of the Harp Department of Indiana University, and the founder of the U.S.A. International, was in town for a solo recital at Alice Tully Hall by a twenty-seven-year-old harpist named Maria Casale. (Miss Casale won the competition last year, and the concert, along with the new harp, was her prize.) Miss McDonald is a tall, polished-looking woman with blond hair styled in a way that makes her look more lawyerly than lyrical. When she spoke, however, tenderness crept in. "The harp is a very personal instrument, because you do hold it in your arms," she said. "All of us experience problems with it. A string breaks just before a concert. There's humidity—outdoor concerts are horrible for the harp. The strings won't stay in tune—they go false. Or a pedal rod will break. Harpists who travel are under a great deal of strain, just hoping that the instrument will be O.K. One can love the harp deeply, but it's humbling."

Although some of the greatest harpists of the twentieth century have been men—Carlos Salzedo, Marcel Grandjany—many of the harp students in the United States today are teen-age girls. We accompanied one—Karen Dallow, seventeen, of New Jersey—and her mother to Alice Tully Hall for Miss Casale's concert. Miss Dallow, too, remarked on how hard it is to play the harp strings and to plan the pedalling. After the first half of the concert, she exclaimed of Miss Casale, "She looked as if she weren't touching the strings, but she was getting the notes!" Then Miss Dallow noticed a program note about a work that Miss Casale had scheduled for the second half: "More than one hundred pedals have to be changed per minute, a feat which requires extraordinary pedal agility." "Wow!" she said. "Sometimes I have a hard time changing three pedals in one piece." When Miss Casale came to that work—"Danse des Lutins," composed by the virtuoso harpist Henriette Renié—the music issued clearly and limpidly from her harp, and Miss Casale looked completely cool. Her black high heels just moved a little faster than usual. "Wow!" Miss Dallow said again. "I'm going to feel really guilty after this."

The next day, we met Miss Casale at the Ginger Man and asked how she had survived her début.

"It was probably ninety degrees up on that stage," she said. "The evening turned out to be unusually hot for spring in New York. My perspiration was falling onto the harp, but I don't think it went out of tune all that much, given the circumstances. At intermission, I had it brought off the stage to tune, and tuning is very calming. Violinists and other instrumentalists can practice on their instruments until the moment they go onstage. I have to be offstage a half hour before curtain time, when they open the doors to the hall. So my fingers aren't warm when I first come out. But if I were to keep the harp in the wings with me it wouldn't become acclimated to the lights. As for the program, it had to be made up of pieces that I already knew, by composers the audience would know, and it had to include some pieces that harpists would expect it to, like the Renié 'Danse.' I also wanted to play some pieces that I like, such as 'Absidioles,' by Bernard Andres, a contemporary composer. On the whole, one has to remember that the competition winner is a *soloist* and must take control of everything onstage—what the audience hears and what it sees."

Miss Casale, who lives in North Hollywood, told us that every summer for several years she studied with Mildred Dilling, a harpist from Indiana, who often played with Hollywood celebrities, and who coached Harpo Marx. "I got her to talk about Harpo," Miss Casale said. "When the Marx Brothers came to Hollywood, Chico already had his piano, Groucho was already the funniest, and another



*"I'm empowered. . . . I'm unempowered. . . . I'm empowered. . . ."*

• •

brother was a singer. Harpo saw a harp in a warehouse on the lot—a prop. He took it home and tuned it and taught himself to play—wrong. He used his little fingers, rested the harp on his left shoulder—the wrong one. Most of the pieces he played were his own. Harpo had a very thick accent, so the studio advised him not to talk. That's when he got the harp and also the horn. And he brought the harp to a lot of people who would never have seen it otherwise. Whenever he began to play it, he became very serious, as if he were saying, 'Listen to this, I have something important to say.' "

## *Mellow*

OUR friend Dio is humongous, a whopper. He's so large that he looks like something from a Hanna-Barbera cartoon. He's got a monster rump, and feet the size of pie plates. He's got a big, plain head with a Roman nose, and he's got lop ears and a gray coat patterned all over with stars. Even his tail is size triple extra large—long enough to brush the ground. Dio is a six-year-old Percheron, who works nowadays for the Big Apple Circus. Until recently, he was unemployed and lived on an upstate farm owned by a Quaker gentleman named Henry Wheeler. The horses at Henry Wheeler's place tend not to be fancy thoroughbreds, like the ones you see on plutocrats' train-set farms thereabouts. They're mostly a ragtag lot of broodmares and retirees, box-ankled or swaybacked, or just too lovably cranky to be put down.

When we met Dio, on a summer morning several years back, he was owned by Paul Binder and Katja Schumann, the husband-and-wife team who, respectively, run and star in the Big Apple Circus. Ms. Schumann had bought Dio from a Greene County farmer and used him to pull a wagon in the circus. After a year, the wagon act was shelved, and she decided to pasture Dio for a while.

He was young and oafish but laid-back, with the kind of temperament that can't be contained by a fence. If Dio had a vice, it was his tendency to be a breakout artist. When he spotted something green and tempting across a rail, he leaned on the nearest fence post until it groaned to the horizontal, and then walked over. Every chance he got, he trashed fences and strolled to better pickings. When we visited the farm, we grew accustomed to seeing Dio's vagrant shape silhouetted against the pine windbreak or out by the drainage berm. He became a fixture, if you can call something a fixture that's always on the move.

About four months ago, Henry Wheeler mentioned that Dio was headed out—his owners were ready to put him back to work in the circus. When the day arrived, Mr. Wheeler led Dio down to a small paddock by the milking parlor. The blacksmith came to trim his hooves. We gave Dio some carrots and took a couple of Polaroid pictures, and then the van arrived. The horse loaded quietly. We waved goodbye, expecting never to see him again.

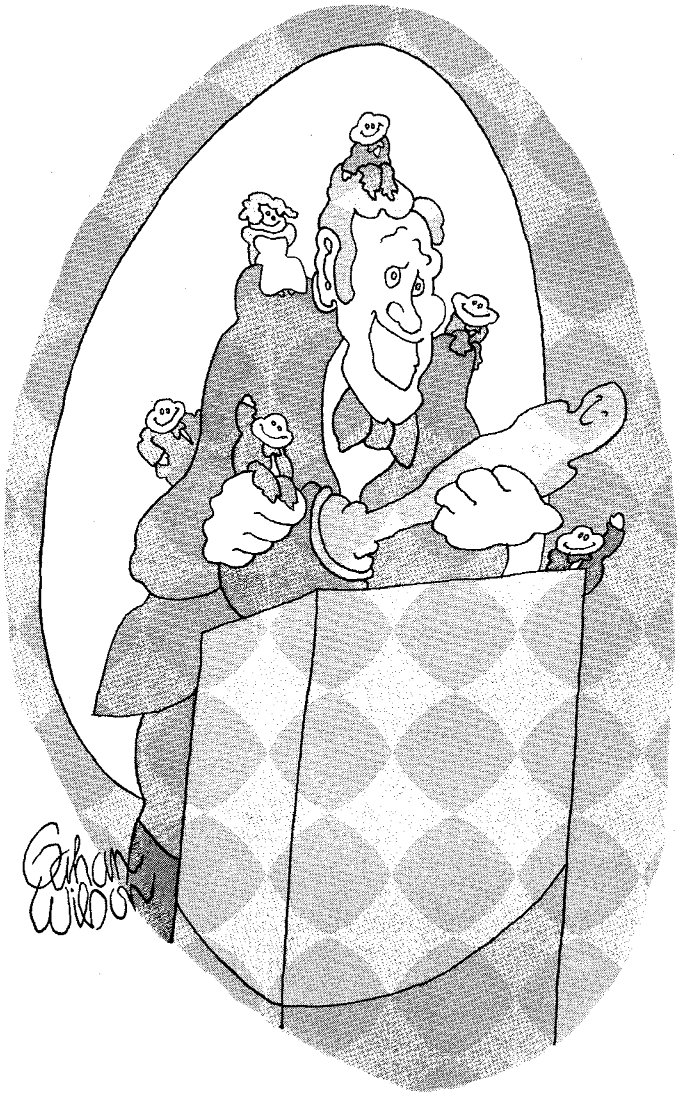
We were mistaken. Not a month later, as we rushed to an appointment on the West Side, we spotted a familiar face outside Lincoln Center. There was no mistaking him: cleaned up, minus the burrs in his mane, the big fellow with his head hanging out of a box stall was Dio. We'd forgotten that the Big Apple Circus was in town.

We asked a groom if we could say hello to our friend, and when she nodded we went over to scratch Dio's ear. If he recognized us, he didn't give any sign. The groom told us that Katja Schumann had lent Dio to Timi Loyal, of the Loyal-Suarez equestrian troupe, for a tryout. Timi Loyal, she explained, is one of the world's great bareback riders—eighth generation in a bareback-riding line. "I don't know exactly what Timi plans for Dio," *she said, and she suggested* we give him a call.

"Dio's a neat guy," Mr. Loyal said, in a Southern accent, when we telephoned him. "I think I'm going to like him. He's got a high lift to his butt when he runs. He's got a big, broad back. He's got the long tail people like to see on circus horses. Plus, he's a mellow guy."

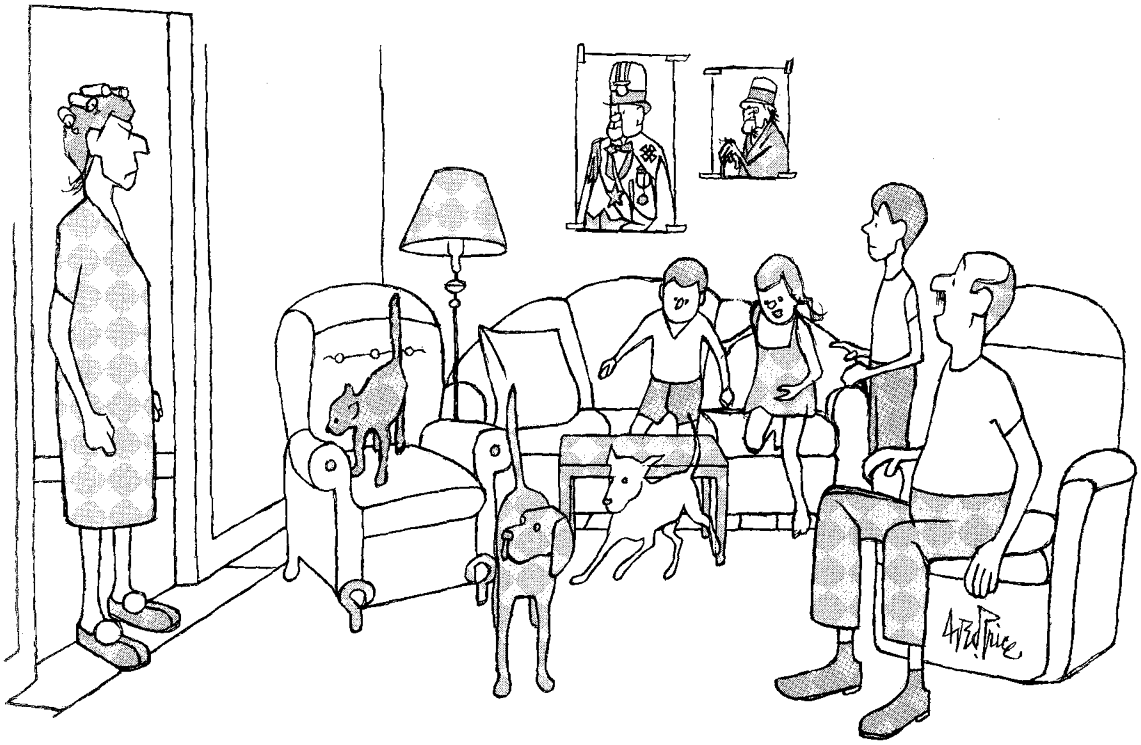
We mentioned our previous acquaintance with Dio and remarked that, if anything, his temperament hovered in the *too* mellow range.

"I don't want a horse that gets too fired up," Mr. Loyal said. "You know, people have the idea Percherons are big and dumb and always nice. That's not true. They can be ornery or mean. Dio is lazy, and he doesn't know much. But,



*"And, of course, I want to thank all the little people!"*

how I look at it, you're better off to tell a horse to move out than to tell him to slow down. A lot of times I'm doing vaults working with three horses, somersaulting off one onto another. And, believe me, when you're doing somersaults off a horse's back it's a whole lot safer if you've got a horse that takes his time."



*"All rise."*

• •

## *Cross-Trainers*

WE'D heard about them, and we'd seen them in magazines and on TV and on the feet of our friends. We'd thought about them—not much, and not often, but enough to start the ball rolling—and we'd even (once) dreamed about them, in connection with *strong legs* and *cardiovascular preparedness*. Now we've got them, and here's how:

On the first warm weekend of the year, we wander into a shiny new Athlete's Foot store at the corner of Houston and Avenue A—just to look. We say "wander in" and "just to look" as if all this were simply an accident. But let's face it: there *are* no accidents. Anyhow, here we are, not yet taking responsibility, not yet financially committed, but emotionally well on our way, talking to the manager of the store, an extremely knowledgeable guy named Efrain, who's wearing a pretty intense pair himself, and who indulges us in all our questions. For instance, what can we *do* in them? First, some light running (which means a few miles at a time, every other day). Then some rope-skipping, in the privacy of our living room. And hoop-shooting, as long as we're doing it just for fun. (If we want to shoot serious hoop, we'll need serious hoop shoes.) We can ride a bicycle, do aerobics, climb stair machines. Get it? We can do anything.

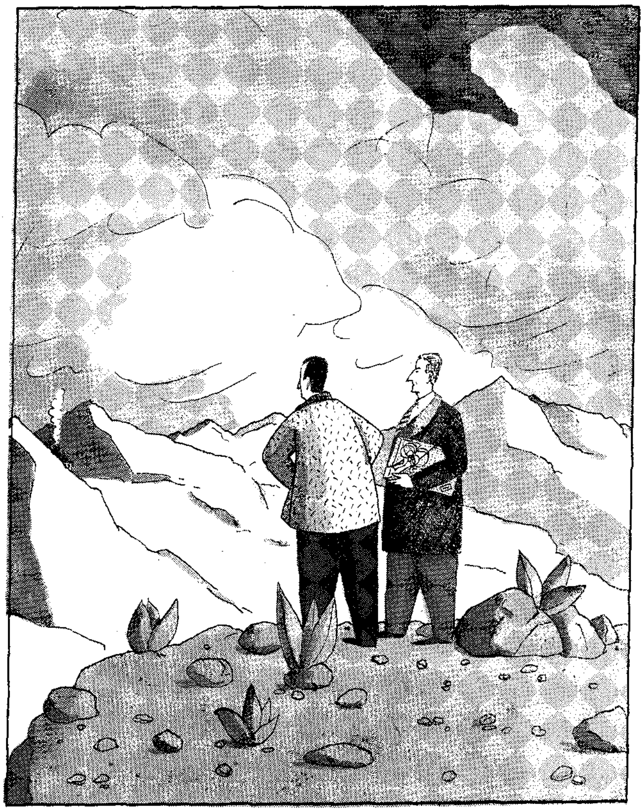
Next question: the tricky matter of size. It turns out everyone is in between sizes. Everyone has one foot bigger than the other. So we won't get upset about it. We'll defer to the bigger foot. If we defer to the smaller foot, we'll end up with black-and-blue toes. Remember, we're going to be pounding down with twice the force of our own weight on each foot with each step. So we'll try the nine instead of the eight and a half. And we'll be sure to pick up some thick socks to anchor ourself tightly in there.

Now the model. Nike Air or Reebok? White with sky-blue trim or white with tea-rose trim? Soft leather or stiff? Basic soles or the extravagant ones with the plastic bubbles suspended in layered-rubber architecture? High-top or low? And how much are we talking about here? With three pairs of socks and tax, it comes to $113.62, but we can't stop to count now. We've got too many plans.

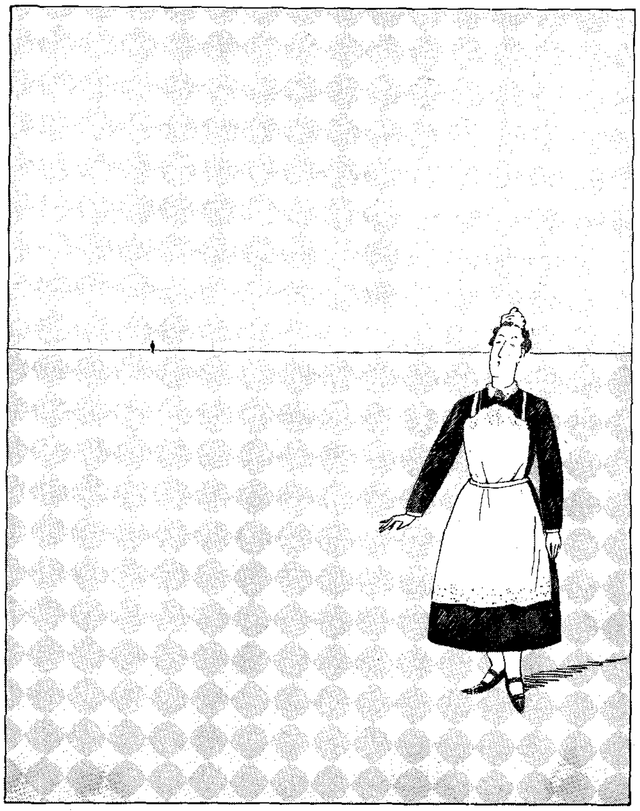
Into the dresser for the lucky tie-dyed gym shorts, the ripped gray sweatshirt, the black headband. We plunge our feet into the snowy new socks, which in themselves could inspire us to heroic athletic deeds, and then into the you-know-whats. We lace them up to the highest hole, for all the ankle support we can get. Off we go! Around and around Tompkins Square Park for the first glorious run of spring. Well, it isn't spring yet, but we're suspending disbelief. Will we be sore tomorrow? Nope, too busy. We'll be at the gym, jumping up and down for an hour of real high-impact stuff. Then body toning. Hundreds of arm curls, maybe with wrist weights, but with our feet planted firmly. Down to the floor for the old abdomen routine. And, lying on our side, propped on our elbow as though we were reading a good book, we'll cruise through some sets of leg lifts. Here's for the outer thigh! And here's for the inner thigh!

The rule, of course, is no mixing the accoutrements of exercise life with those of real life—no making *fashion statements* with *athletic equipment*. It is *not* O.K. to use shoes meant for working out for merely working. But who says we're working? It's Monday morning, and here we are sprinting up the subway stairs and taking on the midtown traffic! Squats in the elevator, jumping jacks at the coffee station, lunges while we wait for the fax machine to spit out a document! And when the boss goes out to lunch, in his sensible brown oxfords, we slip into his office and sit in his big chair, with our healthy heart pounding, and put our feet right up on his desk. How do they look?

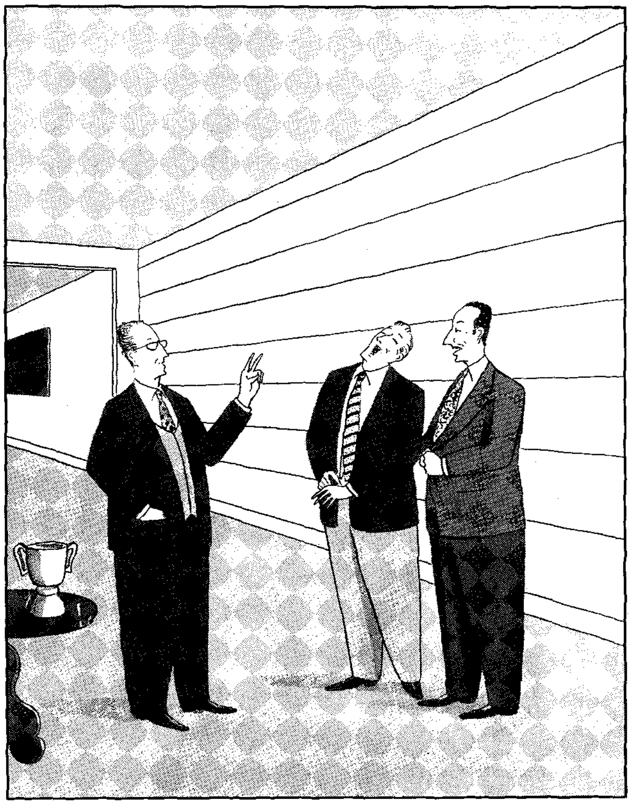
# A VISIT TO THE GREAT MAN



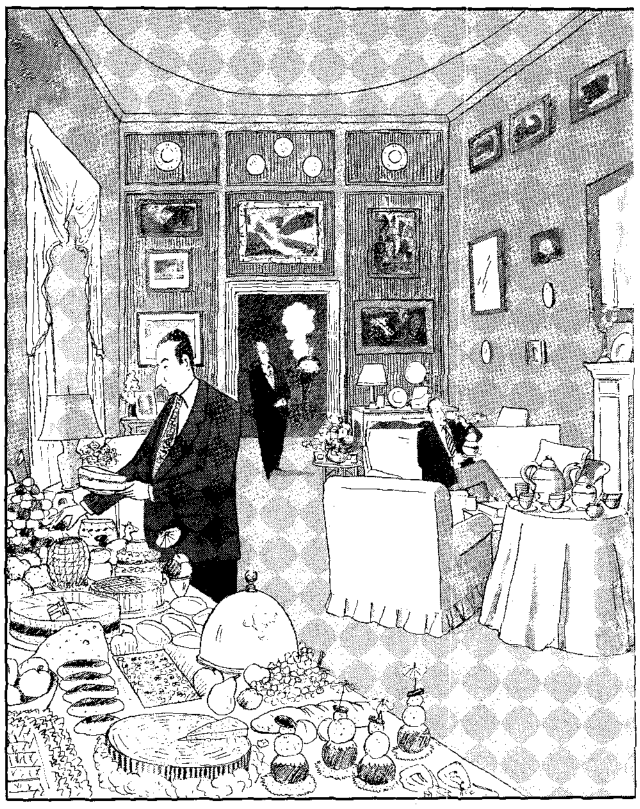
*The journalists reached the Great Man's house without overwhelming problems.*



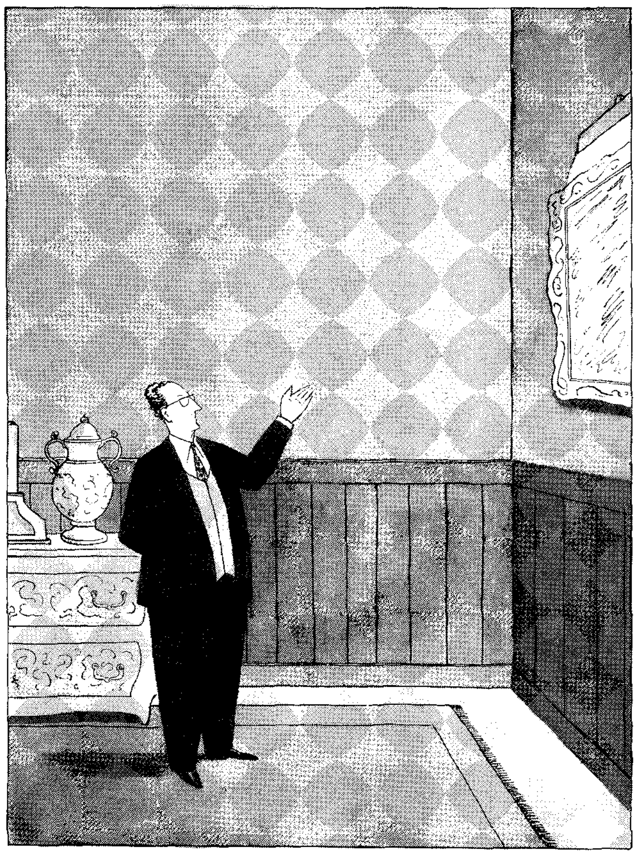
*At 10:30 A.M., the maid announced that the Great Man would arrive in two minutes.*



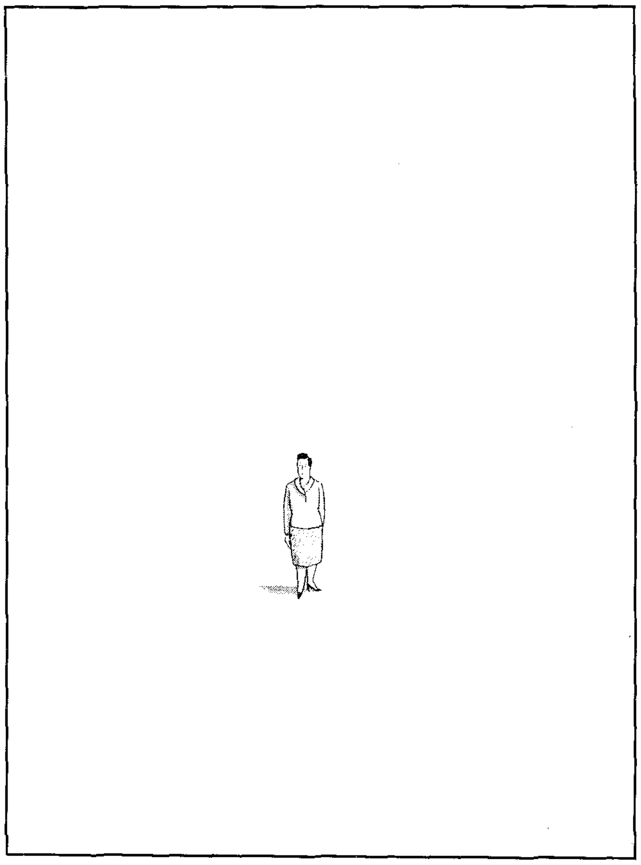
*To break the ice, the Great Man told them the joke about the Italian and the two Russians.*



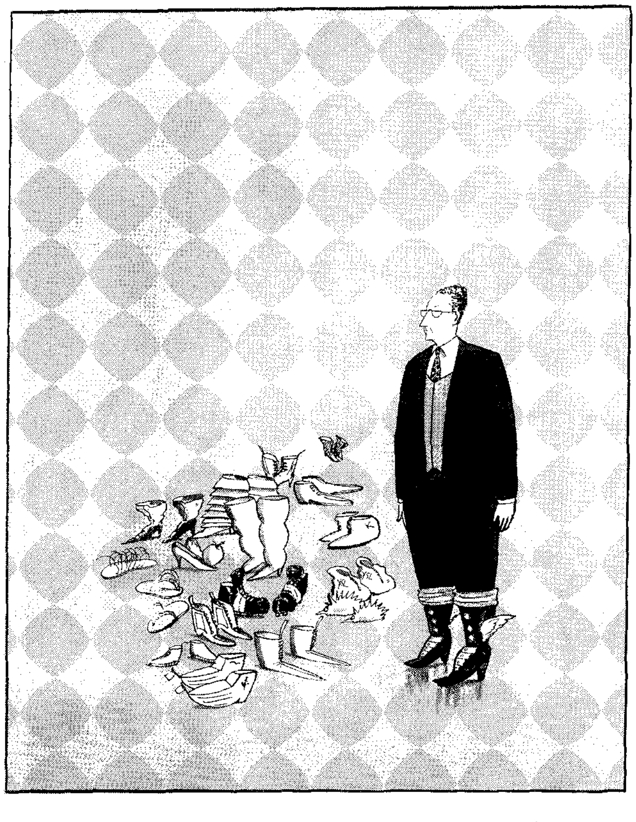
*During luncheon, the journalists had an opportunity to pose a few questions.*



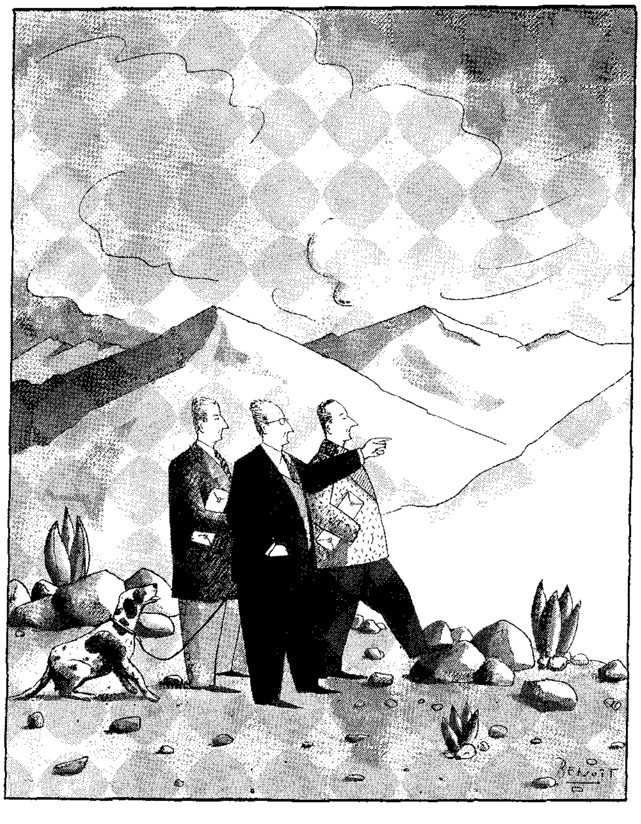
*Pausing before a painting by Gustave Cuvilier, the Great Man expressed his admiration for the Barbizon School.*



*The Great Man's wife, who is not familiar to the public.*



*The Great Man proudly displayed his unique collection of shoes.*



*As he took leave of the journalists, the Great Man showed them a shortcut.*

# t.V.

An inmate climbs onto the roof of a county jail and refuses to get down until prison officials can name all the members of the "Brady Bunch." When the officials are unable to name all the Bradys, the inmate surrenders anyway.—*Mysterious news item I read or heard sometime in January and then mysteriously forgot where.*

The Bradys, it is becoming increasingly clear, are a genuine touchstone for a whole generation. . . . I do know a few things about them. . . . I know that one of the Brady children's name was Cindy. . . . —*Mysteriously popular writer Bob Greene in his syndicated column, also from January.*

". . . basically we study and treat Tubal abuse and other video-related disorders."

"A dryin'-out place for Tubefreeks? You mean . . . Hector. . . ." And Zoyd remembered him humming that Flintstone theme to calm himself down, and all those "li'l buddy"s, which as they both knew was what the Skipper always liked to call Gilligan, raising possibilities Zoyd didn't want to think about.

Dr. Deeply shrugged eloquently. "One of the most intractable cases any of us has seen. He's already in the literature. Known in our field as the Brady Buncher, after his deep although not exclusive attachment to that series."

"Oh, yeah, that was ol' Marcia, right, and then the middle one's name was—" till Zoyd noticed the piercing look he was getting.

"Maybe," said Dr. Deeply, "you should give us a call anyway."

"I didn'nt say I could remember *all* their names!" Zoyd yelled after him. . .

—*Mysterious author Thomas Pynchon, in "Vineland," published in February of this year.*

"The Bradys," a CBS series reviving the original "Brady Bunch," debuts February 9th, only to mysteriously disappear shortly thereafter, before we can even learn their names.—*Another mysterious coincidence.*

## chapter one

*In which Zenith, a metaphor, gets out of bed*

ZENITH REMOTECONTROL, to be soon all things going as planned this pulsatile young morning the newly Dr.'d Zenith Remotecontrol, Doctor of the Tube, though not Tube Doctor, a real vocation, awoke in a state of static frenzy, her lips emitting a Tune—

All of them had hair of gold,
like their mother,
the youngest one in curls.

Rubbing the nightstuff from her eyes, lying aback, Zenith cocked a smile and went for the second verse,

Here's a story
of a man named Brady,
Bringing up three young men of his own—

and lost it. Zenith blinked, and in a swallow, sent a franchise-size Big Gulp of twelve-molar hydrochloric acid gurgitating down, bypassing her stomach and pylorusing straight into her duoden da dum dum. Her panicreatic juices joined the fray, and Zenith, ascending, heaved herself into the bathroom. Pepto Beach!

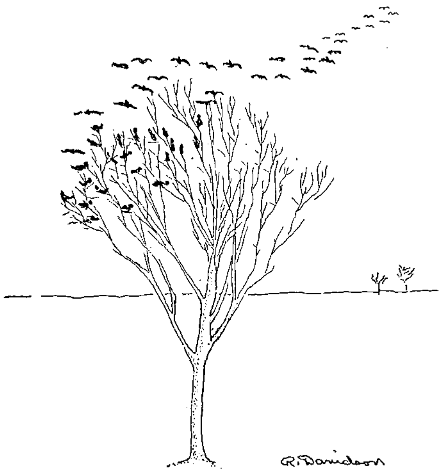
At the kitchen nook, with the K-Tube all the way up in volume, brightness, contrast, and color, Zenith stirred heaping tablespoons of creamy pink Protective Coating Action into her coffee and tried to compose for herself. Start from the beginning, she thought. And it will come.

It came—

Here's a story
of a lovely lady who was
bringing up three very lovely girls.
All of them had hair of gold,
like their mother,
the youngest one in curls.

Here's a story
of a man named Brady
who was busy with three boys of his own.
They were four men,
living all together,
yet they were all alone.

"Yes—" Zenith slamming her Flintstones chugamug down onto Alf, alien taking the form, just now, of a placemat. The rest spilled out like twoallbeefpattiesspecialsaucelettucecheesepicklesonionsonasesameseedbun: tilltheonedaywhenthisladymetthisfellaandtheyknewthatitwasmuchmorethanahunchthatthisgroupwouldsomehowformafamilythat'sthewayweallbecamethebradybunch.



Yes! Cut to the chase! Beep! Beep!

## chapter two

*In which Zenith, getting into her car, commutes*

ZENITH piled into her Tweety Yellow '72 Special Edition Volkswagen Love Bug, which she had on good authority had stunt-doubled "Herbie Rides Again" but now with license plates reading MY MOTHER, modified with hood ornament in the form of the rabbit ears from a '55 Philco, nonfunctional in the physical sense but which Zenith felt spiritually filled the machine with Ghosts of the Golden Age, her dissertation, and a few TubeTapes to watch on the way.

Submerging onto 101, Zenith grabbed a Tape at random and plugged it into the dashboard. A click and a whirr and the right half of her windshield, illegally custom silver-screened using a process currently in trade litigation, glowed dead green then phosphoresced into projected phantasms and then finally, after a few seconds, into good old purple black-and-white. Zenith rapped her fingers at ten and two and sang along,

Dah
Da—
Da dada da dada
Da dada
Da dada
Da da dada dada dada da
*Vwooop!* Boom!

Dr. Zenith Remotecontrol. *Oh, Rob!* Zenith Remotecontrol, Tv.D. *Shut up, Mel!* The culmination of 42,600 hours of programming, with limited commercial breaks. *Where can I buy a bald-headed voodoo doll?* More than 352,000 violent acts depicted. *Buddy! Yecch!* Nearly 600,000 laffs, guffaws, chuckles and snickers, all meticulously videologued. *Walnuts!* Not to mention the hours Little Zenith logged in front of the Tube, knowing even then that this was to be her life's work.

*Moe, Larry, the Cheese!*

"What the—?" stabbing at the eject button. The Tape spat out of the console and Zenith zoomed in on it, careful to at all times to keep one hand on the wheel. This was not her tape. Could not be. Not with Rob and Laura and Larry and Curly. And she doubted it could have come from the Institute. No self-respecting vacudemic would have mixed these vidœuvres, and the cassette bore none of the usual Tube-Tape markings—time, date, channel, the signs and symbols of the profession. Only, scratched into the black plastic above the save tab, saved, two lower-case letters: tv.

There wasn't much time to ponder what all this little might mean, because at that moment Zenith zigzagged across three lanes of traffic, wigwagging more responsible and less responsive motorists off the road and some on to their Final Destination, and only, through serendipity rather than perspicacity, looked up just then into the jagtoothed face of the angry motorist cruising at 75 mph, 15 feet dead ahead and to her right, in an '82 black K car, the specific details being ohso clear because of the 12-gauge he had aimed at her head. He chose for her some choice words preambly, giving Zenith the chance to duck before her windshield enfenestrated into many thousands of rounded nuggets of glass, but what difference did that make she was already going over the side anyway through the guardrail and tumbling end over end over end again with a half twist her and Herbie twirling off into the Twilight Zone.

## chapter three

### *The Crying of the Whole Sick Brady Crew*

THE J. F. Muggs Institute for Video Studies, a public-private joint venture of the Japanese Ministry of Efficiency and the La-Z-Boy people, jutted from the Southern Californian hillside like a crystal mother lode, 6.2 acres of mirrored-blue polyhedron, that evoked, perhaps not coincidentally, Galvantica, the geological nemesis of Godzilla in one of his lesser features. The highly reflective Institute shone like a citadel on the hill, particularly brightly between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., when it tended to start brushfires. For this reason the Institute employed its own squad of firefighters, who scurried about the complex in hooded blue lamé jumpsuits, fooshing clouds of $CO_2$ at anything that smoked, and who at this moment stood ready to extinguish the heaving, steaming car wreck that poly-rolled into the parking lot with Zenith, at the wheel, still marvelling at the airworthiness of these German automobiles.

"Oh, rilly! I shall be too late," Zenith declared, scurrying out of the Volk and grabbing up her entire academic career, with then a mad dash through the doors of the Institute, blood trickling down her left temple and her big hair festooned with beads of tinted glass.

By the time Zenith arrived, or rather landed, on the stage of the Institute's 950-seat $24-million Viditorium, there, sitting in the front row already and bored, idly flipping through the Soaps on the Big Screen, was a jury of her peers.

—Victor La Mastersvoice, Acting Director of the Institute, who had made his reputation in the late '70s by delineating the Gilligan Paradox, positing that the reason the castaways did not simply kill the eponymous Gilligan was that even though the hapless sailor constantly bungled their attempts to escape from the island, his survival was a sufficient and necessary condition for the continued existence of said isle, and thus their own continued survival.

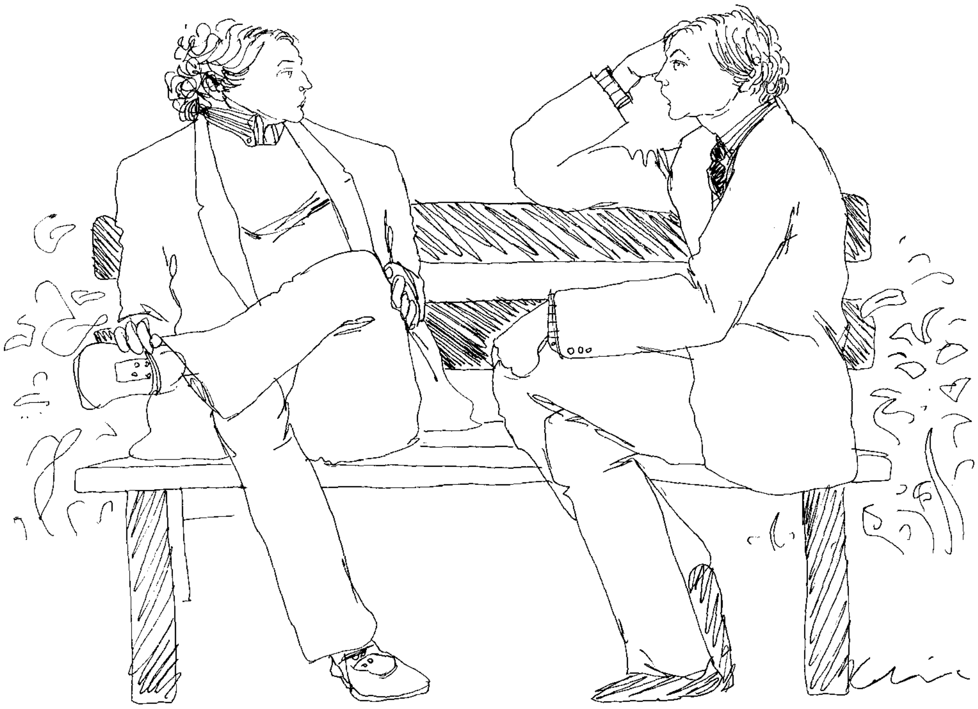
—Bud Couchpotato, a rising star at the Institute, and someone with whom Zenith shared a kind of David-Maddie sexual tension–intense hatred, both on campus and off. Couchpotato was currently experimenting with transferring film to video and back to film again, repeatedly, for reasons he had yet to make clear.

—Hanna Barbera DePatie-Freleng-Merrymelodies, a fortysomething woman who Zenith secretly suspected was her mother, on the basis of peripheral glimpses she had caught of her during commercial breaks throughout her childhood.

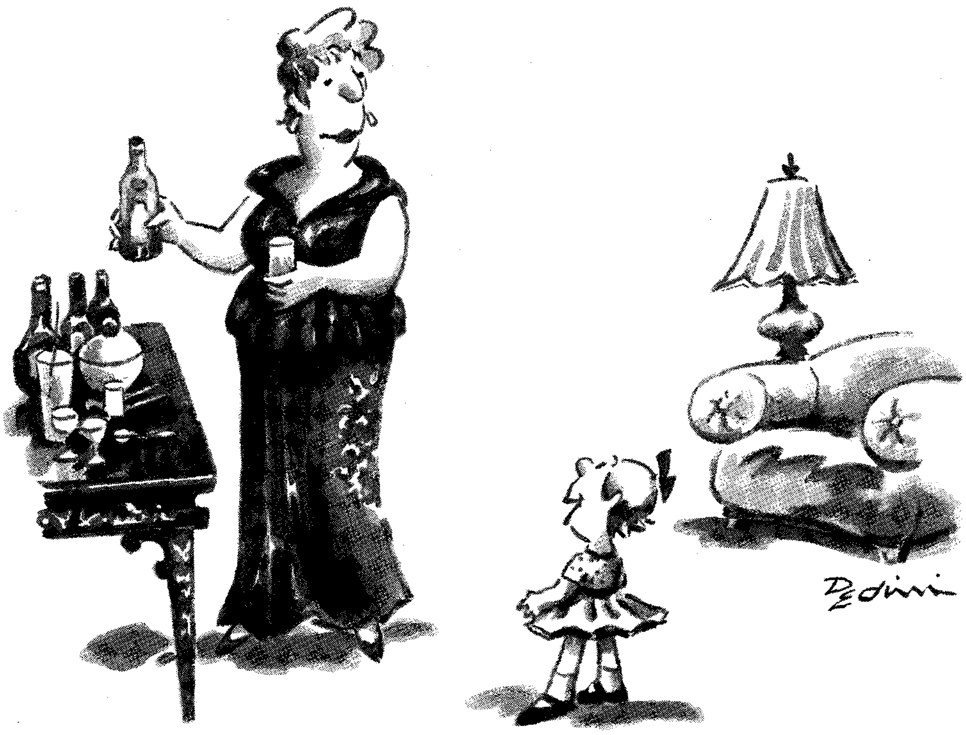
—And, finally, Quasar Qualitygoesinbeforethenamegoeson, who, though nearly 50 in this 18-34 game, had managed to maintain his sharpness and contrast. It was he who had successfully cracked the Minimum-Comedies Situation (a perplex on a par with the Four-Color Theorem in mathematics), proving that all situation comedies could be deconstructed into five basic plots, rather than the six previously believed the minimum.

"Yer late!" La Mastersvoice barked, hitting the mute button to command Zenith's full attention. "We were rilly hoping to wrap this up in time for Jeopardy."

"I know. I'm rilly rilly sorry," Ze-



"I don't know anything about women, but I got one."



*"Gosh, Grandma, what big drinks you pour."*

• •

nith replied, shaking her head and knocking bits of windshield loose. "But, like, I was shot at on the freeway and I—"

"You should make allowances for that kinda thing," interrupted La Mastersvoice. "Now let's just have it, huh?"

"I'm, like, rilly honored—" said Zenith, bowing over the stage to let him have it, her dissertation and a shower of shatterglass.

"Yeh—" gruff La Mastersvoice, with the old academic brush-off and a shove of Zenith's dissertation into the state-of-the-art vidsystem, which blipped the Big Screen then into the big bright face of Zenith Remotecontrol, looking considerably more poised and cheveled than she did just now, saying "I'm, like, rilly honored . . ."

Zenith sat beside herself, small hot and big cool, the hot bothered for she suspected her thesis, though high-concept, was not a this-crowd pleaser. Zenith's Thesis was this, that:

People watch way too much TV
these days.

Heavy, talking-heady stuff, especially difficult to dissert in a 15-minute video, fersure, and yet a supposition Zenith hoped would as hosted by PBS's Bill Moyers make low-calorie high-fibre good television. But the glazed look of the four in the front row told her she was not yet mediuming her message.

And then, to her further horror, La Mastersvoice raised his arm and, taking aim at her dissertation, pushed the fast-forward button. Eight years of study swirled by like a badly edited Emmy retrospective, La Mastersvoice slowing it only once, for a classic scene in which Beaver and Whitey discuss the old new math, chuckling, and then zapping Zenith's academic career to an end.

In the deep dead air following, Zenith, going over her employment options, which were zip, stood awaiting the final credits.

After what seemed like a miniseries, La Mastersvoice was heard: "Not bad. Coulda used more clips, but not bad atall."

Zenith felt renewed, picked up for a full season, as La Mastersvoice looked casually left and right, and went on: "An'body else got anything to say?"

"I have a question," descended a familiar voice from the dark back of the Viditorium.

Zenith squinted to make out the tall figure now dissolv—*omigod!*

It was a blast from her immediate past: the man on the freeway, still carrying the shotgun, which was the tipoff. But Zenith's gasp was accompanied by at least three others.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" said Qualitygoesinbeforethenamegoeson.

"T.V. Pychor!" bellowed La Mastersvoice.

"t.v.," whispered Merrymelodies.

It was, in a sense, all three: Dr. T.V. Pychor, founder of the Institute and in fact of the entire Telegenic Movement, the High Priest of Low Culture, the man about whom NBC's Marshall McLuhan had said "T.V. *is* TV!," also the current academic-world-record holder of longest sabbatical at 17 years so far, additionally the one-time mentor and lover of a young grad student named Hanna Barbera, and moreover—

"I have a question," Pychor repeated. "Zenith, could you please name the Brady Bunch, chronological order?"

"Greg, Marcia, Peter, Jan, Bobby, Cindy" came out of Zenith's mouth before she could think.

"And now in order of popularity, based on fan mail, average per week?"

"Greg, Jan," Zenith, again speaking before it occurred to her that— "*Daddy?*"

"Hey there, Opie Dopie," Pychor replied softly. "I came by to apologize for taking a shot at you on the freeway back there."

But this bit of epiphany went unnoticed by the others, spitting out as they were questions or fragments thereof as they scrappled up the aisle, cowing down before the Father of Videotics:

"*Where have you what have you been doing watching taping all my wonder years latenight with large ensemble dramedy Bochco primetime soap Tabloid TV declining network-shares and furthermore MTV heavy or lite Bud Melman?*" until all the questions trailed off into the expectant faces of five, now joined by Zenith: global-village elders gathered around their T.V. Pychor.

"Wish I could help you," Pychor beamed back, "but my old 13-inch black-and-white blew out in '86, so right now I'm into this Ginny Woolf thing—who, as Cyril Connolly says, can spin those cocoons of language out of, like, nothing."

All together now their jaws dropped *bwoing!* to the floor in homage to the zanier alltoo infrequently broadcast Tex Avery Cartoons.

—LARRY DOYLE

# SMOKE

IT was a frigid May morning at the end of a freak cold snap that killed all the daffodils on the lawns of the churches of Pittsburgh. Matt Magee sat in the front seat of his old red Metropolitan, struggling with the French cuffs of his best shirt. This was a deliberate and calm struggle. He did not relish the prospect of Drinkwater's funeral, and he was in no hurry to go in. He had already sat and fiddled and listened to the radio and rubbed lovingly at his left shoulder for ten minutes in the parking lot of St. Stephen's, watching the other mourners and the media arrive. Magee was not all that young anymore, and it seemed to him that he had been to a lot of funerals.

On the evening that Eli Drinkwater wrecked his Fleetwood out on Mt. Nebo Road, Magee had been sent down to Buffalo after losing his third consecutive start, in the second inning, when he got a fastball up to a good right-handed hitter with the bases loaded and nobody out. He'd walked two batters and hit a third on the elbow, and then he had thrown the bad pitch after shaking off Drinkwater's sign for a slider, because he was so nervous about walking in a run.

Eli Drinkwater had been a scholarly catcher, a redoubtable batsman, and a kind, affectionate person, but as Magee lost his stuff their friendship had deteriorated into the occasional beer at the Post Tavern and terse expressions of pity and shame. Little Coleman Drinkwater was Magee's godson, but he hadn't seen the boy in nearly four years. It was the necessity of encountering Drinkwater's widow and son at the funeral, along with his erstwhile teammates, that kept Magee hunched over behind the wheel of his car in an empty corner of the church parking lot, rolling his cuffs and unrolling them, as the car filled with the varied exhalations of his body. For eleven and a half hours now, he'd been working on a quart of Teacher's. He was not attempting to get roaring drunk, or to assuage his professional disgrace and the sorrow of Drinkwater's death, but with care and a method to poison himself. It was not only from Drinkwater that he had drifted apart in recent years; he seemed to have simply drifted apart, like a puff of breath. He was five years past his best season, and his light was on the verge of winking out.

At last Magee started to shiver in the cold. He fastened his pink tourmaline cufflinks, turned off the radio, and climbed out of the car. He was nearly six feet five, and it always gave other people a good deal of pleasure to watch him unfold himself out of the tiny Metropolitan. According to the settlement of his divorce from his wife, Elaine, he had ended up with it, even though it had been hers before. Elaine had ended up with everything else. Thanks to a bad investment Magee had made in an ill-fated chain of baseball-themed, combination laundromat-and-crabhouses, this consisted of less than seventy-one thousand dollars, a king-size mobile home in Monroeville with a dish and a Jacuzzi bathtub, and a five-year-old Shar-Pei with colitis. Magee retrieved his sober charcoal suit jacket and navy tie from the minute rear bench of the Metropolitan and slowly knotted the necktie. The tie had white clocks on it, and the suit was flecked with a paler gray. He had lost his overcoat—a Hart Schaffner & Marx—on the flight down to Florida that spring, and had hoped he wouldn't be needing one again. Just before Magee slammed the car door, he paused a moment to study his two small suitcases, side by side on the passenger seat, and allowed himself to imagine carrying them to any one of a thousand destinations other than Buffalo, New York. Then he checked his hair in the window, patted it in two places, and headed across the parking lot toward the handsome stone church.

It was warm inside St. Stephen's, and there was a wan smell of woollens and paper-whites and old furniture polish. Magee took up a place behind the last row of pews, over by the far wall, among some reporters he knew well enough to hope that they would not be embarrassed to see him. The

arrangements for the funeral had been made without fanfare, and although the church was filled from front to back, there were still not as many people as Magee had expected. The minister, a handsome old man in a gilded chasuble, murmured out over the scattered heads of Drinkwater's family and teammates. There was to be a memorial ceremony later in the week which ought to pack them in. By then the newspaper eulogies would have worked their way past shock and fond anecdote and begun to put the numbers together, and people would see what they had lost. Drinkwater had led the league in home runs the past two years, and his on-base average over that period was .415. He had walked three times as often as he struck out, and had last year broken the season record for bases stolen by a catcher—not that this had been all that difficult. The lifetime won-lost percentage for games he had caught, which to Magee's mind was the most important statistic of all, was close to .600; had he not been required to catch most of the fifty-odd games Magee had lost during that period, it would have been even better. Drinkwater had been cut down in his prime, all right. And that was what the numbers would show.

"Too bad it couldn't have been you instead of him," said a gravelly female voice at his ear. He turned, startled at hearing his own thought echoed aloud. It was Beryl Zmuda, in a fur coat, and she was only kidding, in her gravelly way. Beryl was a sports columnist for the Erie morning paper, and she had known Magee ever since Magee had come up in that city, with the Cardinals organization. A laudatory article by Beryl, written after Magee's first professional shutout, had gotten things rolling for him eleven years before. In that game Magee had struck out nine batters in a row and made the last out himself by bare-handing a line drive. No one was more disappointed by what had become of Magee's career than Beryl Zmuda.

"Hey, Ber," said Magee in a whisper. "When do I get to go to your funeral?"

"It was last year. You missed it." She did not trouble to whisper. She wore a myrtle-green hat with a heron feather which he had seen many times before. "You look terrible. But as usual that's a lovely suit."

"Thanks."

They shook hands, and then Magee bent down to kiss her. She sniffled and leaned forward to accept his kiss. Her pointed nose was still red from the cold, and he found her cheeks a little wet. The sable coat felt delightful and smelled both of warm fur and of Quelques Fleurs, and he had to force himself to let go of her. They had slept together for two months during the minor-league season of 1979, and Magee still held a fond regard for her. Her uncle had been a wartime pitcher for the St. Louis Browns; she knew baseball, especially pitchers, and she could write a nice line. Because of her name, she favored the color green, and under the coat her funeral suit was a worn gabardine the sombre hue of winter seawater.

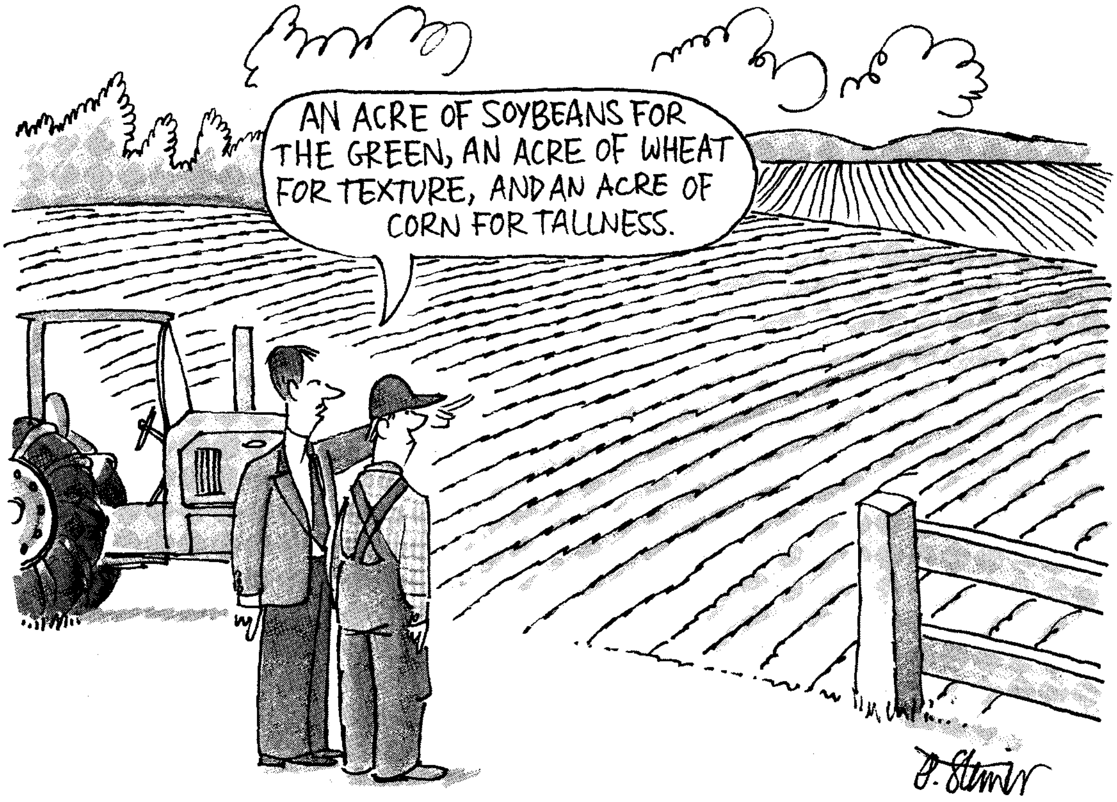
"What a shame it is," he said, wiping at his own eyes. Magee was a sucker for weeping women, and lachrymose when he had been drinking.

"He had a great April," said Beryl. Her Pittsburgh accent was flat and angular. She had fifteen years on Magee, and it was starting to tell. Her hair, blond as an ashwood bat, was entirely the product of technology now, and her face was looking papery and translucent and pinched at the corners. But she still had nice legs, with the pomaceous calves of a Pittsburgh girl. She had been raised on the steep staircases of Mt. Washington.

"He did," said Magee. "Three-thirty-one with seven home runs and eighteen ribbies."

"Hey, how about you?" She looked him up and down as though he had just gotten out of the hospital. "How's the arm?"

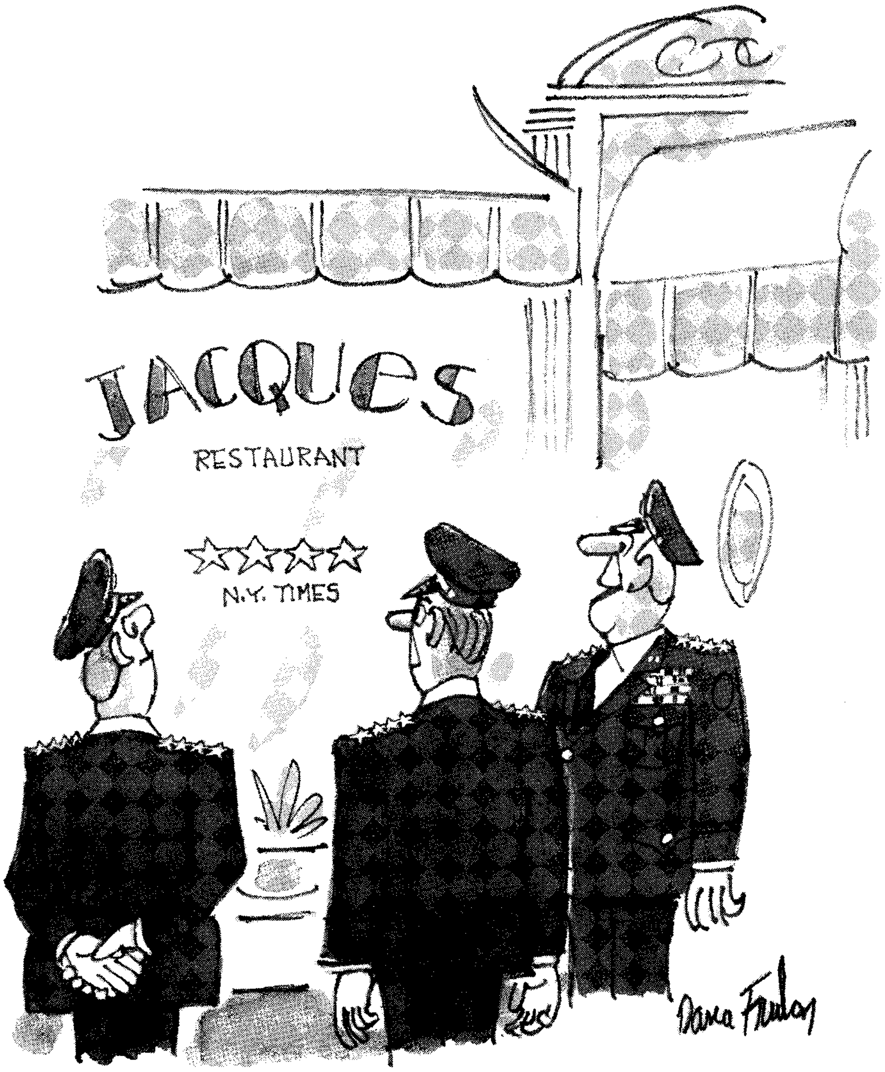
He shrugged; the arm was fine. Magee had a problem with his mechanics. He had become balky and as wild as a loose fire hose. Although on the hill he felt the same as he had since the age of fourteen, jangling and irritable and clear-headed, some invisible element of his delivery had changed. The coaches felt that it was the fault of his right foot, which seemed to have grown half a shoe size in recent years. Whatever the cause, he could no longer find


AN ACRE OF SOYBEANS FOR THE GREEN, AN ACRE OF WHEAT FOR TEXTURE, AND AN ACRE OF CORN FOR TALLNESS.

DECORATOR FARMING

what Eli Drinkwater had called the wormhole. Drinkwater had picked up this term from Dr. Carl Sagan's television program. A pitched ball passing through the wormhole disappeared for an instant and then reappeared somewhere else entirely, at once right on target and nowhere near where it ought to be, halfway across the galaxy, right on the edge of the paint. Magee's repeated, multiseasonal failure to find the wormhole had bred fear, and fear caution; he had undergone some horrendous shellings.

"It's fine," said Magee, rubbing at his left shoulder. "I'm going up to Buffalo this afternoon. Right after this." He nodded in the general direction of the altar, before which sat the closed casket that held the body of Eli Drinkwater. It was a fancy black casket, whose size and finish and trim recalled those of the massive American automobiles its occupant had preferred.



*"This looks good."*

THE pastor finished his bit, and Gamble Wicklow, the Pittsburgh manager, rose to his feet and approached the pulpit. He was an eloquent speaker with a degree in law from Fordham—his sending down of Magee had been a masterpiece of regret and paternal solicitude—but he looked tired and elderly today. Magee could not make out what he was saying. Gamble had been sitting beside Roxille Drinkwater, in the foremost pew, and now there was a gap between Roxille and little Coleman. The sight of this gap was poignant, and Magee looked away.

"Will you look at that," said Beryl. She went up on tiptoe to get a clearer view.

"I can't," said Magee.

"Look how Roxille's looking at that casket."

The reporters on either side of them, saddened, serious as the occasion required, were still rapacious and insatiable. They turned toward the grieving widow with the simultaneity of starlings taking wing. There was indeed something odd in the face and the posture of Roxille Drinkwater. Roxille was a pretty woman, a little heavy. Her russet hair was pulled tightly against her head and tied at the back. She wore no veil, and the look in her eyes was angry and complicated, but Magee thought he recognized it. Her husband had blown away, out of her life, like an empty wrapper, like a cloud of smoke. She was wondering how she could ever have thought he was real. As Magee watched she began to rock a little in the pew, back and forth. It was hardly noticeable at first, but as Wicklow's voice rose to praise her dead husband for his constancy and steadiness, and to foretell the endurance of his presence in the game, Roxille's rocking gathered force, and Magee knew he would have to do something.

Once, on an airplane, Magee had seen Roxille lose it. It had been during a night flight from New York, where Drinkwater had gone to collect an award, to Pittsburgh, aboard a careering, rattling, moaning little two-propeller plane. Roxille had begun by rocking in her seat, rocking, and staring into the darkness outside the window of the plane. She had finished by shrieking and praying aloud, and then slapping a stewardess who attempted to calm her down. Now the people sitting in the pews around Roxille exchanged worried looks. Joey Puppo, the G.M., was frowning, and glancing frequently toward the reporters, who had begun to mutter and click their tongues. Magee saw that she intended, whether she knew it or not, to hurl herself across the gleaming black lid of the coffin.

"She won't do it," said Beryl, in a voice that just qualified as a whisper. She had little esteem for other women, in particular for baseball wives.

"This is a funeral," said a television sports reporter, a former outfielder named Leon Lamartine who once at Wrigley had knocked one of Magee's sliders—a high, hard one that was not quite hard enough—out onto Waveland Avenue, under a rosebush and into pictures that were shown on national TV. His tone seemed to imply not that decorum would prevent Roxille from doing something outrageous but that anything was possible at funerals.

"Hey, c'mon, you guys," said Magee. "Keep it down." But he cracked his knuckles and worked his shoulder blades a couple of times, just in case.

Gamble Wicklow was winding down now. His chin had settled into his chest, and he was commending the departed soul of Eli Drinkwater to the Man in charge of putting together the Great Roster in the Sky. Roxille licked her lips. Her eyelids fluttered. She reached out tentatively toward the stylish coffin. Three dozen cameras and recording devices turned upon her. Magee moved.

"Where you going, Matty?" said Beryl, whirling. "Oh, my. Oh, my."

". . . now that Eli Drinkwater has forever become, as I think we may truly say, All-Star," said Gamble Wicklow, putting a period to his elegy with a sad smile.

"I told you," Leon Lamartine said, pointing.

Magee had delayed too long—his timing was irrevocably off—and his initial smooth glide down the aisle toward the first pew became a two-way foot race as Gamble stepped down from the pulpit. Magee was forced to run while pretending that he was still walking, all the time trying to keep his head down and remain inconspicuous. The result was an unintentional but skilled approximation of the gait of Groucho Marx. Only the fact that Gamble and the next eulogist collided by the entrance to the chancel allowed Magee to occupy Gamble's place in the pew. Magee put his left arm around Roxille, as though to comfort her, and wrestled her back into her seat.

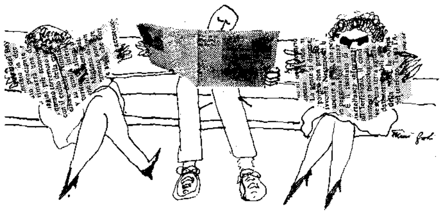
"Take it easy," said Magee in his softest voice.

When Gamble Wicklow saw that Magee had usurped his seat, he frowned, gave an odd little wave, then turned and trudged managerially up the aisle. His suit was of old tweed and fit him ill. The nave of St. Stephen's filled with rumor and alarm and a faint, funereal laughter.

"Magee. Oh, Magee. What in the hell am I going to do?" Roxille said quietly. Her voice was almost inaudible when she said the word "hell." Her eyes were bloodshot and lively. She was not really looking at Magee but around him, at her son, who had turned and clambered to his knees in the pew to see what was going on back there among the cameras. Coleman had grown to be a good-looking little boy, long-limbed and as dark as his father. His hair had been cut very short, and, according to the fashion, a design had been carved into the stubble at the side of his head; it looked like a couple of eyeballs.

Magee put his hand on Roxille's forearm. She had on an expensive-looking black knit dress with a black lace collar and noticeable gores. She smelled of Castile soap.

"I don't know, Roxie," he said. He blushed. He felt very out of place, here in the front row, and he was ashamed to have gone so long without visiting or speaking to her, but he was glad that he had kept her off national TV. "You'll get along."



Roxille shuddered and took a deep breath. She closed her wild eyes and then opened them carefully. The minister had regained the pulpit and managed, by dint of looking pale and disappointed, to quiet the murmuring. He then introduced the next eulogist, a writer from *Sports Illustrated*. This man had started out working at the same Erie newspaper as Beryl, and not all that long ago. He was talented and he had done well for himself. Beryl hated him, in a good-humored way, and this led Magee to wonder why he had not hated Eli Drinkwater, whose fortunes had begun to rise so soon after Magee lost sight of the wormhole. He looked at Drinkwater's coffin, now no more than a few feet away from him. The Teacher's had worn off, and all at once he felt incurably tired. It occurred to him that you could probably tell a joke whose punch line involved a choice between being dead and being outrighted to Buffalo. It didn't seem

## APRIL FOOLS' DAY, NEW YORK STATE

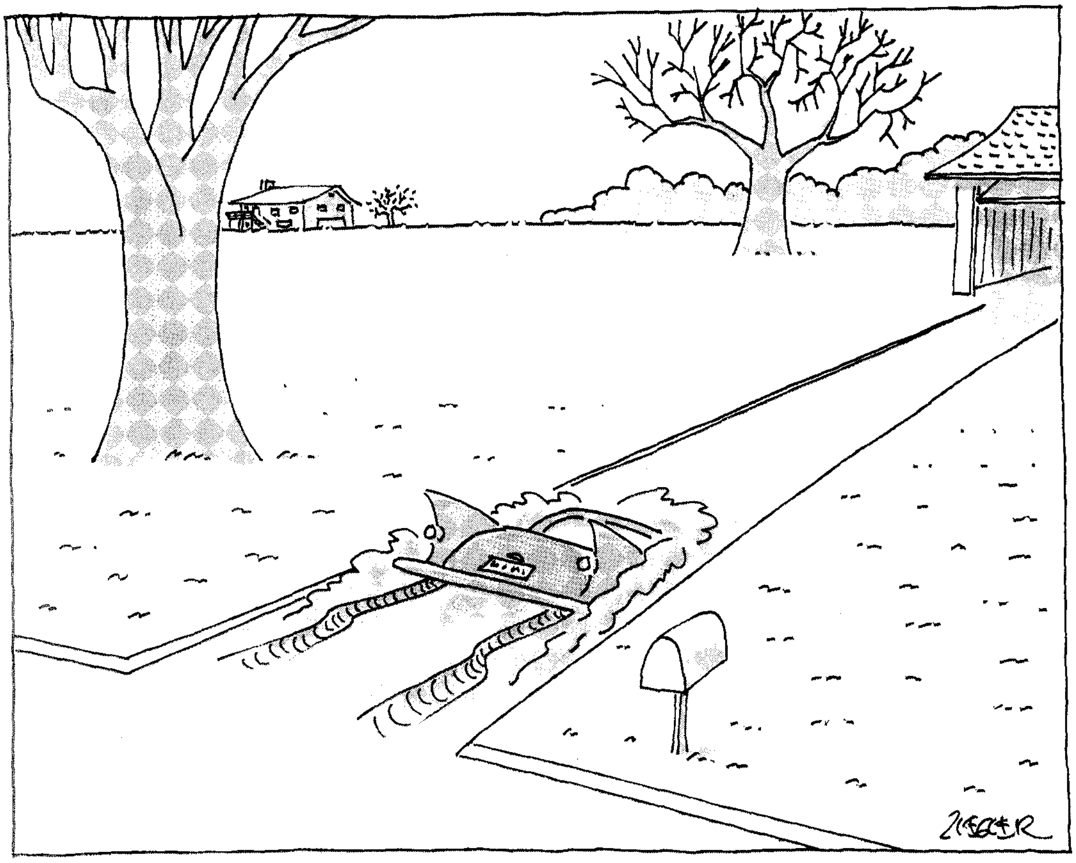
The ignorant daffodil white-and-yellow light,
gravel white, fool's gold,
the rough grass and ignorant air—

The gas station
in the blessed yellow air.
The horse in the snow-spotted mud in a stupor,
half gilded (half black with spring shadow),
in a pasture just beyond the gas station,
horse heat, horse hooves,
the slats of a fence cartwheeling in collapse
on the pitch and heave of a seemly hill,
thin and giddy birds wheeling
in the damp and piercing toil of blond light,
belfry light, the perfumed toll,
the blond light on the last day of existence
of the snow: the odor in the shadows
is the cold snow that just melted
in a marsh hollow, new ferns,
black, damp, resinous locusts
shivering in premonition.

In air the color of a saxophone,
in blond, childish April light,
the heavy saxophone air, the tubes
of warm air set among the cold, the tulip rim
with its breath of the riff to come,
the emotional weeks of floral giddy-ready
begin again, begin again.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

• •



SPRING THAW HITS SCARSDALE

• •

like much of a choice, but he supposed that Buffalo held a slight edge. On the other hand, at least Drinkwater didn't have to know that he had died.

He had the vague impression that something was disturbing his exhaustion and then realized that it was Coleman Drinkwater, pulling on his sleeve. The little boy pointed at the coffin. He was watching it as though he had been told that it was going to perform a trick.

"Is my daddy in there?" he said, in a clear, thin, terribly normal voice.

Magee and Coleman looked at each other for what became several seconds. Magee, who had no children, searched for the correct way to answer. He wanted to say something that would be fair to Coleman and yet would not make him afraid. He wished that his head were clearer and that he were not so damn tired. He felt as though everyone in the church were waiting on his reply. His forehead grew damp and he opened his mouth, but he said nothing. Finally, helpless, he put an arm around Coleman's small shoulders, and turned back to the speaker in the pulpit. The little boy suffered his godfather's arm upon him, and as the funeral dragged on he even rested his head against Magee's rib cage. Presently he fell asleep.

After a while, Magee himself, who had been awake for some thirty-two hours, drifted into an easy sleep. He dreamed his usual dream, the one in which he had found his stuff again and was on the mound at Three Rivers throwing seven different kinds of smoke. The sunshine was fragrant and the grass brilliant. When he awoke, feeling refreshed, the funeral was over and the coffin had already been wheeled out. Beryl was standing in front of him, her arms folded, looking as she had once looked on bailing him out of the Erie County Prison. Magee smiled, rubbed his eyes, and then realized that Coleman and Roxille had gone. He spun around in time to see the little boy being towed by his mother out the front door of the church. Coleman smiled across the empty pews at Magee, who saw from this distance that the design shaved into the side of the little boy's head was not two eyeballs. It was Eli Drinkwater's uniform number, the double zero.

"Poor kid," said Beryl. "I heard what he asked you. God. I almost lost it."

"I know," said Magee, scratching his chin. He could not seem to remember what his reply had been, or if he had said anything at all.

"So," said Beryl, sitting down beside him and taking hold of his throwing hand. She began, with a firm, nursely touch, to massage it. The backs of her hands hadn't aged very much at all, and Magee, feeling nostalgic, watched them for a while as they worked him over. A soft lock of her platinum hair brushed against his cheek. "So. What are you going to do? Buffalo? You're really going to let them do that to you?"

"I want to pitch, Ber. I have to get my mechanics back. I think it'll be a little easier in Triple A."

Beryl tightened her grasp on his hand and looked at him. Her face was neither incredulous nor mocking; she only bit her lip and wrinkled the bridge of her nose. Beryl's nose, though small, could be expressive of great sadness.

"Magee," she said. "Matty. Maybe I'm wrong to even put this thought in your head. I know how hard you're trying, Matty, but—what if they're just gone, baby?" Her voice cracked sweetly as she said this. "Have you ever thought of that?"

Magee withdrew his pitching hand and flexed it a couple of times. He watched it with a puzzled expression, as though it were a new model, of uncertain capacity. Then he looked away from it, up toward the ceiling of the church, and tried, for the last time, to remember if he had answered Coleman Drinkwater, and what he had told him.

"Yes," he said to the empty choir.

—Michael Chabon

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## LOOKING FOR A SHIP—II

ON the fifth of August and again far out to sea—aboard the merchant ship Stella Lykes in the Southeast Pacific Ocean—Calvin King had the first turn at the wheel. I asked him what day of the week it was. He had no idea. Like everybody else, he knew that it was the fifteenth day of the present voyage, but the day's heathen name meant next to nothing. On Sundays, by some metaphysical process that is not well understood, most of the crew appear in fresh clothes. Calvin's khaki shirt has an iron shine. On Saturdays, the second mate goes up and down the house winding the ship's clocks. Essentially, though, the days are homogeneous. Calvin and I, adding on our fingers in the dark, needed several minutes to figure out that it was Friday. What truly mattered to most of the crew was how many days there were to go: twenty-nine if you were paying off in Charleston after the end of this voyage, seventy-one if you were making the next trip, too. Here by free will, and (in most cases) with histories behind them of decades on the sea, these people act *like* prisoners making "X"s on a wall. I was to hear Jim Gossett say to William Kennedy one morning, "Peewee, we're under fifty days now. Forty-nine to go." This brought to mind graffiti I had seen on the State of Maine, the training ship of the Maine Maritime Academy. As part of the curriculum, students spend two summers on the State of Maine. The graffiti said, "Only 13 More MFD's, Only 12 More MFD's, Only 11 More MFD's," and so on down a toilet stall. The "D" stood for "day." To me it seemed a strange thing for someone to write who was going to college to go to sea. But no professional mariner would fail to understand it.

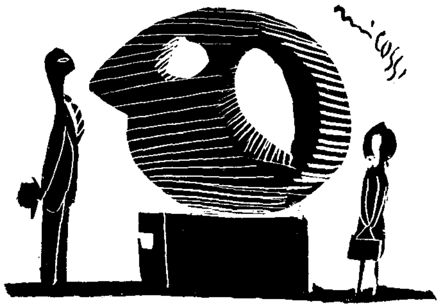
This was one of the clear nights when Mars, Jupiter, and Venus were lined up like ships, steaming past Aldebaran on the way to Sirius. To port was a quarter-moon, and somewhere off the curve of the earth was Punta Pariñas, the westernmost cape of South America. We had entered the waters of Peru.

When you do that, you let them know. Peru wants to be notified at once that you have entered its waters, and to be told your position at eight in the morning and eight in the evening as long as you remain. For each failure to comply, the fine is five thousand dollars. William Raymond Charteris Beach, the radio operator, would let them know.

Dawn came. The air, Fahrenheit, was sixty-two. There was a head wind at Force 7. The sea was heaping up, and there were whitecaps everywhere, and high spray, and the foam off breaking waves made streaks in the direction of the wind. At five-fifty-five, Vernon McLaughlin arrived on the bridge to relieve Calvin. Mac had spent the first hour of the watch standing in the bow in the fifty-mile compound wind, and the second hour swilling coffee. Now, taking over as quartermaster, he said, in his Cayman baritone, "Good morning. Happy Birthday to me, too."

With no prodding, McLaughlin continued, "Fifty-eight years old today. I'm getting as old as Ronald Reegin."

I reached for a crew list and said to him, "You and everybody else, Mac. Calvin is sixty-one. Peewee is sixty-two. Sparks is fifty-nine. Jim Gossett is fifty-seven. Steve Kruthaupt is sixty-four. Bernie Tibbotts is sixty. Paul Agic is sixty. Frank Patton is sixty-one. Zeke is fifty-eight. Murray the ordinary is fifty-nine. Kiwi is fifty-three. Victor Belmosa is fifty-two. Louis Smothers is sixty. Duke Labaczewski is sixty." I had been pondering the crew list for days. There were thirty-four names on it. They included Robert Bryant, a thirty-year-old demac (deck and engine mechanic); Ron Peterson, the twenty-eight-year-old third mate; Karl Knudsen, the twenty-nine-year-old second engineer; and Donald Colon, the twenty-four-year-old engine cadet (a student from the United States Merchant Marine Academy, at Kings Point, New York); not to mention Andy Chase, the second mate, aged thirty-two. Yet the average age of the crew was fifty-one. "This is now an old man's business," Captain Washburn had remarked one day. "Sailing A.B.—it's an elderly gentleman's job." He didn't say anything about sailing captain.



As it happens, our six A.B.s average fifty-five years of age—ten years younger than Washburn. The captain is accustomed to sailing with crews averaging five to seven years older than our crew. He said he looked upon this as "a young ship."

McLaughlin continued to bestow upon himself his birthday honors. "Thirty-nine years at sea," he said. "All I need is feathers and I'll get up and fly. I'll be a seagull." Like everyone else in the crew—like Victor Belmosa, who was born in Trinidad; like Bill Beach, who was born in Scotland; like Trevor Procter and Bernie Tibbotts, who were born in New Zealand—Mac is an American citizen. He was born on Cayman Brac. The Cayman Islands were British then, and Mac is a self-impelled transfer from the U.K. merchant fleet. The first vessel he worked on was a sailing ship. His father was her third mate. They picked up lumber in Alabama and took it to the Bahamas. When Mac hears the expression "iron men in wooden ships," he does not develop nostalgia. Moving up to steel, he worked on banana boats, making runs to London from the West Indies, Central America, Ecuador, and Colombia.

"I knew everything about bananas except how they talk. If they get below fifty-four degrees, they're dead. You might as well have taken a shotgun and killed them."

Some days, he comes into the wheelhouse in the dark of the early morning with bananas he has bought ashore. He buys forty-eight pounds, green as limes, for a dollar. Other people buy bananas, too. While theirs remain green, Mac's assume the color sun-beam. There may be, say, five hundred bananas on the ship all bought at the same time from the same dockside vender, and Mac's by a long interval will always be the first to turn yellow.

"I put the gezoong on them and they just turn ripe."

The gezoong is an amazing molecule in which two atoms of hydrogen are combined with one of oxygen. In his cabin each day, Mac wets his hands and flicks water from his fingers onto the bananas. He closes the box. When they are ready, he will come up to the bridge with a bunch in hand and say, for example, "These are Gros Michels. They are virtually square in cross-section. They have more squares than Locatans or Robustas. You will like them best. They don't appear to choke you."

McLaughlin is not only the four-to-eight-watch bananologist. He is the four-to-eight-watch ornithologist. When a man-of-war bird perched in the rigging, Mac said, "He knows better than to get his ass in the water—he won't get back out. He can't swim. He's not web-footed." While albatrosses were soaring beside the bridge, Mac said, "They can only take off into the wind and land into the wind. The only time they land is when they mate. The albatross is the soul of a lost seaman." When the man-of-war bird came back, Mac said, "He could pluck a pin out of the water. He chases other birds, beats the shit out of them, and takes their food."

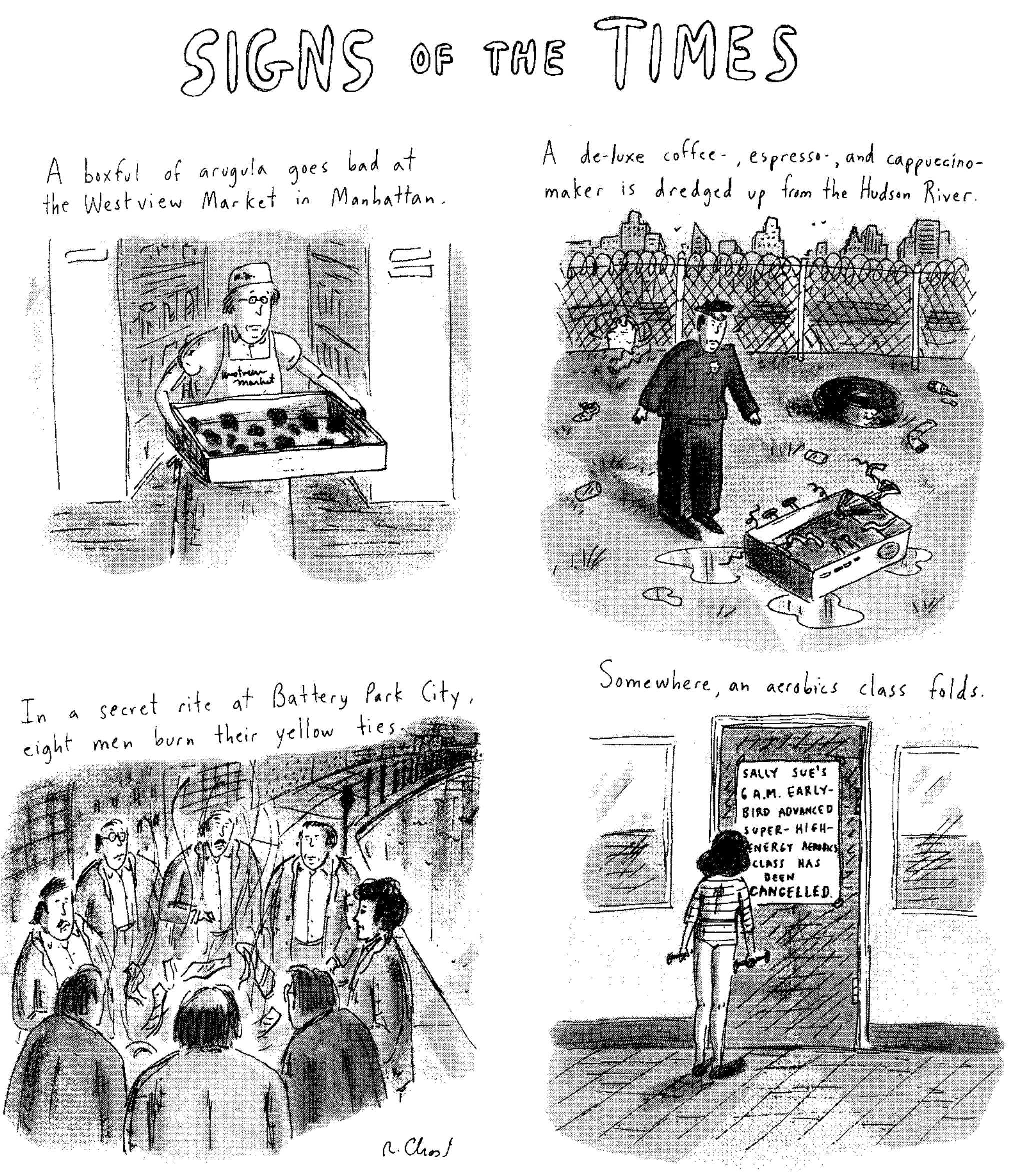
Mac may be fifty-eight, but his eyesight seems to be 29-29. He will say, for example, "Pilot whales to port," and minutes go by before other people see them. He is the first to see oncoming ships. From the bridge of a tanker off the coast of Algeria he once spotted a floating mine, a lethal relic of the Second World War. The tanker's captain said, "He saved the ship," and served him Kool-Aid at the wheel. Mac will see islands fifteen miles away while others see nothing but blank horizon. Possibly he owes this ability not so much to his exceptional vision as to his birthright in the sea.

I asked, "How many degrees north of the equator are the Cayman Islands?"

He said, right back, "Eighteen degrees forty-five minutes. See how quick I answered that?"

He described the Grand Cayman of his youth as "a sleepy little island with dirt roads," and went on to say, "Now it has high-rise condos, superhighways, and five thousand banks." Cayman Brac, his home island, was eighty miles from Grand Cayman and was perched on the edge of Bartlett's Deep, the deepest part of the Caribbean—something close to twenty-five thousand feet. Bartlett's Deep is known in geology as the Cayman Trench, where the Caribbean crust dived under the North American Plate, melting far below to rise as magma and form volcanic islands. It has since become a different kind of fault, in history similar to the San Andreas. I said as much to Mac. As he looked at me, the always varying gleam in his eyes seemed for the moment to be ten per cent tolerance and ninety per cent pity. He said, in so many words, that if I thought I was talking about the Cayman Islands I was talking bullshit. He said he would henceforth call me Elisha. The biggest liar in the known history of Cayman Brac was Elisha. He was a fisherman who trolled for kingfish, wahoo, and sailfish, using a small herring as bait. One time, he got a fish on his line that pulled him around the eastern part of the island for four hours. When Elisha finally managed to boat this mighty fish, it was smaller than the herring. According to Elisha.

When McLaughlin was a teen-ager, he went out in a catboat fishing with a cousin "in the Grouper Hole,



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

A boxful of arugula goes bad at the Westview Market in Manhattan.

A de-luxe coffee-, espresso-, and cappuccino-maker is dredged up from the Hudson River.

In a secret rite at Battery Park City, eight men burn their yellow ties.

Somewhere, an aerobics class folds.

Westview Market
SALLY SUE'S 6 A.M. EARLY-BIRD ADVANCED SUPER-HIGH-ENERGY AEROBICS CLASS HAS BEEN CANCELLED
R. Chast

• •

## THE PREPOSITIONS

When I started junior high I thought I'd
probably be a Behavior Problem
all my life, John Muir Grammar the
spawning grounds, the bad-seed bed, but
the first morning at Willard, the dawn of
seventh grade, they handed me a list
of forty-five prepositions, to learn
by heart. I stood in the central courtyard,
enclosed garden that grew cement, my
eyes followed the line of the arches
up and over, up and over, like
alpha waves, *about*, *above*,
*across*, *along*, *among*, *around*, an
odd calm began in me,
*before*, *behind*, *below*, *beneath*,
*beside*, *between*, I stood in that sandstone
square and started to tame. *Down*,
*from*, *in*, *into*, *near*, I was
located there, watching the Moorish half-
circles rise and fall. *Off*,
*on*, *onto*, *out*, *outside*, we
came from sixth grades all over the city to
meet each other for the first time,
blond tennis-club boys who did not
speak to me, the blond dorks who
did, black student-council guys who'd
gaze above my head, and the black
plump goof-off who would walk past and
suddenly flick my nipple gently to shame me.
*Over*, *past*, *since*, *through*,
that was the year my father came home in the
middle of the night with those heavy worms of
blood on his face, trilobites of
elegant gore, cornice and crisp
waist of the extinct form,
*till*, *to*, *toward*, *under*, the
lining of my uterus convoluted,
shapely and scarlet as the jointed leeches of
wound clinging to my father's face like a
mask, *unlike*, *until*, *up*, I'd
walk, day and night, into the
Eden of the list, *hortus conclusus*, where
everything had a place. I was *in*
*relation to*, *upon*, *with*, and when I
got to forty-five I could just
start over, pull the long
hood of the list down over my
brain again. It was the first rest
I had had from my mind. My eyes would run
slowly along the calm electro-
cardiogram of adobe cloister,
*within*, *without*, I'd repeat like a prayer what I'd
received, a place in the universe,
meaningless but a place, an exact location—
Telegraph, Woolsey, Colby, Russell—
Berkeley, 1956,
fourteen, the breaking of childhood, beginning of memory.

—SHARON OLDS

• •

off the eastern end of Cayman Brac, eighteen fathom deep." Groupers spawn there in January. Mac and the cousin used hand lines, with small herring on the lines, and big sinkers. They caught so many huge groupers —each thirty to forty pounds—that they filled the catboat too full to sail. They paddled for Cayman Brac. A wind arose, and waves came over the cockpit coaming. The catboat sank. The boys swam ashore. The air sacs in the groupers expanded, and three thousand pounds of fish floated to the beach, where a grateful population gathered them up. According to McLaughlin.

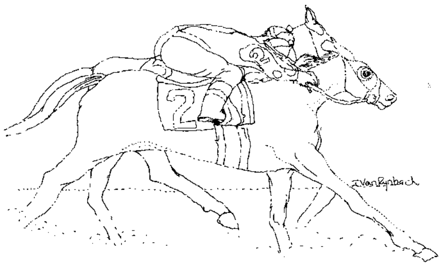
He said, finishing the story, "In those days, I was the No. 1 fisherman."

McLaughlin's father went on shipping out until he was seventy-four. Mac will, too, if there's a Merchant Marine that will have him. "When I go ashore after this trip, I'll be fluttering like a fish out of water," he said. "I'll want to get back. It's an evil you want to come back to."

Mac lives as a bachelor in an apartment in Brooklyn. He has one son, who is in the Royal Marines, and they are out of touch.

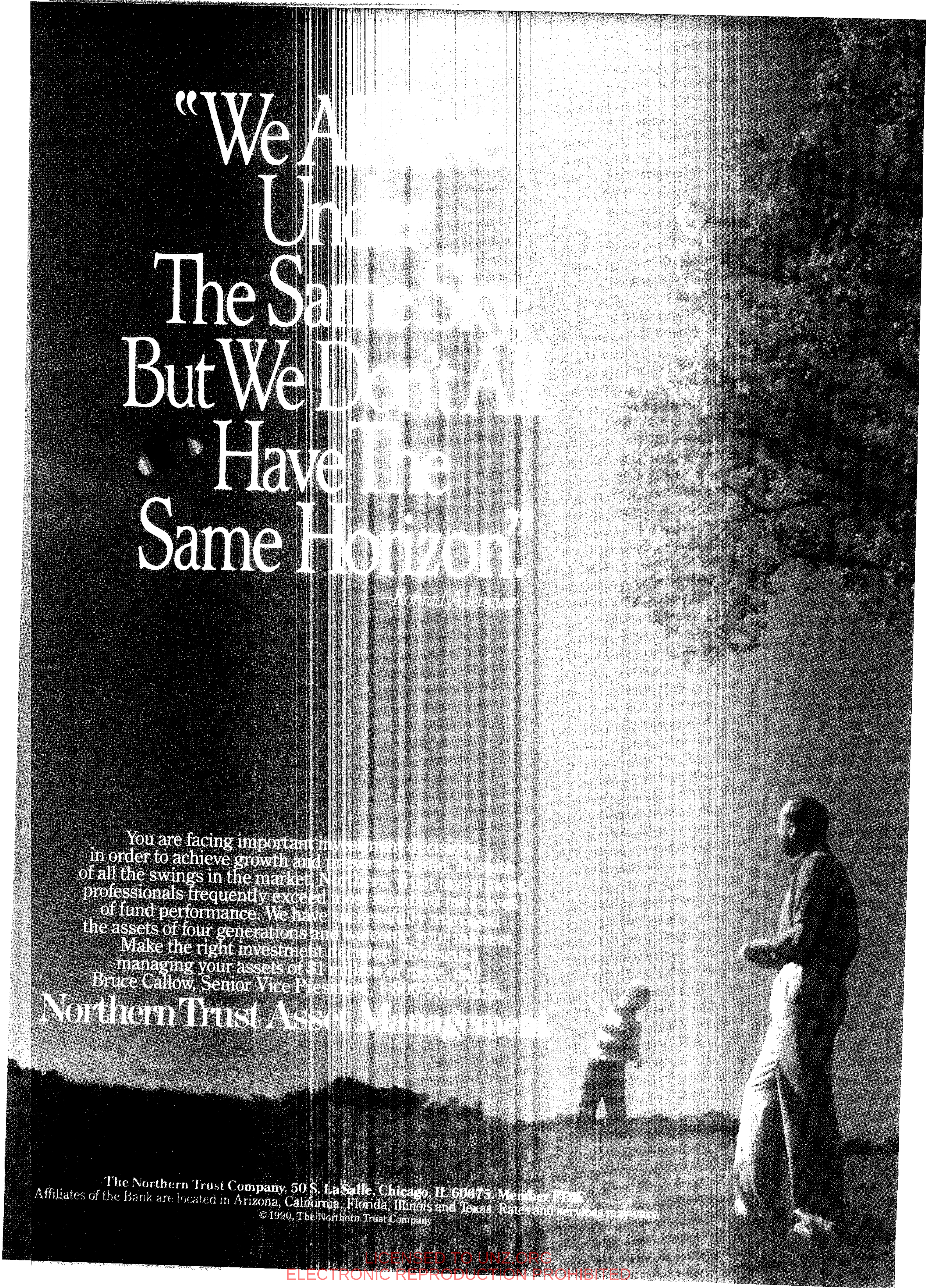
I asked Mac if he had another job ashore.

"I'm a seabird," he answered. "When I'm at home on the beach, I don't work for nobody. All I do is lift a fork. I may have as much as six months when I get off here. It'll take six months before I'll have an old enough card to get a job. Years ago, you could get on a ship, put your clothes in a drawer, and throw your suitcase over the side. The ship was your home." Years ago, he sailed with a man who had been on one ship, with no vacation, for sixteen years. ("Brazil–New York, the romance run. He probably had two households.") Mac shipped out with Moore-McCormack until the line folded. Then he shipped out with United States Lines—on the American Michigan, the American Draco, the American Lynx, the American Legacy. The legacy was that the Lines folded.



This summer, he had gone to Savannah looking for a ship. "There's hardly any jobs going into New York anymore," he explained. "They don't pay off there. There's no ships being called there. When I left New York, I had close to a killer card. I had to get a ship in Savannah or forget it. If I didn't get a ship in ten days, my card would have died." In Savannah, his card got him onto the Stella Lykes over fifteen other able-bodied seamen.

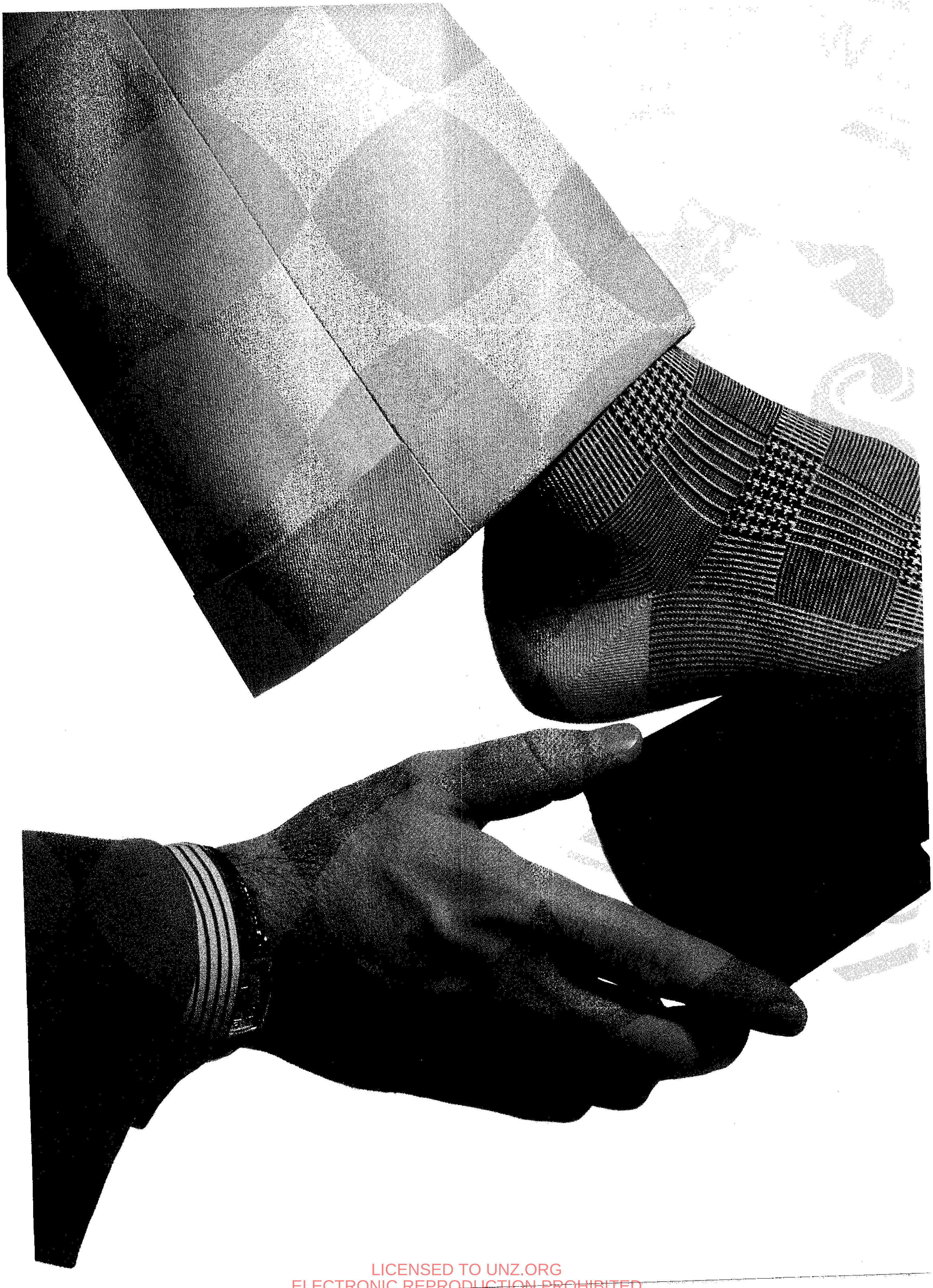
"I remember when the union was strong," he said. "The union has gone from a big blow to a breath of wind." He told a sea story to illustrate the power of the National Maritime Union. The American Legacy was in Los Angeles when her television failed. The crew refused to leave port. Their contract called for a working nineteen-inch color TV. While the ship remained at its berth and the


"We All Live
Under
The Same Sky,
But We Don't All
Have The
Same Horizon."
—Konrad Adenauer

You are facing important investment decisions in order to achieve growth and preserve capital. In spite of all the swings in the market, Northern Trust investment professionals frequently exceed most standard measures of fund performance. We have successfully managed the assets of four generations and welcome your interest. Make the right investment decision. To discuss managing your assets of $1 million or more, call Bruce Callow, Senior Vice President, 1-800-962-0375.

**Northern Trust Asset Management**

**The Northern Trust Company, 50 S. LaSalle, Chicago, IL 60675. Member FDIC**
Affiliates of the Bank are located in Arizona, California, Florida, Illinois and Texas. Rates and services may vary.
© 1990, The Northern Trust Company



# BASS SUPER WEEJUNS. WE TAKE 132 STEPS BEFORE WE LET YOU TAKE YOUR FIRST ONE.

WEEJUNS®

After fifty-four years of making the loafer others have looked to for inspiration, G.H. Bass & Co. has decided to raise the standards by creating the Super Weejun.®

On first sight you'll notice that the full-grain calfskin leather, with the rich luster of an aniline finish, takes on a sleeker silhouette.

However, the beauty of Bass® runs deep, with fifty extra steps that go beyond industry standards, to make this Weejun feel positively super. Space does not allow listing all of them here, but some do require mention.

After they've been hand sewn, instead of putting them in an oven for two hours to dry, we allow them the luxury of air drying for two days, so they will be soft, supple and conform to the shape of your foot.

Our double sole construction, from pre-flexed, naturally tanned leather, not only makes them comfortable right out of the box, but also longer wearing. And when it rains, your feet will appreciate all the steps we take to make the sole water and weather resistant.

Unfortunately, there is just one apology we must make for taking extra steps with the Super Weejun. That the Bass craftsmen can make only a limited number each day. Which may make your first step harder to come by.

A&S, BULLOCKS, BURDINES, DAYTON HUDSON, DILLARD'S, FAMOUS-BARR, FILENE'S, FOLEY'S, MACY'S, RICH'S, WOODWARD & LOTHROP, G.H. BASS & CO. CONCEPT STORES.
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 800-950-BASS (8:30 A.M.-4:30 P.M. MON-FRI EST).

Bass®

THE LOOK THAT NEVER WEARS OUT™

© 1990 G.H. BASS & CO.

wharfage fee mounted and another ship waited for the berth, the port agent went off shopping for a nineteen-inch TV. For some reason, he couldn't find one. Finally, he returned with a twenty-four-inch TV. When it was working, the American Legacy sailed.

"To the Far East," Mac said. "That was a long ocean voyage."

Now there were fewer ships and a scarcity of jobs; the union was weak, and its members were unemployed.

"Their stomachs are breaking like seas on a reef. And how many merchant ships are under construction?"

Andy answered, "None, in American yards."

Mac said, "That's a God-damned sin."

Andy said that the several ships being built in Germany for American President Lines were "post-Panamax"—too large for the Panama Canal—and were intended for runs in the Pacific. The latest Panamax ships were the so-called econs, or Econships, built in Korea for United States Lines and now owned by Sea-Land. "They are not ships but shit," Mac said. "They were made with a hammer and nail." Captain Ron Crook's Sea-Land Performance, which Andy had night-mated in Charleston, was an econ. Taking his work seriously, Andy had done his best to heed a sign on the bridge that said "CAUTION, Don't Withstand Voltage & Insulation Resistance Inspection."

Mac picked up a piece of chalk and began writing cryptic numbers on the top of the steering selector. He could ignore the wheel, because the ship was on automatic pilot. After adding, subtracting, erasing, multiplying, he said, "These hours have cashed in on my durability." He was computing his overtime.

Two-thirds of his work was overtime. There was required overtime, for dockings and undockings (handling the stern mooring lines), and most days he opted to work on deck for the bosun—chipping and painting—from nine to twelve in the morning and one to four in the afternoon. Weekends were pure overtime—on watch as on deck. His base pay was fifty-three dollars a day for a five-day, forty-hour week. But he wasn't working a five-day, forty-hour week; he was working fourteen to eighteen hours a day seven days a week. His hourly overtime rate was only thirteen dollars and seventy-eight cents, but there would be enough of it, he figured, to triple his base. In twelve weeks, he would earn about fourteen thousand dollars.

That is when I said, "This is a good watch."

And Mac said, "This is the *only* watch. The overtime watch. Sailors with the oldest shipping cards can name their watch. Nine out of ten prefer the four-to-eight. The early worm gets the bird."

It occurred to me that in being carried out to sea the word "overtime" had acquired enough special meaning to make it remarkably subtle. With its resonating nuances of opportunity and fairness, it created an entrepreneurial illusion among people who were actually working like mules in a Scottish coal mine. Base pay or extra pay, it was all pay. Basic time or overtime, it was all time. With aggressive self-interest, with rewarded dedication, with nothing better to do, you willingly worked an eighty-hour week, worked eighteen hours on some days, for—as your chalk or your calculator would quickly tell you—about ten bucks an hour.

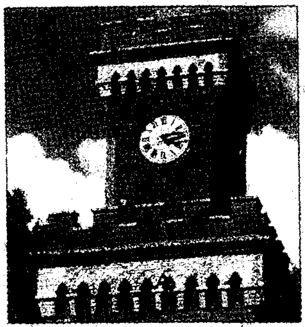
This, of course, had occurred to Mac, too. He said, "The only one who makes a decent salary is the bosun. It's chalk and cheese between my salary and his."

In the payoff port—Charleston, Newark, or wherever—an armored car drives up to the gangway, and the crew is paid in cash.

For the unlicensed deckhands, overtime is almost a synonym for chipping rust. It begins after breakfast. Mac, Calvin, Peewee, and others report to the shelter deck, where the bosun disperses jobs. Chipping rust is a job for people made of neurological nylon. They use hand-held jackhammers—needle guns, chisel guns, Bumble Bees, triple scalers. They dislodge rust and they create sound. Wherever they are, wherever you are, you can hear them. You can climb the flying bridge, wrap a pillow around your ears, stuff yourself in a hawsepipe, hide under a table—you cannot escape the sound. As a result, there are union rules limiting the sound to six hours a day. Depending on where you are, the chippers can seem to be hovering aircraft, they can seem to be splashing water, they can suggest a dentist drilling in a cavity hour after hour. There is a rust buster so large, so heavy, so lurchingly difficult to control that Vernon McLaughlin is often the only sailor willing to accept the task. This is the Arnessen Horizontal Deck Scaler, colloquially known as the lawnmower. It looks something like a lawnmower, but if it were ever used on a lawn it would bury itself in seven seconds. After standing watch from four to eight, Mac will run the lawnmower from nine to twelve and again from one to four, while Peewee follows him, sweeping chips. They wear masks. One day years ago, when Mac was on a C-2 called the Flower Hill, he was hanging over the side with a hand-held Arnessen hammer. The machine went right through the hull. Mac filled the hole with Red Hand epoxy putty.

The chipping opportunities offered by the Stella Lykes are reminiscent of the Flower Hill. Owned first by Moore-McCormack and later by United States Lines, Stella was in mothballs in Jacksonville for a year and a half before Lykes Brothers took her over. She was not well maintained. Duke the Bosun Labaczewski will guide you around the main deck from valley to valley of ulcerated rust. "It is made by water laying steady," he says. "The lawnmower doesn't get all of it. After that, you have to use the triple scaler and the needle gun. The needle gun gets right into the pits." All this, and the painting that follows, Duke directs from the shelter deck—a name borrowed from tankers and applied here to a room on the main deck that reaches from one side of the ship to the other and has large doors at either end that open to views of the ocean. It is a tunnel through the ship with breezes at the extremes. If you go into the shelter deck when the ship is rolling, you see sky at one end, water at the other. The shelter deck is full of ladders, hoses, cables, cargo lights, rigs of block and tackle, turnbuckles, rope, and, above all, paint—the whiff of paint. After fo'c'sle deck and fantail, it's the most nautical space aboard, and seems to smell of creosote and tar.

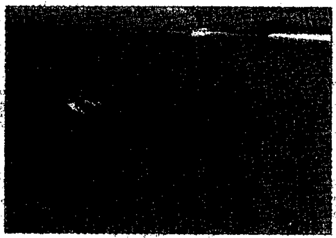
I like to hang about the shelter deck talking to Duke. He is from New Jersey, and he makes me feel at



# CARIBBEAN ANCESTRY

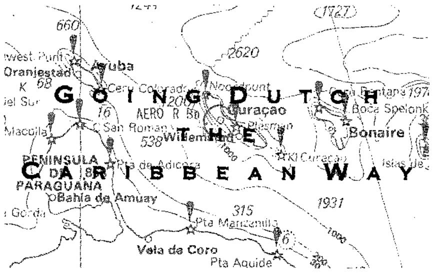
The Caribbean's hundreds of islands and cays gleam like jewels in a turquoise necklace that curves twenty-five hundred miles from the Bahamas to Aruba. Those who claimed the riches of the region left their mark on it. The native-born Caribs and Arawaks yielded sovereignty over the islands, first to the gold-seeking Spaniards, and then to their European rivals – the French, British, Dutch, Danish, and Portugese – who brought their own languages, styles, customs, currencies, and cuisine to the New World. They also brought slaves from Africa whose rich cultural and genetic heritage combined to produce a Creole society that flourished for three centuries.

## A COLORFUL PAST



Each island developed differently, according to its natural gifts and those of its colonizers. Many still retain political ties to the mother country. But whatever an island's status — independent republic, crown colony, department, commonwealth nation, or confederate — its past is very much a part of its present.

# GOING DUTCH THE CARIBBEAN WAY

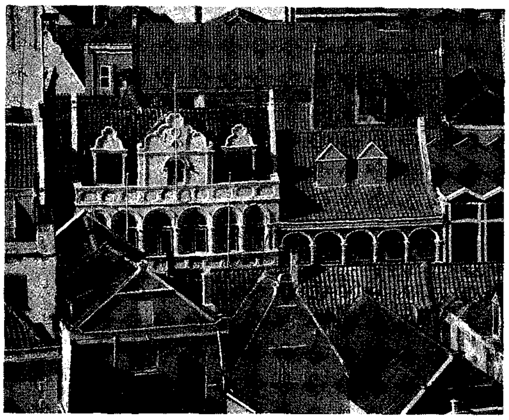


With three islands in the Greater Antilles — actually two and a half — and three more in the Lesser Antilles, the kingdom of the Netherlands maintains a lively and vital presence in the Caribbean. The half island is St. Maarten, whose other side is French. The split personality of the island doesn't seem to trouble either visitors or residents; there are no border formalities, and everyone coexists peacefully.

The Dutch heritage is evident in the gingerbread houses and white picket fences that cling precariously to the steep cliffs of tiny, almost straight-up-and-down Saba and in the cheerful yellow brick buildings of eighteenth-century Oranjestad on Aruba. And the Dutch antecedents of Curaçao are especially obvious in the fanciful, highly ornamented seventeenth-century European feel of Willemstad, the island's colorful capital, whose orderliness, friendliness, food, architecture, and bustling mercantilism make it seem like a pastel version of Amsterdam — if Amsterdam had a floating market, a flamingo sanctuary, *landhuizen* (plantation estates), or natural bridges carved of coral rock.

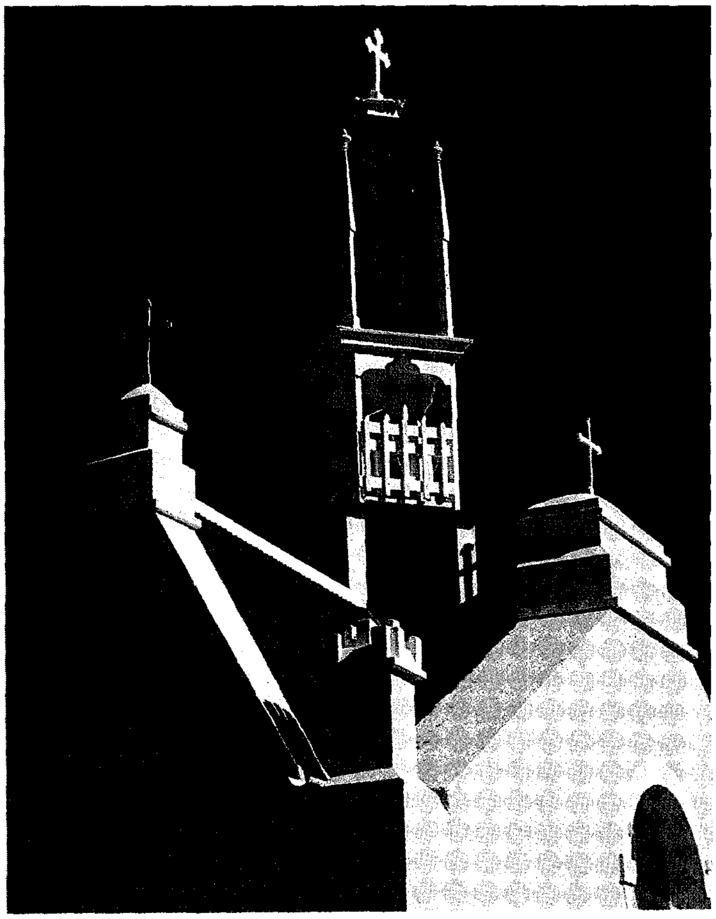
> THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS MAINTAINS A LIVELY PRESENCE IN THE CARIBBEAN.

Curaçao looks like a movie set, with its gabled, curlicued, rococo buildings painted in bright pastels that stand out against its cloudless blue skies. But in fact it is a bustling, cosmopolitan island, where cuisine and custom are both strongly influenced by national origin — who else would have thought of *keshi yena*, a baked Edam cheese that's been stuffed with meat or fish? In Curaçao you can drink hearty Dutch beer that's been brewed in the islands or celebrate local holidays at the *rijstafel* (literally, rice table), an Indonesian tradition that blends Dutch and island cooking to produce a spicy, exotic, indigenous feast.



**Gable roofs give Curaçao a Dutch look**

Gambling is legal in the Dutch West Indies, including St. Maarten. In true Caribbean fashion, it's low key and casual; in many casinos, in fact, you can pop in from the beach or pool and gamble in bathing suit and bare feet. But the beaches and the crystalline waters are what lure most travellers to these islands. Some of the best scuba diving in the Greater Antilles happens off St. Maarten, Saba, and St. Eustatius. You can dive for artifacts here — pirates were once active in this region, and the wreckage of the treasure ships is scattered over the ocean floor — but if you find any, you have to check with the island historical museum or notify the marine preserve officials before taking them home. There are strict marine conservation laws in the Dutch West Indies, which is why they are so popular with snorkelers and scuba divers. The ABC islands — Aruba, Bonaire, and Curaçao — are famous for the clarity and visibility of their underwater habitats as well as the abundance of fish. For years Bonaire's fabulous diving was a well-kept secret. Now that it's out, dedicated divers are making their way to its colorful reefs.



**Church spires set off the azure sky of Saba**

Aruba's palm-fringed white sand beaches are well known to sun-seekers and shell collectors. But due to this island's dry climate — it is completely outside the hurricane belt, and gets only twenty inches of rain *per year* — it is also home to a variety of desert cacti set among interesting rock formations, some of which are distinguished by ancient Indian hieroglyphs.

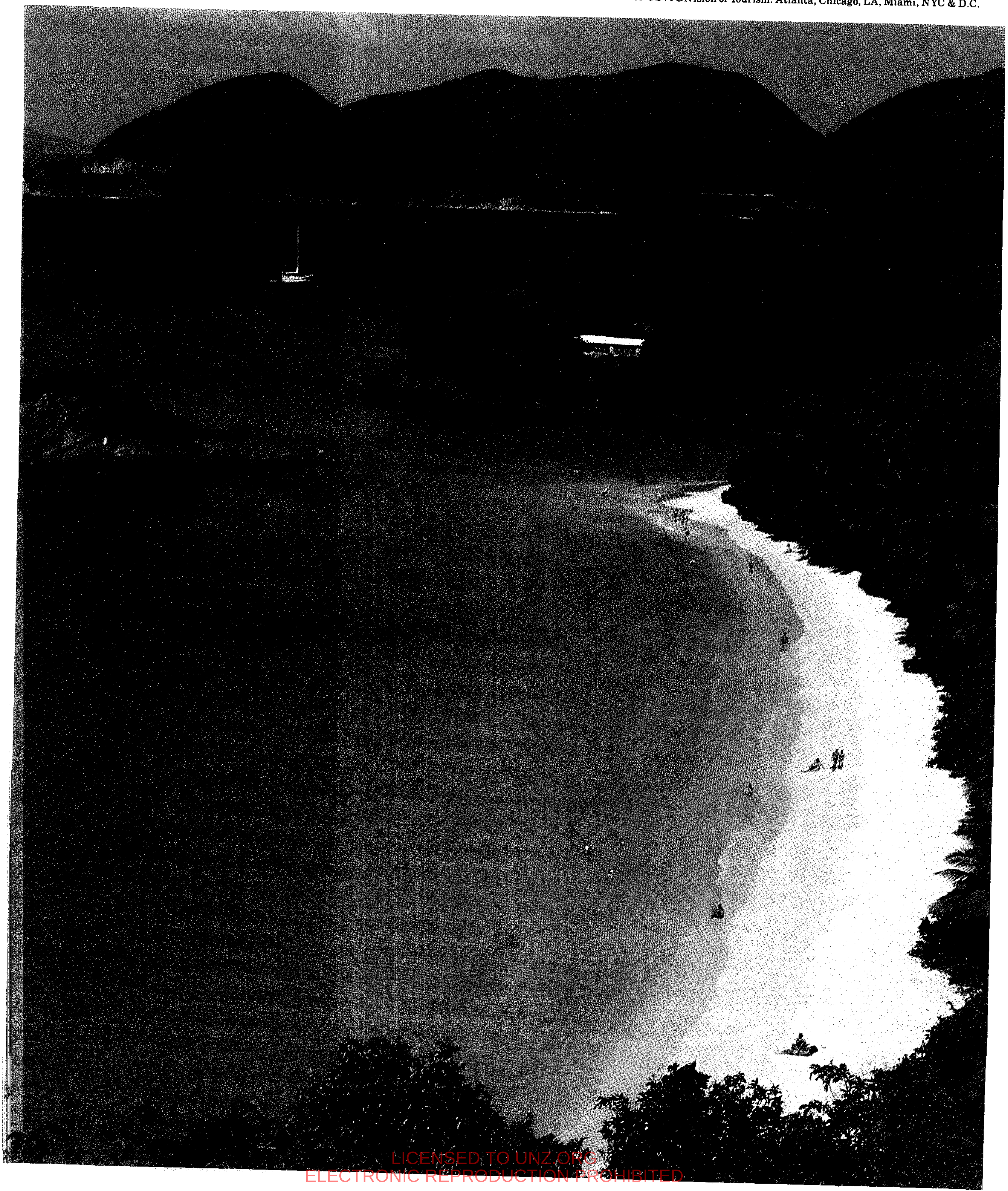
# Winter 78°
# Summer 82°

There's less than a 5°F difference in temperature from winter to summer in the United States Virgin Islands. The average mean temperature of summer is 82°F - with soft trade winds, too. And our summer rates are as beautiful as our summer weather —with prices as much as 40% less than those of winter. See your travel agent.

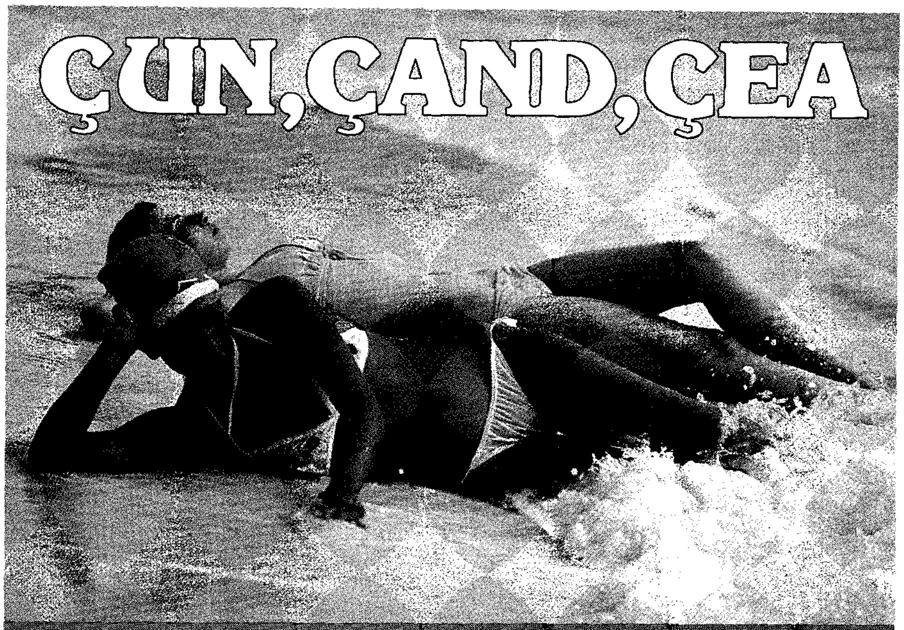
**St.Croix St.John St.Thomas**

**The American paradise. United States Virgin Islands**

© 1989 USVI Division of Tourism: Atlanta, Chicago, LA, Miami, NYC & D.C.



# ÇUN, ÇAND, ÇEA



Curaçao is a sun-worshipper's paradise. Our island casts an endless spell over you with perfect weather, 38 exquisite beaches and warm tropical waters. Browse through exclusive boutiques or taste our [illegible] cuisine. Dance the night away in our pulsating discos. Gambling, sightseeing, deep-sea fishing and so much more. Curaçao. If we spell 'sun, sand, sea' in our own unique way, it's because we have a style all our own.

**CURAÇAO**

Caribbean charm with a Dutch Ç accent

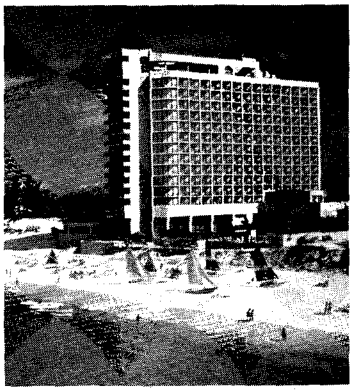
For details contact your travel agent or The Curaçao Tourist Board, 400 Madison Avenue, NY, NY 10017 (212) [illegible] or [illegible]

---

AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE

AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT

## Come To Paradise



## Come To Sheraton

**$60*** per person, per day

Enjoy the finest private beach on Paradise Island in the Bahamas. Amid tropical splendor and casino nightlife. With spacious Caribbean view accommodations, water sports, fine dining and lively entertainment.

See your travel professional or call Sheraton toll free **800-325-3535.**

**Sheraton Grand Hotel & Towers, Paradise Island**

The hospitality people of ITT

*Based on double occupancy. Effective 4/30-12/20/90. Does not include taxes/airfare. Subject to availability.

AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT

AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE

---

## The Ultimate Caribbean Vacation

**In all the world, there is only one Bitter End...the world-class sailing resort on North Sound.** Where you'll sail sunny days away on our fleet of Sunfish, Lasers, Rhodes 19's, J-24's and Mistral Sailboards.

**Where diversions abound!** Excursions. Starlight dinner sails. Scuba and snorkeling. Lessons from pros at our Sailing School. Regattas. Or simply unwind on two perfect beaches and tan yourself bronze!

**Accommodations are deluxe** in Villas or Chalets with spectacular views. Our service will spoil you. Our cuisine is famed!

***Yachtsmen from all over the world*** have made us their rendezvous. Make us yours!

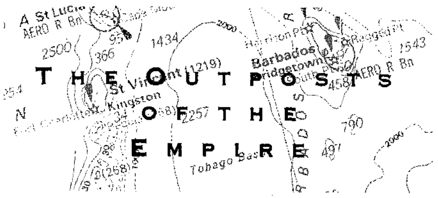
**BITTER END YACHT CLUB**

Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands

For free brochures, reservations:
Bitter End Yacht Club, International
(312) 944-5855. 875 N. Michigan, #3707
Chicago, IL 60611. Or see your travel agent.

---

ADVERTISEMENT



# THE OUTPOSTS OF THE EMPIRE

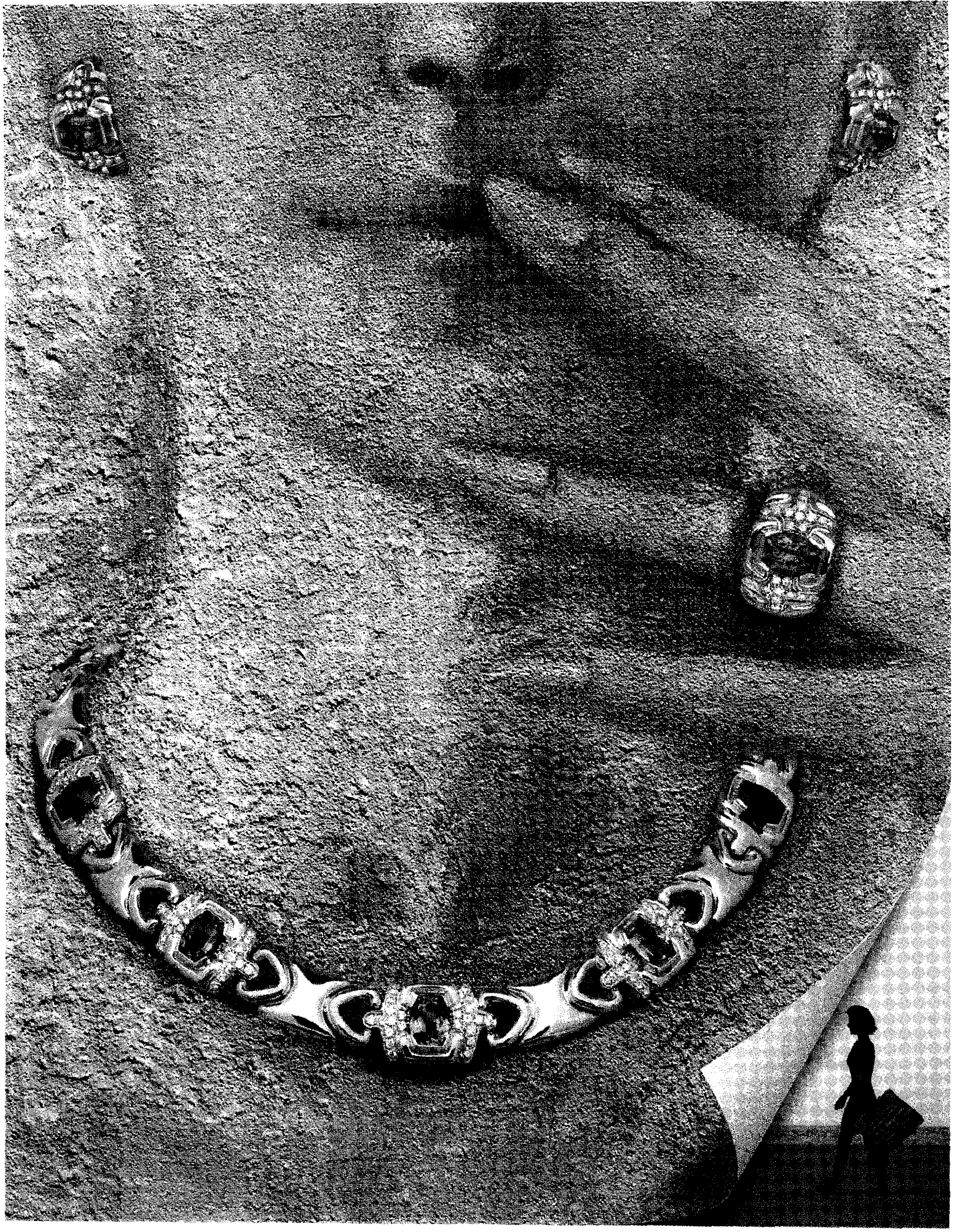
From the Bahamas to Grenada, the English presence in the Caribbean continues to be a strong one. The British fleet dominated much of the region for centuries, and the Empire left its mark. Its heritage is evident in the customs, traditions, currency, and cuisine of these islands — in afternoon tea and cricket matches, the ruins of British forts overlooking beautiful harbors, and the preponderance of pubs, darts, and even polo fields.

Barbados has some of the most varied scenery in the Caribbean, with lush jungles, rugged coastlines, white cliffs like Dover's, and grassy rolling hills like Scotland's. It's the most English of Her Majesty's dominions — cricket is the national pastime, and everything stops at teatime. But British formality is tempered by the zesty, irreverent calypsonians, who are the musical commentators on Bajan politics, culture, and society. Rum shops are the island version of the British pub, a place for socializing and sampling the fine dark rum that's refined in Barbados but not exported.

The alluring rhythms of Jamaica have an insistent beat, too — you can hear it in Kingston, the capital, in Montego Bay, the main resort area, in Port Antonio, Ocho Rios, and Negril. This island of two million people boasts a number of major travel destinations and a stunning and diverse topography. The service is up to exacting British standards in the best hotels and restaurants, and everywhere the islanders are warm and welcoming.

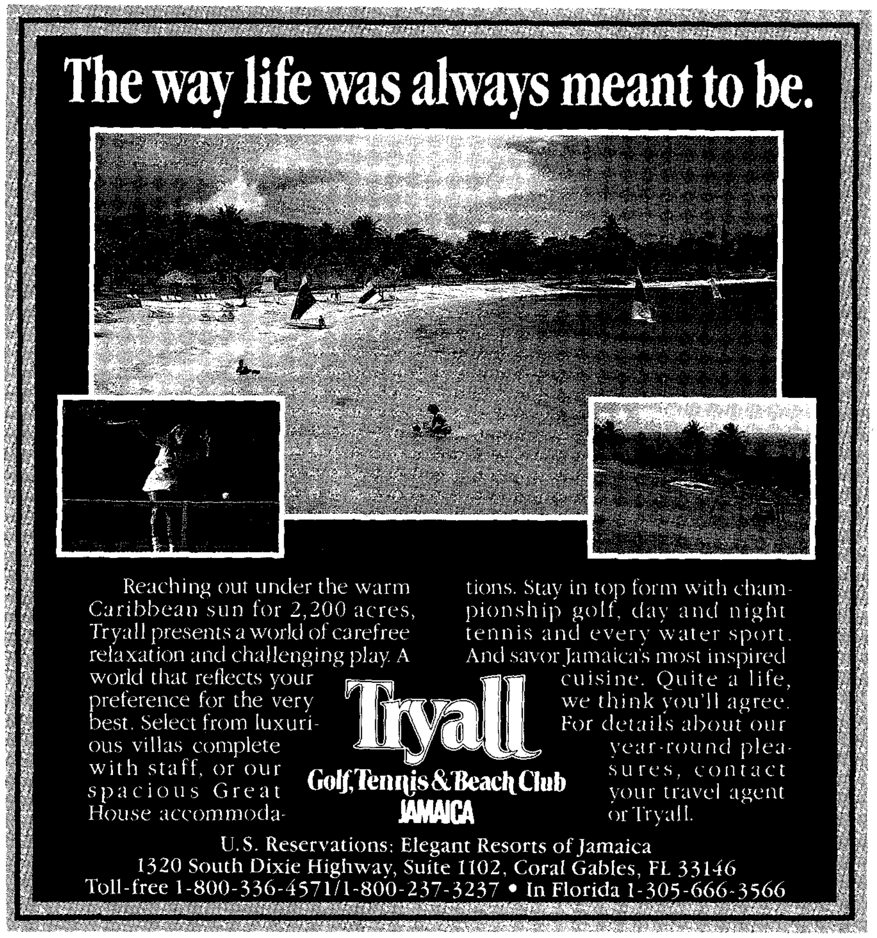
**One of the stores at Nelson's Dockyard, Antigua**

CARIBBEAN MASTERPIECES. When you visit the Caribbean, savor the fine art of duty-free shopping at Little Switzerland for jewelry, watches, china, crystal and perfume. Call us toll-free 1-800-524-2010. All major credit cards accepted.



Little Switzerland

St. Thomas • St. Croix • St. Martin • St. Barth • Antigua • Aruba • Curaçao • Bahamas


The way life was always meant to be.

Reaching out under the warm Caribbean sun for 2,200 acres, Tryall presents a world of carefree relaxation and challenging play. A world that reflects your preference for the very best. Select from luxurious villas complete with staff, or our spacious Great House accommodations. Stay in top form with championship golf, day and night tennis and every water sport. And savor Jamaica's most inspired cuisine. Quite a life, we think you'll agree. For details about our year-round pleasures, contact your travel agent or Tryall.

Tryall
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
JAMAICA

U.S. Reservations: Elegant Resorts of Jamaica
1320 South Dixie Highway, Suite 1102, Coral Gables, FL 33146
Toll-free 1-800-336-4571/1-800-237-3237 • In Florida 1-305-666-3566

PINEAPPLE BEACH CLUB
LONG BAY, ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES

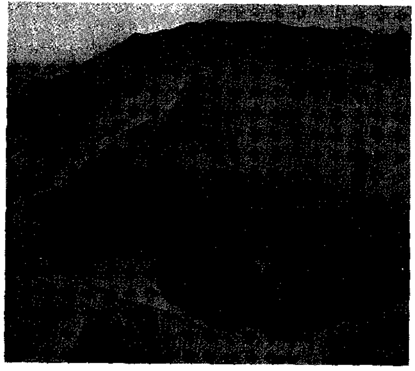
**One Price Includes Everything!**
• Inviting accommodations • All meals • Two great restaurants • Liquors and soft drinks • Six tennis courts • Water sports • Freshwater pool • Natural walking trails • Game room • Physical fitness exercise equipment • Live entertainment nightly • Transportation to shopping areas • Round-trip transfer from airport to hotel • Round-trip air from most U.S. cities.

**$1,299***
per person double, 7 nights including air on American Airlines.

For information, call:
**800-527-5982**
U.S. except N.Y. State
**212-545-8475**
N.Y. State & all other areas.
*Valid until Dec. 18, 1990.

COLONY CLUB HOTEL
A TRADITION
FOR THE DISCRIMINATING
Enjoy European-style service at this classic, impeccably beautiful 76-room hotel in the most magnificent beachfront setting in BARBADOS
1 800 372-1323; (212) 696-1323
A St. James Beach Hotel.

ANGUILLA
Perfect? Probably.
cinnamon reef Beach Club
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 • 914/763-5526
P.O. Box #800, Waccabuc, N.Y., 10597

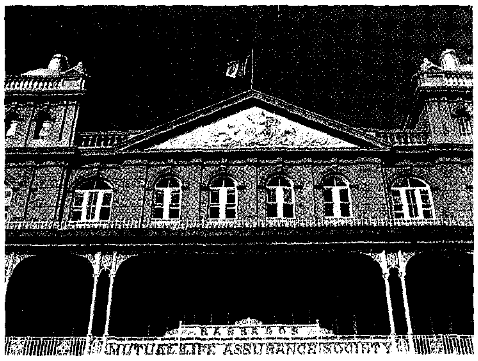

The volcano in St. Lucia offers unusual sightseeing

If it's the simple pleasures like tranquillity you're seeking, you might find them in the British Virgin Islands, where the liveliest event of the week is likely to be the Saturday morning market. There's not one neon sign in these islands, and hardly anything to do except enjoy the superb swimming beaches, some of which, like the Baths on Virgin Gorda, are famous throughout the Caribbean.

Anguilla's thirty-three white sand beaches and the fabulous reefs located just a few feet offshore lure swimmers and snorkelers looking for a protected, accessible site where they can see what's underwater without donning scuba gear. Sandy Isle, a tiny coral island just off Sandy Ground, Anguilla's deep-water harbor, is one of the most popular spots.

The Cayman Islands point to pirates in their past, which are celebrated each year during Pirates Week. These British islands are special favorites of scuba divers, who look for more than pirates' treasure; the undersea walls of the Cayman Islands have made them among the world's premier dive destinations.

But the Turks and Caicos are also attracting attention among divers these days — the walls, pinnacles, reefs, and coral in these islands are relatively undived and undiscovered. This British colony is warmed by the Gulf Stream and cooled by ocean



Bajan culture sometimes gives way to British styles breezes. Night life in the Turks and Caicos is impromptu and informal — casual dancing on the patio of an intimate inn or soft calypso played in the moonlight.

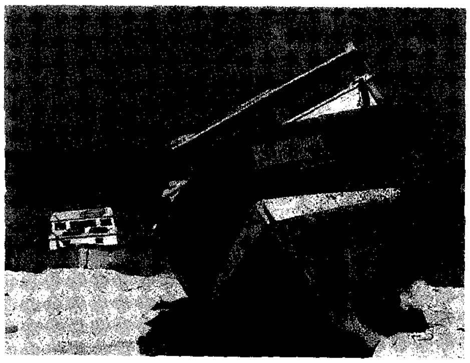
For deep-sea fishing as well as scuba diving, the Bahamas are perfect — their waters are teeming with game fish including marlin, tuna, sailfish, and tarpon, and there are plenty of charters to help you boat the record-breakers. Some of the grand hotels and public spaces feature elegant formal gardens in the British tradition. And after dark, the Bahamas boast duty-free shopping, discos, casinos, and nightclubs.

Evenings are lively in St. Kitts and Nevis, two small British islands that make up one Caribbean state; there are a casino and a few discos. But many of the island visitors are just as glad to linger over a late dinner in one of the former plantation houses or historic homes that have been turned into small, sophisticated hotels.

St. Lucia retains vestiges of traditional West Indian culture along with Gallic charm and English amenities. It also features some of the most stunning natural scenery found anywhere, including a drive-in volcano, a rain forest, and mineral baths fed by sulphur springs.

St. Vincent and the Grenadines are more than forty small islands that make up the southernmost group of the Windward Islands. Patois mixes with proper British English in St. Vincent's capital, Kingstown. Here, too, live the descendants of the Black Caribs, an Indian tribe that originally inhabited St. Vincent and the Grenadines, and that fiercely resisted British and French attempts to secure these islands for themselves.

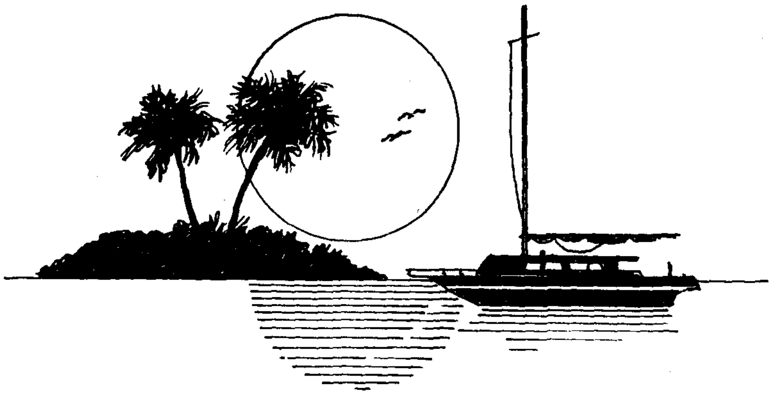
Antigua and Barbuda often seem like "private" islands. There's the wonderful shelling at Darkwood Beach, the fine shops and restaurants on Redcliffe and Heritage



**Boat painting is an art form endemic to Barbados**

Virgin Forests, Towering Peaks and Hummingbirds.
St. Lucia
IN THE CARIBBEAN
WHERE WONDERS NEVER CEASE

For information on competitively priced packages contact your travel agent or the St. Lucia Tourist Board, 820 2nd Ave., NYC 10017. 212-867-2950

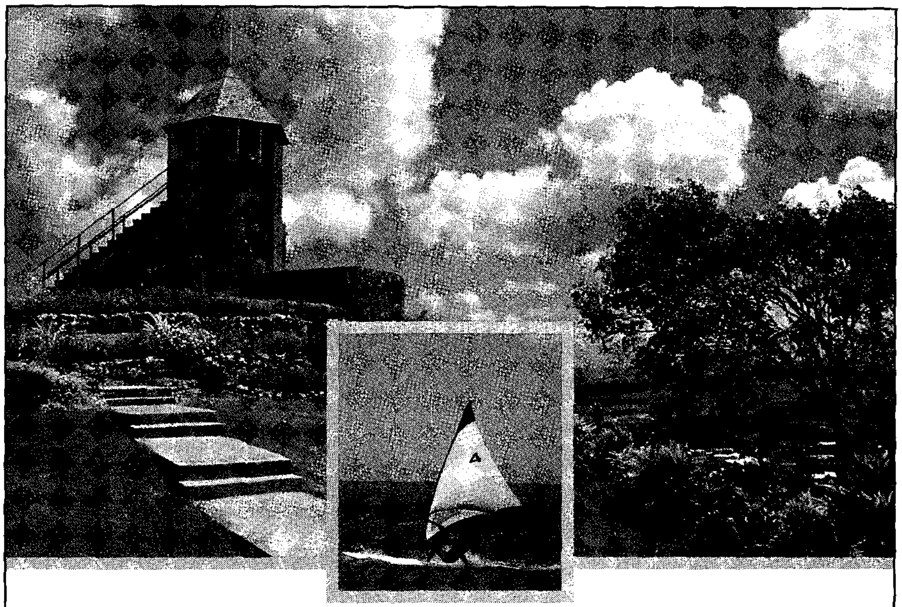


Escape To An Island Of Relaxation.

Surrounded on three sides by water, Biras Creek is a world apart from life's everyday pressures. No cars. No noise. No regimentation. Just 32 comfortably elegant suites set on 140 lush acres. You can wander on secluded tropical beaches, swim in the seaside pool, walk or bike along luxuriant nature trails, enjoy tennis, sailing and other outdoor activities, as you please. Add gourmet dining and concerned personal service and you have the perfect Caribbean vacation.

Biras Creek
VIRGIN GORDA · BVI

For reservation or information, see your travel agent or call toll-free: 800-223-1108.



Barbados Only Gets Better.

One vacation in Barbados is never enough. Not with so much to see and do. Good restaurants to sample. Beaches and caves to explore. Another culture to experience with people who are warm and friendly. Horseracing, water sports, golf, tennis, polo, cricket. All of which will bring you back to enjoy it all again.

BARBADOS
GOODNESS, GRACIOUS

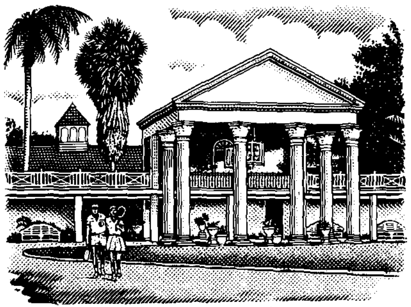
See your travel agent. Ask about the Small Hotels of Barbados. Warm, friendly, relaxed and very affordable.
*The Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017*

Sail a tall ship to a small island.

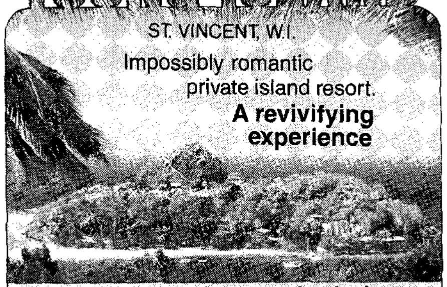
Running with the wind to great ports o'call in the exotic Caribbean. For 'old salts' and 'landlubbers,' join intimate fun-loving shipmates for 'barefoot' adventure under white sails.
6 days from $675
Send for FREE color Great Adventure Booklet.

Windjammer Barefoot Cruises

Box 120, Dept 232 Miami Beach, FL 33119-0120
TOLL FREE 1-800-327-2600
1-800-432-3364 (in FL)



Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
For brochure or res. call your travel agent
or 800-237-3237 or 305-666-3566
Member Elegant Resorts of Jamaica

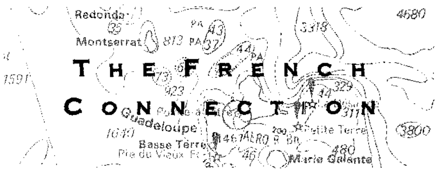


YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.
Impossibly romantic
private island resort.
A revivifying experience
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 (Nationwide)
P.O. Box #800, Waccabuc, N.Y., 10597

Quays, and Nelson's Dockyard at English Harbor, once the headquarters of the British fleet, now a marina complex that's especially lively during Sailing Week every spring.

Trinidad, especially during pre-Lenten Carnival, often seems more Spanish than British. That's understandable — Spain ruled this island for over two hundred years, and its influence is felt to this day. But if you come to Trinidad in the fall during Husayn, a three-day-long Muslim festival, or Diwali, a Hindu festival of lights, you'll see how the island's Chinese and East Indian settlers influenced its traditions and customs, too. Tobago, Trinidad's sister island, celebrates these holidays, too, but with quieter, more casual festivities.

## THE FRENCH CONNECTION



The French tricolor flies over the islands of Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Barthélemy, and half of St. Martin. There is a blend of French and African cultures that permeates these islands, where *bonjour* and *bienvenue* are said with a vivacious Caribbean accent and people smile and move with a seductive Gallic air.

St. Barts is the smallest of the French West Indies. Less than ten square miles, it has more than two dozen public beaches. The harbor is busy with yachts, boats, and schooners, and lately the island has become the "in" place for glamorous vacations.

Butterfly-shaped Guadeloupe is actually two islands, Basse-Terre and Grande-Terre, which describe not the terrains but the low and high winds that blow over them. Volcanoes, waterfalls, and unspoiled rain forests distinguish Basse-Terre; Grande-Terre, the butterfly's eastern wing, is pastoral, low lying, and fringed with

**French architecture can be found in Pointe-à-Pitre**

powdery sand beaches and coral cliffs. Pointe-à-Pitre is the hustling, lively port of the island, whose old city has a romantic, rakish charm, but yachtsmen also crowd into the lively marina at Bas-du-Fort from all over the Lesser Antilles. Guadeloupe has its own Riviera, and its shops close for the French ritual of leisurely lunches accompanied by carafes of wine, but there are bustling open-air markets and bazaars just a few steps away from the stylish boutiques of Pointe-à-Pitre. You can read *Le Monde* or *Le Figaro* over your morning café au lait, just as you can on the French side of St. Martin, but you can also spend the day hiking around the Parc Naturel, sail, snorkel, and swim, go to the horseraces, cockfights, or tennis matches, and linger over a tot of rum before dining on the Caribbean's most sophisticated cuisine.

> **THERE IS A BLEND OF FRENCH AND AFRICAN CULTURES THAT PERMEATES THESE ISLANDS.**

Martinique is the tropical flower of the French West Indies, exuding Gallic charm, West Indian warmth, the fragrance of frangipani, bougainvillea, orchids, and hibiscus, and the stylish cachet of its Creole ancestors. Steep mountains overlook yacht-filled harbors, the narrow balconied streets add a French flavor to its lively towns, and the splendid beaches of its Caribbean and Atlantic coastline come in two colors — pristine white in the south, and gray with volcanic ash in the north. Entertainment runs from cockfights to cabarets; local color is provided by kepi-capped gendarmes and Belle Époque architecture. Old women carry baguettes still warm from the

**A road through banana groves on Guadeloupe**

We do everything perfectly so you can do perfectly nothing.

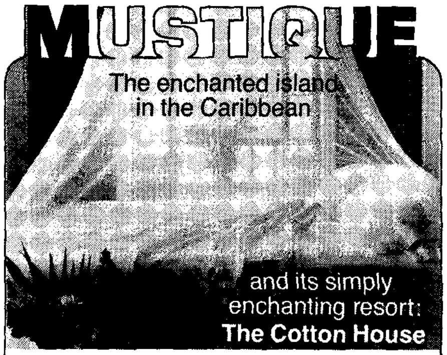
Extraordinary French architecture and cuisine. Legendary service and accommodations. The fine art of vacationing involves doing everything, and nothing, exquisitely. For reservations at La Belle Creole, St. Martin, F.W.I., call your travel professional or Hilton Reservation Service at 1-800-HILTONS.

LA BELLE CREOLE
A CONRAD HOTEL

Conrad International Hotels. The International Subsidiary of Hilton USA.

ADVERTISEMENT

Please fill out the reader-response card for more information about the exciting travel possibilities that await you in the Caribbean.



MUSTIQUE
The enchanted island in the Caribbean
and its simply enchanting resort:
The Cotton House
Brochure: (800) 223-1108
P.O. Box #800, Waccabuc, NY 10597

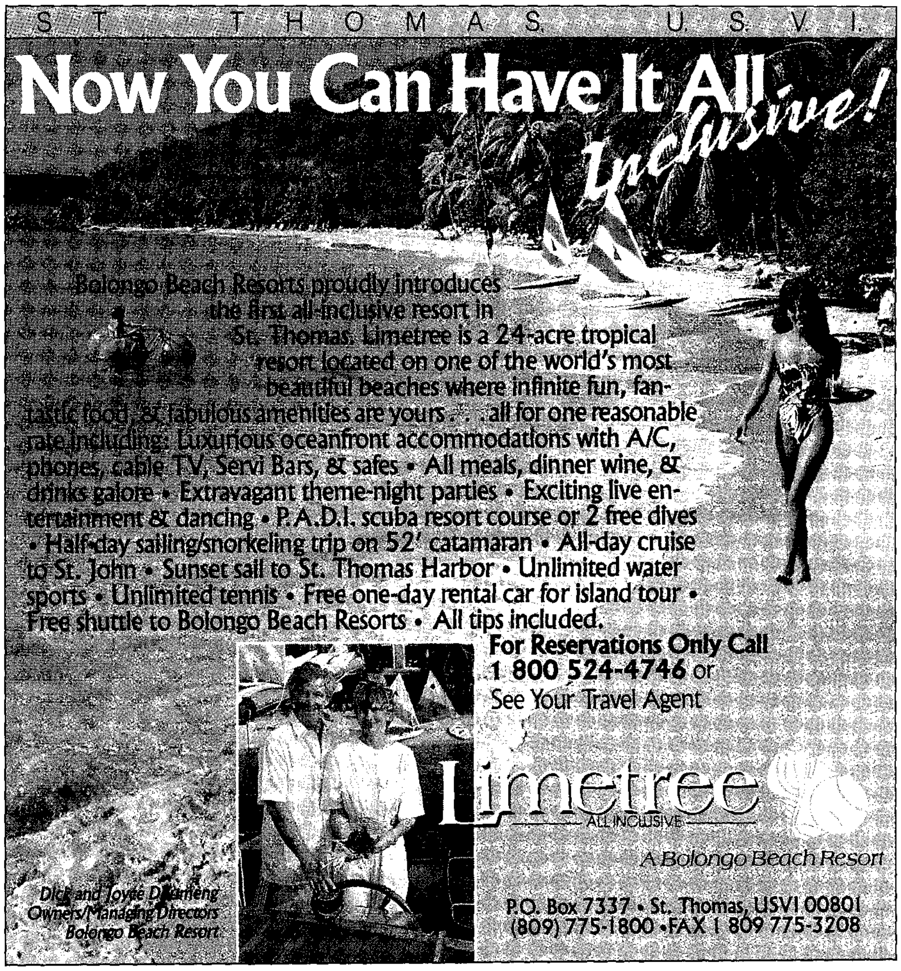
In The Caribbean, Nothing Outshines Us.
Come to Barbados for the ultimate in elegance and excitement.

The only 5-star resort on Barbados offers an idyllic beach, the island's only 18-hole golf course,* tennis, watersports, excellent service, award-winning cuisine, entertainment and elegant accommodations.

To hear all the wonderful details, call your travel agent or 1-800-225-5843.

Summer rates from $78 per person, per night, double occupancy.
*Complimentary greens fees to experienced golfers.

A Trusthouse Forte Exclusive Hotel
one of The Leading Hotels of the World®
Sandy Lane
Hotel & Golf Club, Barbados



Bolongo Beach Resorts proudly introduces the first all-inclusive resort in St. Thomas. Limetree is a 24-acre tropical resort located on one of the world's most beautiful beaches where infinite fun, fantastic food, & fabulous amenities are yours . . . all for one reasonable rate including: Luxurious oceanfront accommodations with A/C, phones, cable TV, Servi Bars, & safes • All meals, dinner wine, & drinks galore • Extravagant theme-night parties • Exciting live entertainment & dancing • P.A.D.I. scuba resort course or 2 free dives • Half-day sailing/snorkeling trip on 52′ catamaran • All-day cruise to St. John • Sunset sail to St. Thomas Harbor • Unlimited water sports • Unlimited tennis • Free one-day rental car for island tour • Free shuttle to Bolongo Beach Resorts • All tips included.

**For Reservations Only Call**
**1 800 524-4746** or
See Your Travel Agent

*Dick and Joyce Doumeng*
*Owners/Managing Directors*
*Bolongo Beach Resort*

P.O. Box 7337 • St. Thomas, USVI 00801
(809) 775-1800 • FAX 1 809 775-3208

The reachable dream.

STOUFFER
GRAND BEACH
RESORT
ST. THOMAS, USVI
Call your travel agent or 1•800•HOTELS 1.

STOUFFER RESORTS
© 1989 Stouffer Hotel Company
A Nestlé Company

*Service.*
*To the*
*last detail.*

- Newly modernized art-deco landmark on the beach between Old and New San Juan.
- 180 rooms, outdoor pool.
- Normandie Restaurant, Finest French Cuisine, Concierge and Executive Services.

Radisson Normandie Hotel
Call Box 50059 San Juan, Puerto Rico 00902
Tel. (809)729-2929 Fax (809)729-3083
"Radisson Reservations Worldwide":
800-333-3333

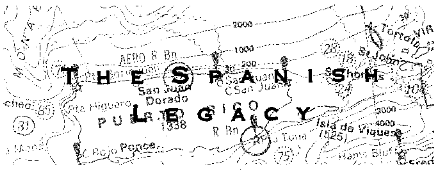
Galley Bay
Antigua, West Indies
Thirty Rooms • Half-Mile Beach
Call 1-800-223-6510
*"More a house party than a hotel"*

**GUANA ISLAND CLUB**
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS
**A very private island.....**
850 acre resort on nature sanctuary, 7 soft, white sand beaches, tennis, water sports, nature trails. Candlelit terrace dining. Only 15 rooms, quiet elegance. Reservations and information: Guana Island Club, 800-54GUANA or 914-967-6050

TOGETHER WE A
TOGETHERWE ACH

**The Spanish influence is one of many in Trinidad**

*boulangerie*, and younger ones sway their hips with Parisian insouciance on this island Columbus claimed was the most beautiful in the Indies.



## THE SPANISH LEGACY

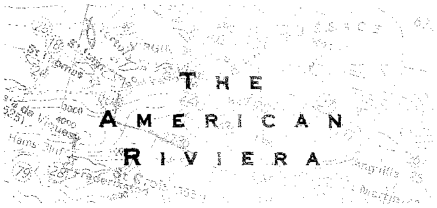
Once Columbus made landfall in the Bahamas, the Spanish fleet soon followed. Within a century, the conquistadores had subdued the native Indians, and the Spanish Caribbean stretched from Cuba to Puerto Rico. Many of the cities of the Greater Antilles were as magnificent as Seville, Madrid, and Grenada, and their mighty fortifications protected Spain's hegemony for almost three hundred years. Today the Spanish antecedents of the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and even Trinidad and Tobago, which were Spain's for three centuries, are still stongly felt and evidenced in these islands; in the cannonballs and other treasure occasionally brought up by divers off Trinidad, in the Spanish colonial architecture of the Alcazar and the Cathedral of Santa Maria la Menor in Santo Domingo, in the monuments and great houses of old San Juan, and in the pride and dignity of Hispanic Caribbean islanders.

The Spanish influenced the cuisine of the entire region; specialties like fried plantains, *chicharrone de polo*, *tostones*, and flan appear on menus throughout the islands, but in those where Spain ruled, the use of garlic, lime, and cilantro gives an added piquancy to these traditional favorites. There are no Spanish colonies in the New World today, yet the heritage of the past lives on here — in the congas and merengues the islanders dance at celebrations, in the magical properties of locally distilled rums, in the strong Catholic tradition revealed on feast days, and, especially, in the lively, colorful, gregarious islanders themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT

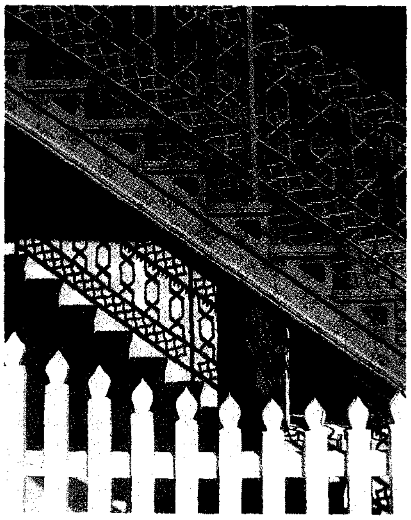
Government House on St. Thomas

While Puerto Rico is a commonwealth of the United States, this easternmost island in the Greater Antilles reflects the three centuries when it was the Pearl of the Spanish Main. Lively, vital, sophisticated, and romantic, this thirty-five-hundred-square-mile island offers mountains, rain forests, and beaches among its natural attractions, and restored Spanish towns, coastal villages, and thriving cities, too. It's not an island you can "do" in a day or two; there are just too many things to see, try, taste, buy, and hear. Spanish is spoken everywhere — along with English — and the music, culture, cuisine, and rhythm reflect the island's historic past as well as its political present.



## THE AMERICAN RIVIERA

Because the North American presence in the Caribbean region came relatively late in the islands' history, the contributions of the United States to their development are mostly recent, and evident in the excellence of tourist accommodations, fine service in



Shadows and light in multicultural St. Croix

ONLY THE VIRGIN GRAND ... ONLY ON ST. JOHN

Sailing At Sun-Up ... Tennis Under The Stars
Poolside Piña Coladas ... Candlelit Caviar ... White Sand Beaches
Magenta Flower Gardens ... Italian Marble ... English Amenities
The American Paradise

Virgin Grand St. John
HOTEL & VILLAS

**Special All Inclusive Rates Starting at $1350 Three Nights Per Couple**
4/1/90 - 12/19/90
For Reservations and Information: Contact Your Travel Agent or
**Call Toll-Free 800-323-7249 Conferences & Incentives: 800-323-7261**
Virgin Grand Beach Hotel, Great Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands 00830, 809-776-7171

**EXOTIC Island Treasures**
**Recapture the Spirit of The Caribbean**

***Order your FREE Island Treasures catalog and rekindle the memories of your last trip to the islands.*** This catalog is full of many handmade and unique items which, until now, could only be bought in the islands.

***Black Coral Jewelry*** *- yes, the genuine article*
***Handmade Model Ships,*** *perfect in the den or office*
***Handmade Silk Screen Designs***
*from Bagshaw's Studio - St. Lucia*
***Island Prints*** *- Bahamian Androsia, St. Lucian Caribelle Batik*
***The Hagstrom Collection*** *- Designs from nature uniquely interpreted in Silk Screen Graphics*
***Genuine Jamaican Blue Mountain Coffee***
*& much, much more...*

In our catalog you will find many wonderful gifts and souvenirs, direct from the Islands. Your catalog is waiting. To receive your free catalog phone toll free or write to us in St. Thomas: **Box 3966, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801.**

**1-(800) 545-0608**

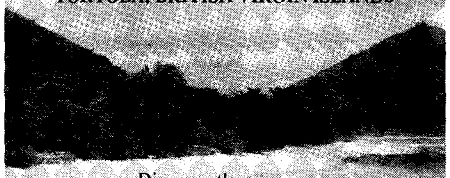
ST. CROIX

Everything you expect
from a vacation paradise.

Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108

The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Long Bay Beach Resort
TORTOLA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS



Discover the Caribbean's best-kept secret, Long Bay . . . Tortola's beach resort.

With under 100 guests, our hidden barefoot paradise spoils you with a choice of tropical accommodations, the Island's finest food, and nearly a mile of secluded beach.

Next time you want to escape—alone or with somebody special—to a haven that lets you do nothing but enjoy yourself . . .

**COME SHARE OUR SECRET**

For reservations call your travel agent or call 1-800-537-6247. For Brochure mail coupon to: P.O. Box 1049-LB, Rye, N.Y. 10580
Name __________
Address __________
City______ State ______ Zip______
Tel: (      )__________ NY

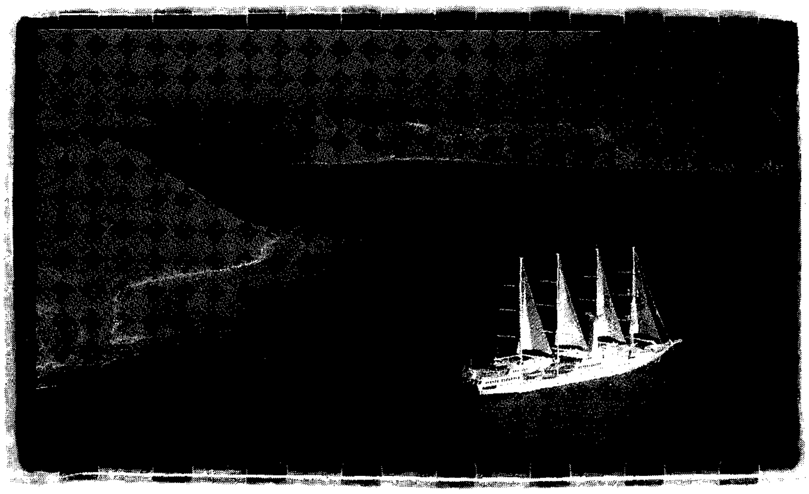
WINDSTAR®
SAIL CRUISES

Everything on board our sleek new 440-foot sail cruise ships is extraordinary. There are marvelous teak decks and skylit spaces. 74 luxurious cabins, each facing the sea. An ambience that's refined, a schedule that's unstructured. And 2 offbeat Caribbean itineraries of 7 days from Barbados or Antigua.

See your travel agent or send for a brochure on Windstar vacations in Tahiti, the Caribbean, Mediterranean, and Alaska.
Windstar Sail Cruises, P.O. Box 34374,
Seattle, WA 98124-1374 COMNY04C

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State_____ Zip__________
Phone (_____)__________

83° IN ST. BARTS.
180° FROM ORDINARY.



Ships' registry: Bahamas

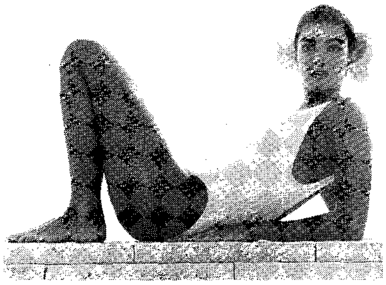
AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE

Sheraton Towers Over Cancun

Vacation With The Sun Gods Of Cancun
$72.50* per person per night in our new Towers

We're celebrating the opening of our magnificent Towers building with a level of service that's almost as remarkable as the white sand beach and crystal clear Caribbean waters that surround our fabulous 5-star resort. With such special features as exclusive registration, a private lounge for complimentary continental breakfast and personal Butler Service as warm as Mexico. Plus three pools, shopping arcade, 12 restaurants & bars, lively entertainment, watersports, health club, and excursions to ancient Mayan ruins. No wonder our new Towers is the talk of Cancun.

Sheraton Cancun Resort & Towers
The hospitality people of ITT
800-325-3535
or see your travel agent



*Based on double occupancy. Effective 4/1-12/20/90. Does not include tax/gratuities/airfare. Subject to availability.

AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE

pply. Note/photo a must.

**Warm & Beautiful.** Exotic nature; very romantic. Looking for lovers of gourmet dining, tennis, water sports, breathtaking views, and life in general. Point Pleasant, at Smith Bay, St. Thomas. A unique and natural resort. Call 1-800-524-2300 or see your travel agent.

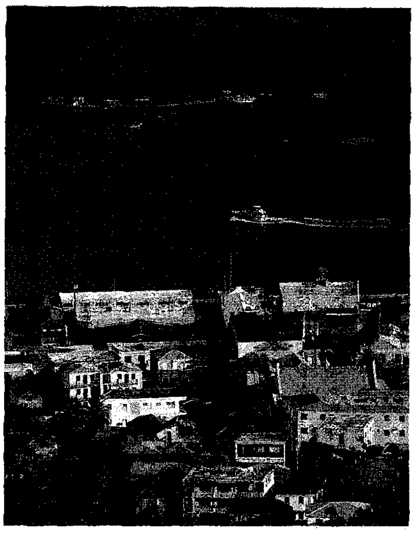
Intelligent, sincere,
seeks same. At
Warm. Super-
modest. If

GALLOWS POINT
St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands

A luxury hotel/condominium resort.
On the water's edge in St. John, the jewel
of America's Virgin Islands.

For brochures, rates, reservations:

GALLOWS POINT
P.O. Box 58
St. John, U.S.V.I. 00830
(800) 323-7229 (809) 776-6434



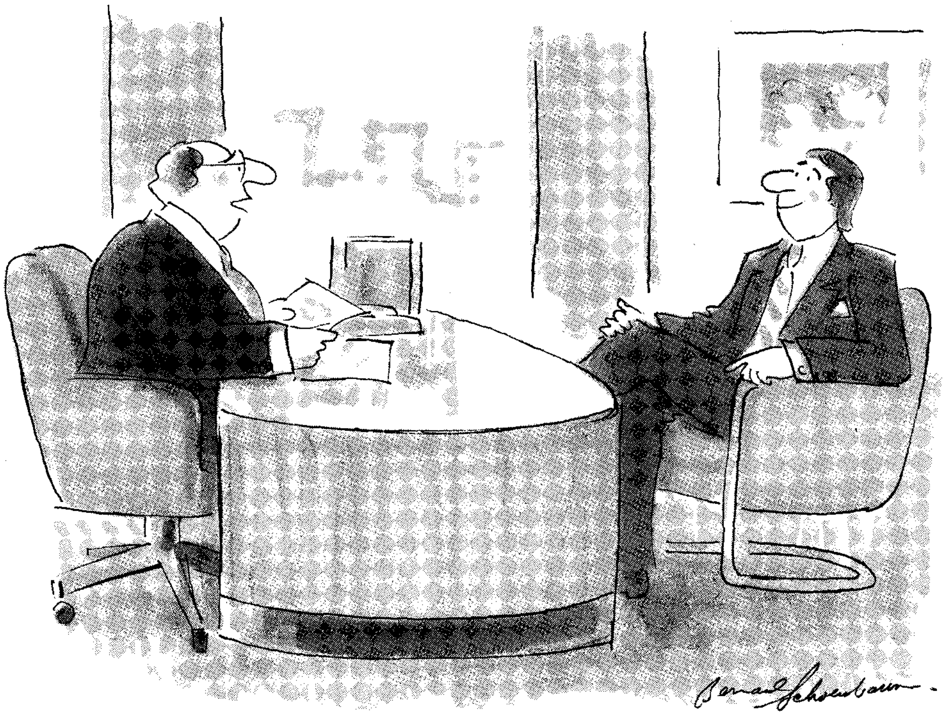
It's easy to see why cruise ships frequent St. Thomas

hotels and restaurants, advanced communications, and thriving commercial opportunities. The best known of the fifty islands that comprise the U.S. Virgin Islands are St. Croix, which was occupied by no less than eight nations in under one century of its stormy history; St. Thomas, the most popular cruise-ship destination in the Antilles; and St. John, whose major inhabited area is one of the U.S.'s most unique national parks. While duty-free shopping may appear to be the favorite local activity, the beaches, reefs, morning markets, arts centers, rum distilleries, and remnants of the islands' Danish, Swedish, and French colonization also offer travellers the ingredients of a superb vacation.

The license plates on local cars tout the Virgin Islands as America's vacation paradise, and with the islands' magnificent scenery, secluded beaches, hidden coves and harbors, endless sunshine, and blue tropical waters, it's easy to understand why. Add to these attractions the eighteenth-century Danish charms of Christiansted and the West Indian flavor of Frederiksted, both on St. Croix, the Norman-French village of Frenchtown on St. Thomas, and the restored sugar plantations and superb resorts on St. John, even the most jaded traveller will be captivated by their charm, ambience, and accessibility.

---

*Jane Adams is an author, journalist, and travel writer. Her newest book,* Wake Up, Sleeping Beauty, *will be published in June by William Morrow.*



*"Any qualifications other than being very comfortable with yourself?"*

• •

home. Like his A.B.s and his ordinaries, he is at home not only with hand-held jackhammers but also with clove hitches, running hitches, sheet bends, and bowlines. Of marlinspike seamanship there may not be a great deal left on the oceans, but you will find it in the shelter deck.

Duke is short and muscular and wears a puffy white hat. He grew up in Camden and Philadelphia, where one of his close friends was a boy named Mike Perlstein. In 1947, when Duke was eighteen—and a veteran of the North Atlantic in the wartime Merchant Marine—Perlstein told him about Aliyah Bet, the secret Jewish effort to lease or buy ships, clandestinely load them with displaced European Jews, and take them to Palestine. The ships were very old, and the crews were not paid. Duke volunteered. He sailed on a ship called Hatikvah, a former Coast Guard cutter, which crossed the ocean in ballast and then replaced the ballast with fourteen hundred Jews. Duke was one of two Gentiles on the ship. The other was Hugh McDonald, a Harvard law student. McDonald painted a shamrock on the Hatikvah's stack.

"A *shamrock!*" I exclaimed as the narrative reached this point.

Duke said, "He might have been Scottish, but he was a very well-educated man."

Like the Exodus and the nine other Aliyah Bet vessels that sailed from America in 1946 and 1947, the Hatikvah failed to penetrate the British blockade. Fifty miles off the coast, the Hatikvah was boarded. Its passengers and crew were interned on Cyprus. Eventually, Duke and everybody else made it to the Holy Land. In Haifa, the volunteers were provided with new clothing, which included a short-sleeved shirt. That embarrassed Duke, because his arms were covered with tattoos and he knew that Judaic tradition barred tattoos. Jewish officials went out and bought him a long-sleeved shirt. David Ben-Gurion heard this story. After Duke moved into the Kibbutz Genosar, David Ben-Gurion looked up the volunteers, and expressed astonishment that a Gentile would put himself out to such an extent for a Jewish cause. "I was young and idealistic," Duke explains. "I was trying to help these people have a homeland." Forty years later, Duke was invited to a reunion in Israel, which he attended with Yehuda Sela, Hillel Haramati, Menahem Peretz, Aryeh Malkin, Mike Perlstein, Paul Kaye, Murray Aronoff, Harry Weinsaft, Nat Nadler, Ben Ocopnick, Irving Meltzer, Yakov Ben-Yisrael, and other American sailors from the Aliyah Bet. Israel, in its gratitude, gave each sailor a medal, bearing the face of David Ben-Gurion.

Duke is highly skilled as a fly-fisherman and spin fisherman and as a bow hunter. A widower for ten years, he lives with his daughter on the southern fringes of the Pine Barrens. He has two granddaughters. Their mother works. Every day that Duke is ashore, he combs the hair of the younger one before sending her off to school. Wherever he goes on the ocean, he buys jewelry boxes. He puts gold in them in the form of rings, earrings, and chains. At this time, each granddaughter has ten thousand dollars' worth of gold.

After we left Panama, Andy went around the house like the Ship Crier, knocking on doors and calling, "Sea watches are set. Get up if you want to work. Rise and shine for overtime." With all our dockings and undockings and ulcerated rust, an ordinary seaman on the Stella Lykes can make more than an A.B., or even the bosun on a tanker: witness Peewee's thirty thousand dollars last year. In addition to overtime, an A.B. gets five dollars and forty-seven cents an hour for not eating lunch, if mandatory work on deck keeps him away from the food. It's called penalty time. J. Peter Fritz, the chief mate, says, "They eat, work, and sleep, and stand their watch. They get off and laugh all the way to the bank." Peewee averages more than seven hours of overtime a day, Calvin and Mac about six and two-thirds. The chief cook made fifty thousand dollars last year. There is a daily bonus if explosives are aboard. It's sometimes called ammo pay. In the engine room, there is a dividend known as daily dirty work, paid at the discretion of the chief engineer to some demac, like David Carter, who will work inside a boiler at a hundred and fifty degrees. Carter earned forty-five thousand last year.

The mates are paid copious overtime. The chief mate seems to work around the clock, and—forty-two days on, forty-two days off—goes home with roughly seventy-five thousand a year. Andy's base pay is a hundred and one dollars and twenty-eight cents a day, his overtime rate twenty-six dollars and thirty cents an hour. He gets overtime pay for, among other things, climbing twelve feet up turnbuckles and lashings to look at thermometers

UCLA EXTENSION

TRAVEL STUDY PROGRAMS IN England

SUMMER 1990

▪

THE LONDON/UCLA PROGRAM

Sotheby's
Victoria and Albert Museum
Royal Shakespeare Company
The British Museum
British American Drama Academy: International Theatre Festival
Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic

Courses in:
English Country Houses and Gardens from Within
The Beautiful Gardens of England and Holland
and
The Heartland of Hungary

▪

THE TENTH ANNUAL CAMBRIDGE/UCLA PROGRAM
*Trinity Hall, Cambridge*

For information call:
213/825-2085 ▪ Cambridge Program
213/825-9676 ▪ London Program
*(and Hungary)*

For a free and complete brochure mail this coupon to:
Travel Study Programs, UCLA Extension,
10995 Le Conte Avenue, Room 313,
Los Angeles, CA 90024-2883.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

*Day* (   )   *Eve.* (   )
TELEPHONE   HL A11

and record the temperatures of refrigerated containers. Every morning after breakfast, he reads the reefers for an hour. Luke Midgett, his predecessor as second mate on the Stella, grossed twelve thousand dollars in forty-two days.

On Mac's birthday, the ship itself was making money running slow, because we were ahead of schedule. Seventy-one revolutions per minute. Fifteen knots. Undertime. Even so, she was consuming a gallon of bunker fuel every five seconds, a barrel every three and a half minutes. Three hundred thousand dollars had bought enough fuel to get us from Charleston to Chile and back. Mac said, "When we get up to maximum speed is when she just drinking like water." The captain never goes higher than eighty-eight r.p.m., which makes about nineteen knots. Andy looked up from his weather reports, and his fingers began to tap a calculator. That would be fifty-nine gallons a mile, he told us—seventeen thousandths of a mile per gallon.

Calvin was hosing the flying bridge, and Peewee was mopping the wheelhouse floor—the ritual end of the watch. Calvin had a long-handled brush that reached down to the bridge windows. While the iron mike steered the ship, Mac, with a cloth and Windex, sprayed the glass from the inside. The ship makes its own fresh water, and in such abundance that the whole house can be washed, helping the paint to last.

Andy said that we had found the Humboldt Current. The sea temperature had dropped ten degrees, and the ship had been set (shoved) to starboard four miles in less than two hours. Captain Washburn said that the Spaniards had not had the seamanship to sail against "the old Humboldt." He said it took them three months to go from Panama to Lima. "They even tried rowing. They never mastered the use of sail, the way the English did. The English had to. Up there, you mastered the use of sail or you died."

The chief mate appeared for the eight-to-twelve. Victor Belmosa relieved McLaughlin at the wheel. "Don't hit a porpoise," someone said to him.

Belmosa said, "Straight between the anchors."

Mac, to greet his fifty-ninth year, gave himself a birthday present. He did not turn out for overtime. He went to his cabin and slept all day.

WE left fifteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight GAZ lighters on the dock in Valparaíso. We left four tons of mattress ticking, twelve tons of scouring pads, and two tons of books. We left fatty acid, silicic acid, nalidixic acid, polyvinyl-chloride resin, hexane, methane. We left eighteen thousand pounds of cellophane. We left eight pails of "flammable flavoring extracts," which, according to the cargo manifest, had a "flash point of 32 degrees Fahrenheit" and were "licensed by the United States for ultimate destination Chile and for distribution or resale in any destination except Soviet bloc, Laos, Libya, North Korea, Kampuchea, or Cuba." We left one container said to contain "sausage casings, water filters, auto parts, papermaking-machinery parts, and safety equipment—mixed," and another container said to contain "spare parts for front-end loader, paper-making machinery, aircraft parts, fluorescent tubes, valves, plastic film, air-conditioning parts, and epoxy catalysts." We left thirteen thousand pounds of sunflower seeds and twenty-five thousand pounds of alfalfa seeds. We left three hundred and sixty-four cases of hypodermic syringes that we had picked up in Colombia. We left a hundred and sixteen tons of steel strapping and (in Chile!) nine tons of copper wire. We left a ton and a half of money-changing machinery, forty-three tons of used clothing, a Model 1080 crane crawler, and a fire engine. Among other things.

We picked up three thousand cases of wine, two tons of button-down short-sleeved shirts, seven hundred bags of pentaerythritol tetranitrate, three hundred and fifty pounds of Chilean bone glue, and a hundred and thirteen thousand pounds of candy. We picked up eight hundred and seventeen desks and eight hundred and seventeen chairs. We picked up eighty-five cartons of umbrellas (on their way to Los Angeles), seven thousand spare tires (New Orleans), six thousand four hundred and eighty toilet pedestals (Chicago), and a hundred thousand pieces of kiln-dried radiata pine (destinations everywhere). We picked up nine tons of fruit cocktail, sixty-seven tons of raisins, a hundred and fifteen tons of canned peaches, two hundred and thirty thousand gallons of concentrated apple juice, four hundred thousand fresh lemons, four hundred thousand fresh onions, five hundred thousand fresh apples. And then we departed.

And now it is 4 A.M., cool, in the fifties, northbound, and the lights of Valparaíso go into the ocean behind us. The onions are in six abovedeck containers. The onions need air, and the doors of the containers have been left open. The aroma emerges like smoke. It thins in the wind, but some of it streams past the bridge. This is a night so dark and clear that Venus is lighting a path on the water. A broad, bright path on the water. If you look directly at Venus, you dent your retinas—you look away and see a purple planet. Andy has seen rainbows made by the moon.

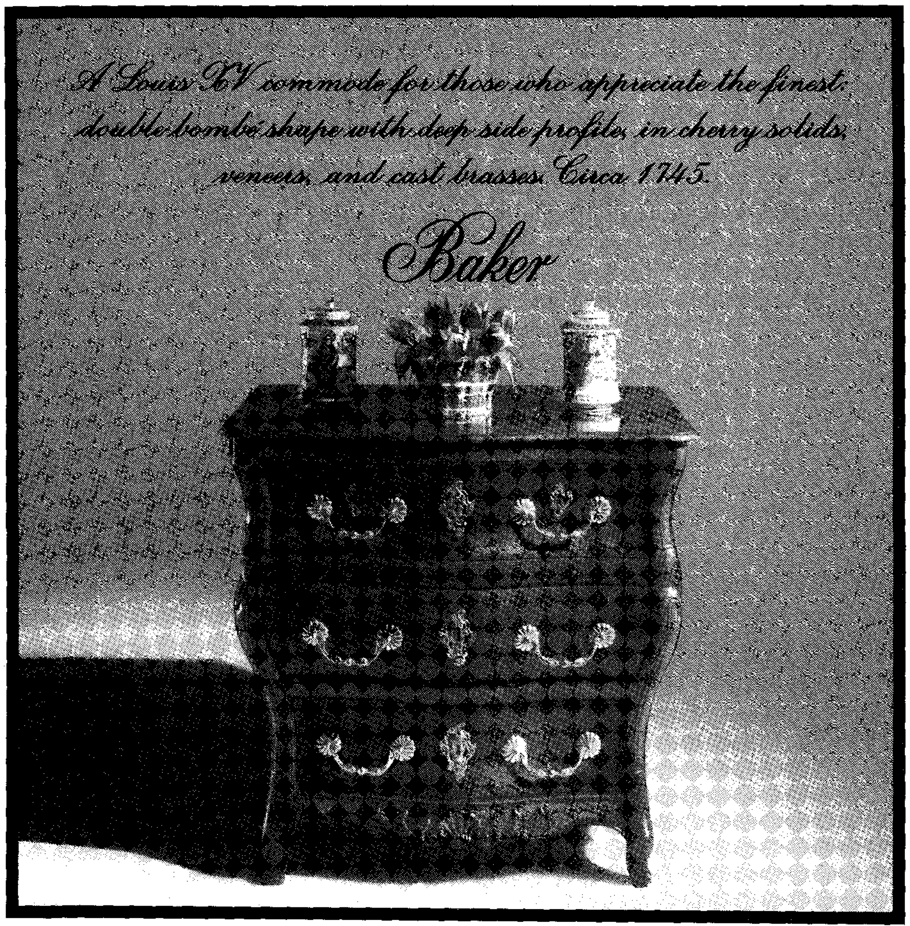
The shaft is making sixty revolutions a minute as the captain continues his slow economical trudge across the weekend to Peru. The ship, scarcely making fourteen knots, is all the more vulnerable to the big Pacific swells. The rolls are long and deep. She creaks like a bark in the doldrums. When Vernon McLaughlin takes over the wheel, he says, "I'd rather be in port than out here rolling around. If you were going to North Europe, you wouldn't be drifting around like this. You'd get up and be going, and hope to God the weather didn't catch you."

Dawn begins. It backlights the Andes. In day after day of overcast, we have not seen them before.

"Holy Toledo, look at those mountains, Mac. What do you say to that?"

"You can never please a seaman."

If the Fathometer were capable of registering awe, awe is what it would register now. While we are watching the mountain ridgeline, the machine is looking under the ship. On its electrolytic paper, the steep jagged sketch of the continental slope looks like cartoon lightning. The mountains rise beyond twenty-two thousand feet to the greatest elevation in the Western Hemisphere. The ocean close to the continent is as deep as the mountains are high. This trench—the Peru-Chile Trench—runs the length of South America. A few hundred miles north of us, near Antofagasta, it is twenty-six thousand feet deep. The abyssal plains of the world ocean floors are not nearly as deep as that. Like the Cayman Trench, the Peru-Chile Trench


A Louis XV commode for those who appreciate the finest: double-bombé shape with deep side profiles in cherry solids, veneers, and cast brasses. Circa 1745.
Baker

For your catalogue of the entire McMillen Collection, send $8.50 to Baker Furniture, Dept. 686, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Shown through the trade at 200 Lexington Ave., NY, and in showrooms in all major cities.

FRATELLI **ROSSETTI**

Available in Navy suede, Khaki suede & Tan greno $230

A CERTAIN WORLD WALKS IN ROSSETTI

**NEW YORK: 601 Madison Ave.**
**NEW YORK CITY 10022**
**TEL. 212·888·5107**

**WASHINGTON: 5454 Wisconsin Ave.**
**CHEVY CHASE, MD 20815**
**TEL. 301·907·7806**

is a phenomenon of plate tectonics. It is the site of a plate-to-plate collision. South America, moving west, is encountering the ocean-crustal rock of the Nazca Plate, which plunges eastward under the continent. Each increment of this motion is an earthquake. Each volcano is in part the product of melted ocean crust.

A geologist might say:

> It is hardly possible to doubt that this great elevation has been effected by successive small uprisings . . . by an insensibly slow rise.

The pried-up edge of South America is like a partly submerged cliff. As we move north with our toilet pedestals, our spare tires, and our two tons of button-down shirts, we are halfway up a ten-mile rise, ruffling the boundary of two fluids.

> Daily it is forced home on the mind of the geologist, that nothing, not even the wind that blows, is so unstable as the level of the crust of this earth.

The dawn is pink behind Mercedario, orange and pink behind Aconcagua. The range is black. There is a thin line of bright silver where the ridges intersect the sky.

> Every one must have remarked how mud-banks, left by the retiring tide, imitate in miniature a country with hill and dale; and here we have the original model in rock, formed as the continent rose during the secular retirement of the ocean.

The geologist is Charles Darwin, and those are descriptions of Chile, where he experienced an earthquake that was the most severe in local memory.

> I happened to be on shore, and was lying down in the wood to rest myself. It came on suddenly, and lasted two minutes, but the time appeared much longer. The rocking of the ground was very sensible.

He felt a little giddy when he stood up.

> It was something like the movement . . . felt by a person skating over thin ice, which bends under the weight of his body. A bad earthquake at once destroys our oldest associations: the earth, the very emblem of solidity, has moved beneath our feet like a thin crust over a fluid.

Darwin described a tsunami as well, and, by intuition, understood its behavior:

> I suspect (but the subject is a very obscure one) that a wave, however produced, first draws the water from the shore, on which it is advancing.

He described the mountains. By a leap of the intellect that seems to me to have gone far beyond intuition, he understood what made them:

> In all probability, a subterranean lake of lava is here stretched out. . . . We may confidently come to the conclusion, that the forces which slowly and by little starts uplift continents, and those which at successive periods pour forth volcanic matter from open orifices, are identical. From many reasons, I believe that the frequent quakings of the earth on this line of coast, are caused by the rending of the strata, necessarily consequent on the tension of the land when upraised, and their injection by fluidified rock.

Having Darwin for a guide—to people and places as well as rock—is a bright fringe of this voyage. Especially when he was young, he was such a clear, good-humored writer.

> Whoever called "Valparaiso" the "Valley of Paradise," must have been thinking of Quillota.

> The Chilian miners are a peculiar race of men in their habits. Living for weeks together in the most desolate spots, when they descend to the villages on feast-days, there is no excess or extravagance into which they do not run. They sometimes gain a considerable sum, and then, like sailors with prize-money, they try how soon they can contrive to squander it. They drink excessively, buy quantities of clothes, and in a few days return penniless to their miserable abodes, there to work harder than beasts of burden. This thoughtlessness, as with sailors, is evidently the result of a similar manner of life.

> These lizards, when cooked, yield a white meat, which is liked by those whose stomachs soar above all prejudices.

He wrote the sort of thing that can give other writers ideas. The seminal aspects of his work may have extended beyond science.

> By the middle of the day we arrived at one of the suspension bridges made of hide, which crosses the Maypu, a large turbulent river a few leagues southward of Santiago. These bridges are very poor affairs. The road, following the curvature of the suspending ropes, is made of bundles of sticks placed close together. It was full of holes, and oscillated rather fearfully, even with the weight of a man leading his horse.

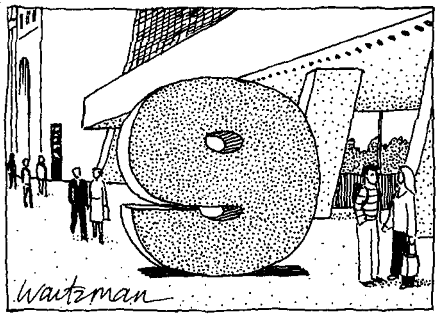
He was twenty-five when he reached Chile. He had a geological hammer, and he knew what he was hitting. He did not so much bring his geology with him, though, as figure it out in mid-terrain. The science in its modern form was less than forty years old. Plate tectonics, as a term coined to describe a theory, was a hundred and thirty-three years away. Yet he went through the country in 1834 decoding the message written in the stratified shingle. The presence of seashells at thirteen hundred feet did not suggest to him the flood of Noah. Darwin saw the stratigraphy, comprehended the structure, and understood most of the tectonics. And as far as he went he was right.

> No one fact in the geology of South America interested me more than these terraces of rudely-stratified shingle. . . . I am convinced that the shingle terraces were accumulated, during the gradual elevation of the Cordillera, by the torrents delivering, at successive levels, their detritus on the beachheads of long narrow arms of the sea, first high up in the valleys, then lower and lower down as the land slowly rose. If this be so, and I cannot doubt it, the grand and broken chain of the Cordillera, instead of having been suddenly thrown up, as was till lately the universal, and still is the common opinion of geologists, has been slowly upheaved in mass.

In the heavy roll, Stella's bridge wings alternately reach for the water, like the hands of a swimmer. Captain Washburn enters the wheelhouse. His belt buckle is stationed at his left hip today. There are days when the buckle is on his right hip. It is rarely in the middle. When we are not in port, he wears thinly striped semitransparent sports shirts, long dark trousers, running shoes. Always, he wears the baseball cap with the scrambled eggs. He says, "A quartering wind makes a ship roll."

McLaughlin, without expression, looks straight ahead. One does not need a Fathometer to sense what Mac is thinking. Let's get on with it, he is thinking. If you were in the North Atlantic, you wouldn't be drifting around like this.

The captain mentions Columbus. Captain Washburn would be unlikely to include Columbus on any list that also included Clean Shirt George Price, Dirty Shirt George Price, and Terrible Terry Harmon. "Columbus was a great big con man," he says. "Columbus knew where he was going and what was there. He thought it was closer—that was his mistake. He became nervous when he didn't find it.



The men said they were turning back. Columbus said, 'Not all of you are turning back. The ones I kill are staying here.' " With a pugilistic frown, Washburn looks around the bridge.

Columbus sailed with fifty-two men on a square-rigger that was a hundred and seventeen feet long. Washburn is sailing with thirty-three on a merchant ship that is six hundred and sixty-five feet long. Washburn calls this undermanning. Steaming between the Scylla of automation and the Charybdis of bankruptcy, contemporary American shipping companies find ways to get along without crewmen: they beach the purser, the second cook, the sous-chef, the extra third mate, a wiper or two, and various engineers. Many ships larger than the Stella Lykes have scarcely twenty men aboard. If you are looking for large crews, you would look to a navy. Darwin's little warship had a crew of sixty-five. A modern United States frigate, barely half the size of the Stella Lykes, will have two hundred and fifty men aboard, seven of them rubbing shoulders at any one time on the bridge.

When Darwin got off H.M.S. Beagle in Valparaíso, he was ashore nearly four months. When we got off the Stella Lykes in Valparaíso, we were ashore scarcely six hours before the longshoremen had loaded the button-down shirts, and the ship was preparing to go. The crew members do not see much of the countries they come to. Andy, who was so pleased to be making a run for the first time to the west coast of South America, could not get off in Cartagena or in Guayaquil and had time in Balboa only for a short walk with me. In Guayaquil, the ship was moved from one berth to another at noon, and he had to be aboard for that, and then at four he went on watch, and then we sailed. In the old days of the stick ships, turnaround time was long. A ship would sit in port a week or two. With the innovation of container ships and heavy-lift sheer-leg dockside cranes, the handling of cargo became intensely efficient. Our port visits are so brief that we often stay on sea watches. If port watches were set, a mate, for example, would be eight hours on and eight off, then eight more on and eight off, and then have thirty-two hours to himself. By that time, the Stella Lykes would be at least halfway to the next country. In the forty-two days of a voyage, J. Peter Fritz, the chief mate, who is in charge of cargo, usually goes ashore twice, and only briefly. The captain goes ashore even more rarely. When he comes up the gangway in Charleston to begin his routine of two voyages, he figures that the next time he sets foot on land will be eighty-four days later, in the same place. Andy was once on a dry-cargo ship that was in port a week at a time, but since then he has seldom been in any port more than twenty-four hours. Join the merchant navy and glimpse the world. Glimpse, in fact, only the seaports of the world. I heard a crewman say, "You get to Haifa, you can't get to Jerusalem. You get to Alexandria, you can't get to Cairo."

In some ways, we may be better off not getting much of anywhere. We have books and pamphlets aboard that warn of the hazards of South America, none in such replete fashion as Rand McNally's "South American Handbook," which is the definitive compilation in its field and is published in England. With respect to peril, the places we visit stand high in this book. It ranks Ecuador, Colombia, and Peru as countries where a traveller would be justified in feeling least secure. Intended for readers who have decided to expend large amounts of time, money, and energy on journeys in South America, it is a sort of welcome mat with land mines in it. Something seems to explode from almost every page:

> Always carry your passport with you; if it is not in your possession you may be taken to prison.
>
> You can be fined on leaving the country for staying too long.
>
> Don't get into . . . conversations . . . with any locals if you can help it.
>
> Beware of locals who smear mustard (or something worse) on you, and while you are cleaning it off, steal your belongings.
>
> Beware of armed robbery; at roadblocks it is best not to get out of your car.
>
> Be especially careful of people who describe themselves as plain-clothes police.
>
> Never accept food, drink, sweets or cigarettes from unknown fellow-travellers on buses or trains. They may be drugged, and you would wake up hours later without your belongings.
>
> Mugging, even in daylight, is a real threat.
>
> Hide your main cash supply.
>
> Take spare spectacles.
>
> Try not to resist.
>
> Don't pick up money in the street; it is often a ruse to rob you.
>
> Avoid staying in hotels too near to bus companies, as drivers who stay overnight are sometimes in league with thieves.
>
> Robbery is common on the beaches and you are advised to sit on your clothes.
>
> You shouldn't take a taxi which has 2

WASHINGTON
WEEK
IN REVIEW:

Exploring the issues that shape our times

Each week, noted journalists analyze the events that affect our lives on "Washington Week in Review," public television's longest-running public affairs program.

Now in its 23rd year, "Washington Week in Review" provides a probing in-depth look at what is happening in the nation and the world.

Ford Motor Company, in its 11th consecutive year, is proudly joined by Ford Aerospace in underwriting this informative program.

"Washington Week in Review" is produced by WETA in Washington, D.C. Consult your local listings for day and time in your community.

Ford

THINK OF IT AS T
YOU ADD AFT

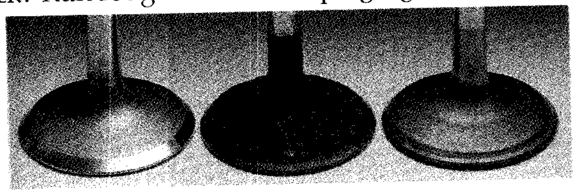
How well does *your* car run? Does it hesitate? Knock? Run rough? Or need more power?

If so, the answer may be simpler than you think.

You see, as today's engines have grown more and more sophisticated, gasoline quality has become more and more important.

That's why, at Exxon, we've put in over a million miles on the test track, dev oping a gasoline that is meticulously engineere today's precision engine

With Exxon 93 Supr you'll find all the octane you need to help preve knocks and pings, stop on and provide a smoot continuous flow of pow for virtually any car on t road today.



*Brand new valve with no miles.* *50,000 miles on a gasoline identical to ours, but without our additive package.* *50,000 miles on Exxon gasoline.*

©1989 Exxon Corp.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RFORMANCE OPTION
U BUY THE CAR.

And in all our unleaded grades, you'll also get e unsurpassed cleaning power of our advanced rmula XCL-12.® Because in today's precision engines, 's just as important for a gasoline to keep your fuel take system clean as it is to provide power.

Let's look at the results of a recent 50,000 mile xi test. Pictured at left you see three valves. he first is brand new. The one in the middle n on a gasoline identical to ours but without our dditive package – the valve is heavily crusted with eposit build-up. Finally, the valve on the right ran 50,000 tough taxi miles – not even on 93 Supreme, but on our *regular unleaded* – and still looks brand new!

So if you'd like to improve the performance of your car, stop at your local Exxon station and try a tankful of "precision equipment for precision engines."

Then – just turn the key.

EXXON 93 SUPREME.
**Precision equipment for precision engines.®**

> people in it as you may get mugged or robbed.
>
> We have received reports of drug-planting . . . on foreigners in Lima, with US$500 demanded for release.
>
> The activities of the "maoist" guerrilla movement, Sendero Luminoso, are spreading. . . . They have no love for foreign tourists.
>
> Travel in the departments of Ayacucho, Apurímac and Huancavelica . . . is hazardous as there are many police and troops in the area fighting guerrillas and detaining suspects.
>
> Tourists in the Callejón de Huaylas have been attacked, not so much by local people, but particularly by dogs.
>
> There are excellent hospitals in both Quito and Guayaquil.
>
> Many people have been badly poisoned by eating the blue berries which grow near the lake; they are *not* blueberries, they render the eater helpless within 2 hrs.
>
> Milk . . . is rarely pasteurized and, therefore, a source of tuberculosis, brucellosis, and food-poisoning germs. This applies equally to ice-cream, yoghurt and cheese.
>
> Stand your glass on the ice cubes rather than putting them in the drink.
>
> Locals sell necklaces made with red and black Rosary Peas (Abrus pecatorius), which are extremely poisonous.
>
> Rabies is endemic throughout Latin America so avoid dogs that are behaving strangely, and cover your toes at night to foil the vampire bats.

Sailors have returned to the Stella Lykes clothed only in their undershorts. The muggers peel them like bananas.

Glimpses of Guayaquil: Heavy construction, bamboo scaffolding . . . Rubber trees in the medians of streets . . . Shrimp cocktails in double goblets—the cooked shrimp in a glass sphere, surrounded by live, swimming fish . . . A checkerboard on a bicycle seat—a game being played with bottle caps, half of them upside down . . . In the heart of the city, the perched iguanas high in the branches of trees . . . The four clocks of the cathedral towers, each agreeing with the others, all correct twice a day. In the broad savannas across the Guayas, dark beans drying in the sun, green bananas beside the road. Papayas. Pineapples. Mangoes. Cane. The shrubs of coffee. The evergreen cacao. Billboards warning of "DROGADDICCIÓN." A clear-plastic bag of what appears to be gazpacho hanging from the handlebars of a policeman's motorcycle. Since the ship sails in two hours, it is time to return to the ship.

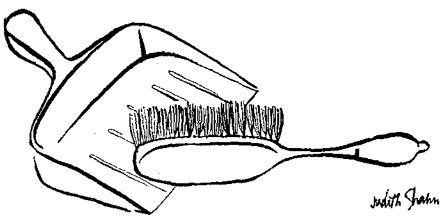
Glimpses of Valparaíso: Men in topcoats, women in fur-lined boots, the leafless trees, the dank English air, the February aspect of August . . . Grandmothers chewing bubble gum . . . As the hills go up, values go down. The streets are ever poorer as they rise. Darwin:

> The town is built at the very foot of a range of hills, about 1600 feet high, and rather steep. . . . The rounded hills, being only partially protected by a very scanty vegetation, are worn into numberless little gullies, which expose a singularly bright red soil.

The gullies, still numberless, are lined with houses, each one higher and simpler than the last, grading upward into shacks. Halfway up the hill is a prison with a cracked wall. From the yard inside come the voices of prisoners singing in chorus. At elevation fifteen hundred feet, the door of a tin shack opens. A woman emerges who would not look amiss crossing a Fifth Avenue sidewalk to a stretch limo. She walks beside a gully on a dirt path to a street, where she waits for a bus. From sixteen hundred feet, the view is of two cities (Valparaíso and Viña del Mar) in amphitheatrical bays, Stella Lykes in the toy harbor.

In Ecuador, Duke Labaczewski buys panama hats. He says they are better hats than he could buy in Panama. They are made underwater. He takes them to New Jersey and gives them to priests. In Valparaíso, crewmen buy stuffed piranhas. In Lima, they buy framed tarantulas. They buy framed bats that have the wingspans of sharp-shinned hawks. They drink a cream soda called Inca Cola. They look into the faces of uniformed men and women in flak vests and riot gear who carry tear-gas guns and rifles. They watch the armored vehicles with the turret-mounted water cannons. They retreat to the seaport, Callao—to the Happy Landing Night Club, to Anna's, to the Loussiana Bar. In Guayaquil you will find them in Anita's.

Evening, August 11th. Twenty-nine degrees south. The end of the first clear day in more than a week. The watch concludes in darkness. Rigil Kentaurus and Hadar point to the Southern Cross. At sea or ashore, of all our hurried glimpses here in the southern ocean, this is the most moving—this small, elegant assemblage of four proportional stars. They form a perfect shape. They are so unprepossessing that the attention they attract will not give way.



*

* *

*

There is a long quiet on the bridge. It is finally broken by McLaughlin, speaking in the dark from the helm. He says, "One of the foreign ports where I never go ashore is Miami."

"Did you go ashore in Valpo, Mac?"

"I went ashore in Valpo."

"How far did you get?"

"To the first bar."

NORTH through the night at thirteen knots doing ten-second rolls in the long Pacific swells.

Lying in your bunk, you can feel your brain sloshing back and forth. With your chin on your pillow and your arms spread, you are flying. Bank left. Bank right. Six banks a minute. As the ship heels, creaking, it sounds like a ratchet. Loose objects—"The Voyage of the Beagle," the "American Practical Navigator," the Casio HL-802 electronic calculator, the Seiko Quartz Snooze-Light alarm—have long since shot across the room, hit the walls, and fallen to the floor, where they move, and tumble against one another, like rocks in the bed of a stream. These big winter swells come all the way across the Pacific from New Zealand, six thousand miles, to close the ports of South America. They closed Valparaíso before we were there and will close it again within the week. And now we have come into the southeast trades. The wind, blowing on our starboard quarter, is perpendicular to the long swells, and the result is a confused sea.

On the bridge, before day, Calvin King's presence at the wheel is signed by the glow of his cigarette. Calvin seems to live on smoke. He stands steady, and seems not to notice any motion but the ship's heading. One assumes that if the ship were going down he would continue to inform the mate, in his slow Carolinian voice, "Three-four-one, three-four-one," until his drawl became a gargle. His thoughts this morning are on the foundering not of himself but of the

United States Merchant Marine, and the absence of opportunity for young sailors. "An entry man now, he's looking at a lost cause," Calvin is saying. "To make a long arm short—the best I can sum it up—we just don't have any ships."

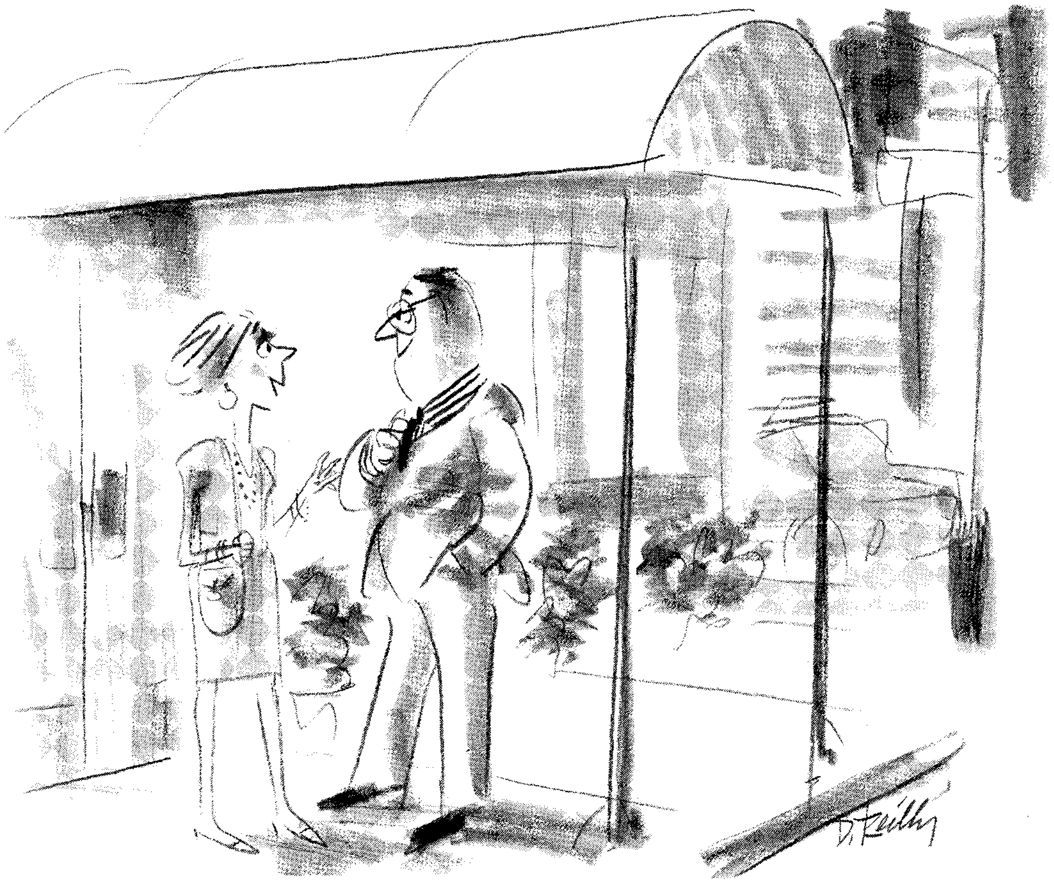
Vernon McLaughlin, by contrast, continues to be anything but oblivious of the rolling of the ship, of the turning of the shaft at a few revolutions per hour (or so it seems to him). As dawn passes, and he takes over as quartermaster, he says, "We are going backward. This is an ocean ship, rocking and creaking, and it's fucking monotonous." He is reminded of voyages across the Pacific. Like Calvin, though, he is physically steady on the moving deck. It does not concern him that the ship is trying to throw him over a bridge wing.

Likewise Andy. As the heavens fade, Andy has been out on the port bridge wing shooting Achernar, Mars, Sirius, and Venus—plucking them from the drift of clouds. Good with a sextant, he resembles a Castilian shepherd drinking wine. Ordinarily, he shoots the stars as an academic exercise, a way of keeping fresh his celestial navigation, which he figures out with his calculator and his dividers in the chartroom. As second mate, he enjoys his role as the ship's "navigator"—laying out courses on charts. However, the essence of the navigation has been purloined by the computer SatNav, which receives its intelligence from satellites. Some days ago, Andy said, "I almost wish the SatNav would bust down, so I could do something more challenging." This morning, he's got his wish. The SatNav's digital clock reads 10:08:19 Greenwich mean time. It has read 10:08:19 Greenwich mean time for two hours. As successive satellites have passed overhead, the SatNav has not accepted a fix. By taking fixes about once an hour, it ordinarily tells us, among other things, how far our next programmed way point is and where we are at the moment. In some places, such as the North Atlantic, there are redundant systems of electronic navigation—Decca, for example, in North Europe, in addition to loran and SatNav. A nervous ship may be using them all. Down here in the Southeast Pacific, SatNav is alone. Other electronic systems are not in place here, or anywhere near here. The SatNav includes a feature called automatic heading, but in fact it doesn't know what your heading is unless you tell it. Having shot the stars and now the rising sun, Andy knows where we are. He wants to tell SatNav, but he is unable to. Like a person whose cursor has ceased to blink, he is locked out of SatNav's keyboard. He has never before faced such a problem. He is speed-reading the SatNav manual. He, too, is impervious to the ship's roll. With his sextant, Andy could fix the horizon and shoot the sun from the bar of a flying trapeze.

Steaming south, when we did not see sun or stars from Guayaquil to Valparaíso, SatNav got us there. "If the SatNav is out and you can't use your sextant, you stay on dead reckoning," Andy remarks now. "You will see the coast on radar long before you hit anything. If the radar conks out, the problem becomes larger."

Captain Washburn arrives on the bridge, previously informed and unconcerned. He says he never uses SatNav anyway. Like Dirty Shirt George Price and Rebel Frazier, he has an instinct for dead reckoning—the deduced reckoning of one's position from recorded course and speed. He says, "Every once in a while, we have to tell SatNav, 'Hey, fool. We're over here.' "

SatNav, in its time, has been known to reciprocate. The development of satellite navigation has brought some embarrassment to the hydrographic charts of the world. For example, we happen at the moment to be on the "Pisco to Arica" chart of the waters of Peru and

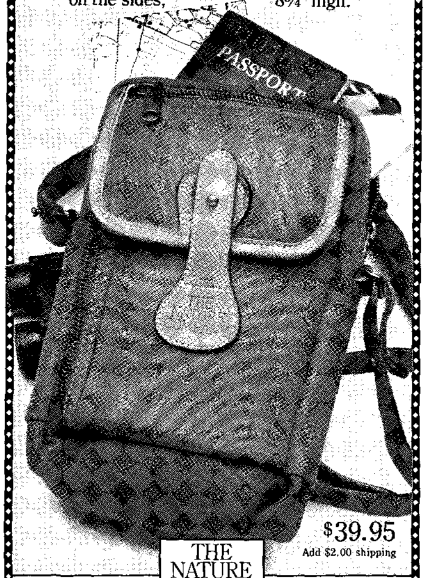


*"I've had a lovely evening, Keith, and may I say that I found you every bit as caring, sensitive, warm, witty, emotionally available, open to commitment, eclectic, values-rooted, stable, cultured, centered, fit, sincere, adventurous, unglitzy, down-to-earth, spontaneous, and fun as your ad promised you would be."*

• •

THE NATURE COMPANY

CLASSIC FIELD AND TRAVEL BAG
Rich leather and twill shoulder pouch holds camera or binoculars in padded main compartment, plus maps, passport, sunglasses or pocket tools in separate enclosures on the sides. 8¾" high.



$39.95
Add $2.00 shipping

THE NATURE COMPANY

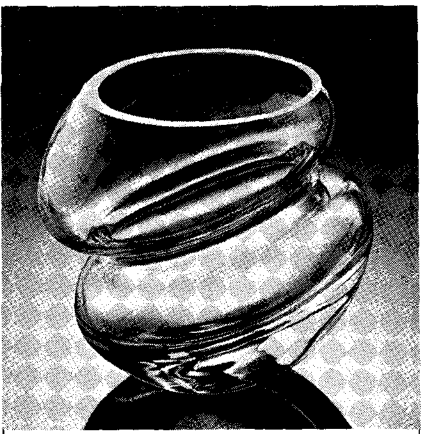
NEW YORK
LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO

BOSTON
MINNEAPOLIS
WASHINGTON D.C.

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-227-1114
THE NATURE COMPANY DEPT NY 40 P.O. BOX 2310
BERKELEY, CA 94702 (ADD TAX WHERE APPLICABLE)

PLEASE ASK FOR OUR NEWEST CATALOG

STEUBEN 1990
CATALOGUE

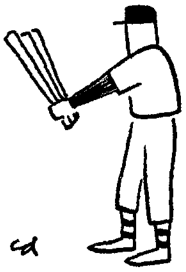

© Corning 1989

120 pages of brilliant crystal gifts and selections for collectors. Priced from $135. Please enclose check for $6 with this coupon. Mail to Steuben Customer Relations, Corning Glass Center, Corning, NY 14831. Above, Nimbus Vase by Paul Schulze.

Name
Address
City
State Zip 3N

STEUBEN
THE CLEAREST FORM OF EXPRESSION

Chile, which dates to the British survey conducted in 1836 by Captain Robert Fitzroy, of the Beagle, with additions and refinements through 1958. As a result of satellite navigation, a large purple box has been added to this chart warning that a stretch of coastline near Punta del Infiernillo is almost two miles closer to Australia than its charted position. New York is where it thinks it is, but, until recently, if you looked at the chart of the "Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea" you discovered that the entire island of Antigua was "reported to lie one and a quarter miles northward of its charted position." When Andrew Marvell, in the sixteen-fifties, reported that "the remote Bermudas ride, in th' ocean's bosom unespied," he was singing the song of SatNav, which showed that Bermuda was not in its charted position. Satellite measurements found that several of the Caroline Islands were misplaced by as much as three miles. Cartographers have had to move Africa.



Andy and the captain discuss their sextants—comparing their astigmatizers, their ability to pluck bodies out of clouds, their need to filter the brilliance of first-magnitude stars. This may be the only sextant shootout I will ever see. The captain admits to the difficulties he has when he tries to work with a bubble sextant but asserts that he can sense the horizon even if he can't see it. He says, "I've got a bubble inside my head that the rest of you guys don't have."

On merchant ships, they still marvel that John Wayne could read latitude and longitude right off his sextant on the bridge wing of a ship of the U.S. Cinemarine. Moreover, he did it on a cloudy day.

Andy likes to quote something he calls Higgins' Law, which comes off a wall at Maine Maritime: "USE ONE ELECTRONIC SYSTEM AND YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHERE YOU ARE. USE MORE THAN ONE AND YOU'RE ALWAYS IN DOUBT."

I have asked him if merchant ships can get along without celestial navigation.

"No" was his reply. "It's the one thing that doesn't rely on power. There is nothing else to fall back on when SatNav fails. Licensed deck officers don't really need to understand nautical astronomy, though. They just have to know how to do it. They don't need to know the constellations. They can use the sight-reduction tables for selected stars. You can shoot a star by looking first in the tables for its altitude and bearing. Then you set the sextant and shoot it."

The gyrocompass runs on power. The gyro informs the automatic pilot. Not only does the gyro have to be running; it has to be running properly. A merchant ship left Norfolk for South America and ran aground on Long Island. When the gyro was turned on, it evidently began spinning the wrong way. North became south, and south became north. The next day, the ship went aground in New York. Captain Washburn savors this story. "That was in the early nineteen-fifties," he says. "She started for South America and hit Fire Island. On the way, she went through three or four watches, and no one—no one, as in not one—checked the gyro against the magnetic compass. A gyro being a hundred and eighty degrees off is not that uncommon. That story of the grounding on Fire Island is meant to show you, 'Hey, that gyro is just a machine and it can malfunction. Hey, check the equipment. Check that gyro with the magnetic repeatedly.' That is why they use that story in classes. Hey, if just one guy on one watch had checked that gyro against the magnetic and said, 'Hey, something's bad wrong here,' that wouldn't have happened. The ship went through at least three watches before it hit Fire Island. All *three* watches were involved. When they were aground, they had no idea where they were."

Andy says, "The insidious thing is that so much of your equipment is calibrated to that gyro. As the gyro wanders off course, everything else wanders with it. So everything agrees. Everything checks out. Your autopilot will follow it around ever so slowly. Your course recorder won't show a change of course. Your radars will agree with it. Everything else will agree with that gyro."

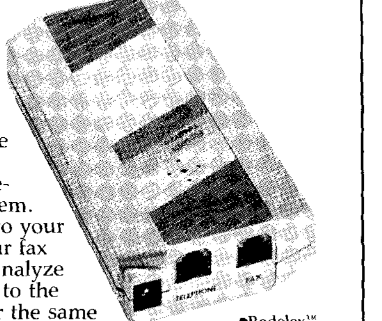
Captain Washburn was leaving Charleston one time and had settled in his bunk for a nap when sunlight came streaming through his porthole. Given the hour and the ship's intended heading, sunlight coming through the porthole was about as alarming as a flood of green sea. In a few seconds, Washburn was on the bridge. "The gyro said ninety but it was really two-seventy, and we were heading back for Charleston," he says, continuing the story. "Meanwhile, the mate was up there leaning on his chin, you know, heading away from the sun, the ship turned all the way around, a hundred and eighty degrees, going back, you know, and all of this isn't registering. We were just starting the trip—and I'm supposed to go below and *sleep* with him on the bridge?"

In the eighteenth century and before, a ship's captain would almost always be the only person on the ship who could calculate the ship's position. He used the instruments and possessed the skills of navigation. The chronometer came into use in the seventeen-sixties. The sextant was invented in 1731. Cruder devices for measuring the angles between celestial bodies and the horizon—the astrolabe, the cross-staff—preceded the sextant. Whatever the instruments were, they were emblematic of the captain—the one person who could get the ship from A to C without veering off to G or wrecking it on B. This godlike knowledge helped to subordinate the crew and, if things went sour, to prevent mutiny. If you threw the captain overboard, who would get you home?

Nathaniel Bowditch, of Salem, Massachusetts, who was born in 1773, undertook to bring navigation out of the realm of mystery and into the understanding of ordinary seamen. His first pupil was himself. He did not go to school beyond the age of ten. He went to sea at twenty-one. He was the skipper of a merchant ship before he was thirty. He taught his sailors math. He taught them navigation. Like every other ship's master, he used John Hamilton Moore's "The Practical Navigator" as a text, but after he had found and corrected eight thousand errors in Moore's book he rewrote it completely and, in 1802, published it under his own name. This became the "American Practical Navigator," subtitled "An Epitome of Navigation." There is one on every Navy ship, one on every merchant ship—a copy in the chartroom of the Stella Lykes. The book has long since been taken over by the Defense Mapping Agency of the Department of Defense and is continually revised. Universally, it is known as

HIRSCHFELD 5

ADVICE AND DISSENT
They're contentious and contagious. They're the McLaughlin Group. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.
**Made possible by a grant from GE.**
THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP
Check your local listing for station and time.
*We bring good things to life.*



*Now run your fax and telephone on the same line, with . . .*
**Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs.**
**only $\$79^{\underline{95}}$***
**But read this ad for an even better deal.*
You simply are not "with it" without a fax machine—it's as indispensable as the telephone. But many of us, at home or in the office, are holding back from buying one, because of the cost and inconvenience of having to install a second telephone line. *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs* solves the problem. Simply plug this sophisticated switching system into your phone line and then plug both your phone and your fax into the *Faxmate*. This clever telephone device will analyze the incoming signal and send it either to the fax or to the phone. And, of course, it lets *you* fax or phone over the same line, and without having to do any switching or plugging. It is a wonderful convenience and a real bargain, because installation of an extra line and a couple of months' rent on that extra line will probably cost more than the *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs.*
We are the exclusive importers of *Rodelex™* electronic instruments in the U.S. and can bring you this clever device for just $79.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $159.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** You need a fax machine in order to be efficient in your business or at home. Don't be held back because of that extra line. Get with it, and get your *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs* today!
•Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs *lets you use your fax and your phone on the same line—both for incoming and outgoing phone/fax messages. It comes with its own power supply. You can connect it in seconds.*
FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **Code #4236A303** for *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs.* If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Faxmate 168vs.* and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.
**For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.**
*since 1967*
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Bowditch. It is two thousand pages long, includes vastly more than how to get from A to C, and, from its star charts to its discussion of relative bearings, is the Britannica of the sea. If John Wayne had known what he was doing, he would have put down the sextant, picked up a pencil, and referred to the tables in Bowditch.

Andy Chase owns Nathaniel Bowditch's sextant. This is not the sort of thing he is likely to confide to the captain. When Andy goes on ships, he doesn't take it with him. He takes another. He leaves the heirloom at home and will someday present it to a museum. I stumbled across this curious fact when Andy was trying to teach me how to use a sextant, and I was looking for the angle of Mimosa, a star of the Southern Cross. There were aspects of Andy's background that had long puzzled me. For example, he had studied in a New England prep school, just about the last milieu one would imagine as a nursery for the Merchant Marine. Yet he took off from the school and shipped out on a bulk carrier. One of his grandfathers was a professor of history at Harvard. To be sure, when Andy was born his father was running a boatyard on Long Island Sound, and he later worked for a tuna company and flew the world as a sort of water-pack diplomat, visiting the tuna industries of numerous countries. But, for all that, I was struck by the apparent paradox between the fabric of Andy's origins and the romantic profundity of his attachment to the sea. And I remained so until this morning, when I was trying to hold the bright Mimosa in the index mirror of the sextant, and he told me about the priceless old sextant at home, and explained that it was there because Nathaniel Bowditch was his great-great-great-grandfather. On page 3 of the current edition of the "American Practical Navigator" a naval historian says that Bowditch learned more than twenty languages in order to be able to acquire the navigational knowledge that he passed along to American sailors. When Andy called at Leningrad on the Waterman freighter Thomas Jefferson, he studied the names of Russian ships from the launch that carried him ashore. The names generally appeared twice—in both Roman and Cyrillic characters. Before the launch reached the dock, Andy had figured out the Cyrillic alphabet, and he was able to get around in the city on buses. In common with numerous sailors on the Stella Lykes, Andy has a tattoo on his right forearm. Off the bulk carrier Kristin Brøvig, he went ashore near Sydney, aged sixteen, and looked around for a parlor. He explains that he chose to do this where he did for "the pure sound" of the word "Australia"; that is, it would never do to be tattooed in a place like Scranton. "It was a romantic notion. I wasn't drunk. I wasn't impulsive. I damned well wanted a tattoo. My brother had a tattoo. Real sailors had tattoos. People tell me I'm supposed to regret it. Unless you're convinced you want it, you shouldn't do it. There ain't no turning back. I've never regretted it. I looked at the sketches all over the walls, and picked out the one that I wanted. It's a square-rigger coming over the horizon, coming out of the rising sun." When Andy was in his teens, he sailed five thousand miles working for his brother Carl, who was the hired skipper of a schooner called Nathaniel Bowditch.

BELOW the bridge deck is the boat deck, and on the boat deck is Captain Washburn's office. Nine A.M. I often sit here in the morning drinking coffee, reading manifests, and listening to him. "My house is your house," he says, and the remark is especially amiable in this eight-deck tower called the house. During the night, a planned avalanche occurred in the office. From seaport to seaport, papers accumulate on the captain's desk. "Paperwork has become the bane of this job," he says. "If a ship doesn't have a good copying machine, it isn't seaworthy. The more ports, the more papers. South American paperwork is worse than the paperwork anywhere else in the world but the Arab countries and Indonesia." Deliberately, he allows the pile on his desk to rise until a deep roll on a Pacific swell throws it to the deck and scatters it from bulkhead to bulkhead. This he interprets as a signal that the time has come to do paperwork. The paper carpet may be an inch deep, but he leaves it where it fell. Bending over, he picks up one sheet. He deals with it: makes an entry, writes a letter—does whatever it requires him to do. Then he bends over and picks up another sheet. This goes on for a few days until, literally, he has cleared his deck.

LAUNDRY
HAPPY CHONG
LAUNDRY
STUART LEEDS

The roll that set off last night's avalanche was probably close to thirty degrees. In a roll that is about the same, my tape recorder shoots across the office and picks up the captain with Doppler effect. Retrieving it, I ask him, "How many degrees will Stella roll?"

"She'll roll as much as she has to. She'd roll fifty degrees if you'd let her—if she was loaded wrong—but normally she'll roll in the twenty-to-thirty-degree range. That's average for ships. It doesn't slow her down or hurt her. She is a deep-sea vessel, built for rough weather. We don't see much rough weather down here. We used to run this coast with the hatches open. That would be suicidal anywhere else. Every day, somewhere someone is getting it from weather. They're running aground. They're hitting each other. They're disappearing without a trace." Once, in a great storm, Terrible Terry Harmon said to Washburn, "Do you know how to pray?" When Washburn nodded, Harmon said, "Then try that. That's the only thing that's going to save us now."

Straightening up with a sheet of paper in his hand, Captain Washburn looks out a window past a lifeboat in its davits and over the blue sea. After a moment, he says, "I love going to sea. I do not love that sea out there. That is not my friend. That is my absolute twenty-four-hour-a-day sworn enemy." He shows me a map of maritime casualties. He also has back issues of the *Mariners Weather Log*, a publication of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration that chronicles marine disasters throughout the world and features among its reported storms a "Monster of the Month." Nautical charts, such as the ones in use in our chartroom, upstairs, include a surprising number of symbols denoting partially submerged wrecks and completely submerged wrecks. Nearly all the ships that appear on modern charts have been wrecked in the past fifty years. "Here's a handsome ship went down," the captain continues, with a finger on his map. "She just went out and was never heard from again. So it isn't just these little nondescript ships like In God We Trust that disappear. Almost every hour of every day someone is getting it. Right now someone is getting it somewhere."

A likely place is a foul sea about eight hundred miles north of Hawaii that is known to merchant seamen as the Graveyard of the North Pacific. "You can pick it up on the shortwave," Washburn says. "You hear, 'SOS. We're taking on water. SOS. We're taking on water.' Then you don't hear the SOS anymore." There are weather-routing services that help merchant ships figure out where to go. Washburn suggests that they are in business not to provide maximum safety or comfort but to shave as close as they dare to vicious weather and thus save time and fuel. He happened to be visiting the home office of one of these services when it had a client in the Graveyard of the North Pacific and was guiding it between two storm systems. He wondered what might happen if the storms coalesced. He asked why such ships did not go past Hawaii on a route that has proved safe for four hundred years. The weather-routers said, "Then who would need *us*?"

When Washburn was a teen-age ordinary seaman, he sailed with a master who had written what Washburn describes as "a big sign inside the logbook":

> Take Care of the Ship and the
> Ship Will Take Care of You

The sign now hangs in Washburn's head. In his unending dialogue with the ship, the ship tells him things that its instruments do not. There is no Weatherfax map on the Stella Lykes—only the barometer, the barographs, the teletypes from NOAA. The radar can see a storm, but that is like seeing a fist just before it hits you. When a storm is out there, somewhere, beyond the visible sky, the ship will let him know.

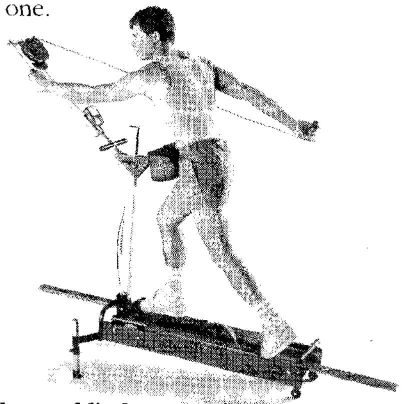
"When you get close to a big storm, you can feel it. For some reason, the ship takes on almost a little uncertainty. She's almost like a live thing—like they say animals can sense bad weather coming. Sometimes I almost believe a ship can. I know that doesn't make sense, because she's steel and wood and metal, but she picks up a little uncertainty, probably something that is being transmitted through the water. It's hard to define. It's just a tiny little different motion, a little hesitancy, a little tremble from time to time."

Off Hatteras, things can be really hesitant. A lashed-down crane will pull a pad eye out of the deck. A pad eye is a D ring made of steel two inches thick. "This ship is very strongly built," Washburn says. "She's sturdy and reliable. There's lots of horsepower down there. She will answer the rudder. She will respond. She's a capable and trustworthy ship. You know what she'll do and you know her limitations. They aren't crucial, but you can't expect her to do things where you know she's a little short. You can't suddenly demand that of her and expect to get it. It isn't there. She's American-built. There's good steel in the hull. Those frames are close together. She'll roll on a following sea, but she's got a high-raised fo'c'sle head and a sharp bow. She's built for rough weather. She's built for rough handling. She's built to take seas and fight back. You cannot overpower seas. But she can deal with what's out there. She was built to go to Scandinavia in the middle of winter."

To make the North Europe run in winter is something that many American sailors do everything they can to avoid and others just refuse to do. No matter how straitened they may be and hungry for work, they will pass up the winter North Atlantic. Having grown up near this ocean and knowing no other, I was surprised to learn this. Years ago, when I was a student for a time in Europe and went back and forth on ships in winter, I thought it was normal for the keel to come out of water as the hull prepared to smash the sea. I didn't know anything about load lines—Plimsoll marks—or classification societies. For a ship to thud like a ton of bricks and roll at least forty degrees seemed a basic and expectable standard condition. I had no idea that this ocean in winter was in a category of its own. On various ships on the North Europe run, Captain Washburn has stayed awake for as much as seventy-two hours, catnapping in a chair on the bridge. "You're tacking into weather," he explains. "Winds and

Take a walk on NordicTrack and discover why it's 8 ways better than a treadmill.

1. **Better exercise.** NordicTrack simulates cross-country skiing, the world's best total-body exercise.
2. **Non-jarring.** NordicTrack eliminates unsafe jarring motions which can damage joints & ligaments.
3. **Safer.** NordicTrack uses no electric motors or high-speed belts that can throw off a user.
4. **You are in control.** No panic starts and stops as with motorized devices.
5. **Quieter.** NordicTrack eliminates the pounding footstep noise associated with treadmills.
6. **No electric cord or outlet required.** With NordicTrack you are not constrained by outlet locations.
7. **Costs far less for equal quality.** NordicTrack needs no expensive electric motors and speed controls. And little upkeep is required.
8. **Non-boring.** 7 out of 10 owners are still using their machines more than 3 times a week, 5 years after purchasing one.



*The world's best aerobic exerciser.*

NordicTrack
A CML Company

**Free Brochure & Video**
Call Toll Free **1-800-328-5888**
In Canada 1-800-433-9582
☐ Please send me a free brochure.
☐ Also a free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ________ State ______ Zip ______
Phone ( ) ____________
141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
265D0

seas can become so strong that you can’t always go in the direction you want to.” For more than four years, he was the skipper of the Cygnus, and most of its runs were to North Europe. In the early weeks of 1983, he was trying to make his way north into the English Channel, but the Cygnus’s big diesels were overmatched, overwhelmed. Washburn tacked back and forth almost helplessly, and the ship—five hundred and sixty feet, fourteen thousand deadweight tons—was blown sideways into the Bay of Biscay. “We couldn’t get out. We ended up near Bilbao.”

On the side of a merchant ship is a painted circle, a foot in diameter, with a horizontal line running through it marking the depth to which the ship can be safely loaded in summer. Near it are shorter horizontal lines, more or less like the rungs of a ladder. They indicate the depth to which the ship can be safely loaded in various seasons and places. The highest line, representing the heaviest permissible load, is marked “TF.” Tropical fresh. This means that you can go up a river in the tropics to a place like Guayaquil, load yourself down to the TF line, and go back to the ocean, where the density of the water will lift the ship to another line, marked “T.” That is as deeply loaded as you are permitted to be in a tropical ocean. These levels, worked out specifically for each ship, “take into consideration the details of length, breadth, depth, structural strength and design, extent of superstructure, sheer, and round of beam,” and are collectively called the Plimsoll mark, after Samuel Plimsoll, a member of Parliament who, in the eighteen-seventies, wrote the act creating them in order to outlaw the greed-driven excessive loading that was the primary factor in the sinking of ships. When British people call rubber-soled deck and tennis shoes plimsolls, they are referring to him. The United States adopted the Plimsoll mark more than fifty years later. Load lines are set by classification societies, which are private companies that play a checking, testing, and supervisory role in ship construction—services that are optional in the sense that if you don’t sign up for them no one will insure your ship. Society initials appear on the hull of a ship as a part of the Plimsoll mark: the American Bureau of Shipping (AB), Lloyd’s Register (LR), Bureau Veritas (BV), Germanischer Lloyd (GL), Norske Veritas (NV). Below the summer load line is a line marked “W.” It marks the depth to which the ship can be safely loaded in winter. Some distance below that is the lowest line of all. It is marked “WNA.” To burden a ship only to that line is to give it the lightest load in the whole Plimsoll series. The WNA line marks the maximum depth to which the ship can be safely loaded in the winter North Atlantic. Andy has remarked about a company that runs to Iceland, “If you get a ship on that line in the winter, you’re going to get creamed and you know it.” The North Sea, the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Horn, and the Gulf of Alaska are the stormiest waters in the shipping world after the winter North Atlantic.

The great-circle route between North Europe and New York bucks the storms of the upper latitudes. Captain Washburn likes to say that if you were to take two new ships and run one to North Europe via the Azores and the other to North Europe on the great circle, after a year you would have one new ship and one “damaged, beat-up ship.” He continues, “If you go south and the weather comes after you, you can go on going south. If you go north and the weather comes after you, you have containers over the side and the crew in the hold chasing loose cargo. You—you are going nowhere.”

While Vernon McLaughlin was on the American Legacy, her skipper tried to run to the north of a storm and ended up against Newfoundland in a Force 12 gale.

“For two days, the ship pounded as it pitched, and rolled forty; you looked out the sides in a trough, and it looked as if you were underwater. There was a great crack in the superstructure in front of the house. Containers were lost over the side. Others were stood against each other like swords when a marine gets married. One that broke open—shoes fell out of it for the rest of the voyage. On other ships, I have seen seamen fall on their knees and pray, they were so afraid.”

While Andy was night-mating the Sea-Land Performance in Charleston, Captain Crook told me about a January crossing he had made years before on the great-circle route from the Virginia capes to the Strait of Gibraltar. “We hit the worst sea storm to hit the North Atlantic ocean in two hundred years,” he said. “For fifty-two hours, the captain was on the bridge trying to save the ship. Speeding up in the trough to maintain control, slowing up just before the crest so he wouldn’t pound the ship too hard. Waves tore the mast off. The bridge was a hundred and fifteen feet off the water. Waves went over us. The decks were solid ice. Whole tractor-trailers were washed over the side. A forty-five-ton truck-crane was loose on the deck like a battering ram. House trailers on the second deck were completely demolished. I was truly afraid.” An ordinary seaman was on lookout on the bridge when the ship lurched and hurled him through the wheelhouse door onto the port-side bridge wing, where he slid on his back across ice and went through the railing. He grabbed the railing, hung on, and dangled above the monstrous sea. Crook went out and pulled him back.

Andy once said to me, “I love being up on the bridge when it’s rough. I enjoy being on watch in rough weather. It’s so impressive. It’s spectacular. Huge seas. Strong winds. At some point, you cross from awe to terror. I haven’t been at that point yet—the ultimate storm. It could change my attitude.” Andy hasn’t seen anything worse than a fifty-five-foot sea breaking over him when he was running coastwise on the Spray in the winter North Atlantic. “My height of eye was fifty-two feet off the water, and the water broke over the bridge and hit the radar mast. Water went down stacks into the engine room.” Not enough water to change his attitude.

That wave was what the *Mariners Weather Log* calls an ESW, or Extreme Storm Wave—a rogue wave, an overhanging freak wave. Coincidence tends to produce such waves—for example, when the waters of colliding currents are enhanced by tidal effects in the presence of a continental shelf. Often described as “a wall of water,” an Extreme Storm Wave will appear in a photograph to be a sheer cliff of much greater height than the ship from which the picture was taken. Captain

Washburn calls it "a convex wave." He goes on to say, "You don't get up it before it's down on your foredeck. The center is above sixty feet high. You can't ride over the center. You *can* ride over the edge. A ship has no chance if the wave hits just right. It will break a ship in two in one lick. Because of the trough in front of it, mariners used to say that they fell into a hole in the ocean."

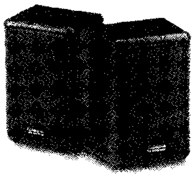
In the winter North Atlantic, the demac David Carter has oftentimes tied himself in his bunk after propping his mattress up and wedging himself against the bulkhead—to avoid getting thrown out and injured by a forty-five- or fifty-degree roll. He got his first ship after nearly everyone aboard had been injured. On one voyage, Carter had a big chair in his cabin that was "bouncing off the bulkhead like a *tennis* ball." In his unusually emphatic, italic way of speaking, he goes on, "Pots won't stay on a *stove*. After a night of no *sleep*, a full day of *work*, you get nothing but a *baloney* sandwich if you're lucky. They soak the tablecloth so nothing will *slide*. I hope you won't get to see that. If you wonder why we *party* and get *drunk* when we're in port, that's why."

On February 11, 1983, a collier called Marine Electric went out of Chesapeake Bay in a winter storm with a million dollars' worth of coal. She was a ship only about ten per cent shorter than the Stella Lykes and with the same beam and displacement. Our chief mate, J. Peter Fritz, wished he were aboard her. She was headed for Narragansett Bay, her regular run, and his home is on Narragansett Bay. He grew up there. As a kid, he used to go around on his bike visiting ships. He took photographs aboard the ships, developed and printed them at home, and went back with the pictures to show the crews. They invited him to stay aboard for dinner. ("Some guys liked airplanes. To me it was just the ships.") He watched the shipping card in the Providence *Journal*—the column that reports arrivals and departures. Working on a tug and barge, he learned basic seamanship from the harbormaster of Pawtuxet Cove—knots, splicing, "how to lay around boats the right way." As a Christmas present an aunt gave him a picture book of merchant ships. As a birthday present she gave him the "American Merchant Seamans Manual."

Peter grew up, graduated from the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, and went to sea. It was his calling, and he loved it. He also loved, seriatim, half the young women in Rhode Island. He was a tall, blond warrior out of "The Twilight of the Gods," with an attractively staccato manner of speech. Not even his physical attractions, however, could secure his romantic hatches. "Dear Peter" letters poured in after he left his women and went off for months at sea. Eventually, he married, had a son, and left the Merchant Marine. For several years, he worked for an electronic-alarm company and miserably longed for the ocean. ("I will not admit how much I love this job. The simple life. Having one boss. Not standing still, not being stagnant; the idea of moving, the constant change.") Eventually, he couldn't stand it any longer, and went off to circle the world on the container ship President Harrison. ("I had *the* killer card. I had planned it.") He made more money in eighty-seven days

The First Component Music System You Can Take Seriously. Anywhere.

Call today- Enjoy it tomorrow.†



*The drivers used in Model Eleven's two-way satellite speakers are no-compromise, high-performance components—just like you'd expect to find in the finest home speaker systems.*

Model Eleven™ is the first *transportable* high performance component music system. It consists of a powerful 3-channel amplifier and two "satellite" high-frequency speakers—all packed in a "BassCase"™ that, when empty, serves as the system's subwoofer. Model Eleven's performance, when coupled with your portable CD or tape player, rivals that of the most expensive component systems. And because we market it directly from our factory, it costs hundreds less than it would in stores.

Model Eleven's three speakers are designed to work *with* a room's acoustics to create seamless, musically accurate sound virtually identical to our critically acclaimed Ensemble® speaker system.

And it can be used anywhere in the world—115- or 230-volts AC, or 12-volts DC. It fits under an airline seat (or can be checked as baggage) so you can take it anywhere. But Model Eleven's sound is so good, so "big," you may want to keep it home.

Try Model Eleven Risk-Free For 30 Days. Call 1-800-AKA-HIFI.*

Like all our products, Model Eleven is only sold factory direct...by helpful, experienced audio experts. So you can audition it the *right* way—in your home for 30 days, with no risk. At $599† we know of no music system near its price (transportable or not) that approaches its sound quality.

*9AM to midnight (ET), seven days a week. In Canada, call 1-800-525-4434. Fax: 617-332-9229. Outside the U.S. or Canada, 617-332-5936.

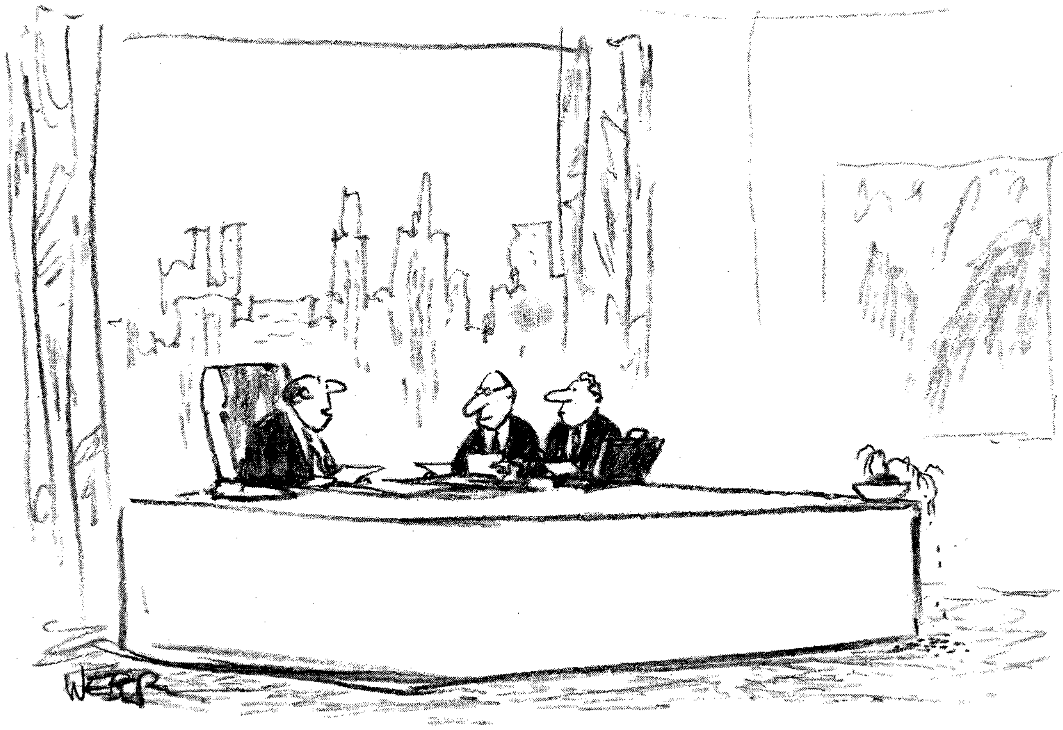
*Henry Kloss created the dominant speaker models of the '50s (AR), '60s (KLH) and '70s (Advent)—as well as our highly acclaimed Ensemble and Ambiance™ speakers. While packing a stereo system into a suitcase before a vacation, he realized that an amplifier, a CD player and two small speakers take up the same space required for an acoustic suspension woofer to reproduce really deep bass. That was the inspiration for BassCase, Model Eleven's bass speaker enclosure which doubles as the entire system's carrying case.*

- Fits under airline seats.
- Can be checked as luggage.
- Works on all electrical systems.
- Delivers the full range of music.
- Is backed by a unique 5-year warranty.
- Makes an ideal Fathers' Day or Graduation gift.

© 1990 Cambridge SoundWorks. ® Ensemble is a registered trademark of Cambridge SoundWorks. ™BassCase, Ambiance, Model Eleven and Cambridge SoundWorks are trademarks of Cambridge SoundWorks, Inc.

**CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS**
Suite 132A, 154 California St., Newton, MA 02158

☐ Send me more information on Model Eleven.
☐ Send Model Eleven risk-free for 30 days, for $599.†
☐ Send me information on other Cambridge SoundWorks products.
I'm paying by ☐ Check ☐ MC ☐ Visa ☐ AmEx
Acct. Number______________ Exp.______
Signature______________________
Name______________________
Address______________________
City______________ State____ Zip________
Phone (Area Code)_____ Number__________
FOR IMMEDIATE SERVICE: 1-800-AKA-HIFI.
MA residents add 5% sales tax.
†Plus UPS freight $5–$14. Delivery time usually 2–7 days. Next day shipping extra. We ship worldwide, including APO & FPO.



*"By the way, does either of you chaps happen to know anything about Bonsai?"*

• •

than he could make in a year ashore. After a family conference, he decided to ship out again. Like his lifelong friend Clayton Babineau, he coveted a job that would take him on short runs from his home port. Every ten days, the Marine Electric went out of Providence for Hampton Roads, and nine days later she came back. She went right past Peter's house. He nightmated her. His wife, Nancy, said to him, "Hey, wouldn't it be great if you got a job on that one? You could be home with your family." He tried repeatedly, without success. His friend Clay Babineau, sailing as second mate, died of hypothermia that night off Chincoteague in the winter storm. The Marine Electric was thirty-nine years old in the bow and stern, younger in the middle, where she had been stretched for bulk cargo. In the language of the Coast Guard's Marine Casualty Report, her forward hatch covers were "wasted, holed, deteriorated, epoxy patched." Winds were gusting at sixty miles an hour, and the crests of waves were forty feet high. As the Marine Electric plowed the sea, water fell through the hatch covers as if they were colanders. By 1 A.M., the bow was sluggish. Green seas began pouring over it. A list developed. The captain notified the Coast Guard that he had decided to abandon ship. The crew of thirty-four was collecting on the starboard boat deck, but before a lifeboat could be lowered the ship capsized, and the men, in their life jackets, were in the frigid water. In two predawn hours, all but three of them died, while their ship went to rest on the bottom, a hundred and twenty feet below, destroyed by what the Coast Guard called "the dynamic effects of the striking sea."

Peter Fritz, who gives the routine lectures on survival suits to the successive crews of the Stella Lykes, carries in his wallet a shipping card clipped from the February 13, 1983, Providence *Journal:* "ARRIVING TODAY, MARINE ELECTRIC, 8 P.M."

She is remembered as "a rotten ship." So is the Panoceanic Faith, which went out of San Francisco bound for India with a load of fertilizer about six months after Fritz graduated from Massachusetts Maritime. Five of his classmates were aboard, and all of them died, including his friend John McPhee. Getting to know Fritz has not been easy. There have been times when I have felt that he regarded me as a black cat that walked under a ladder and up the gangway, a shipmate in a white sheet, a G.A.C. (Ghost in Addition to Crew). The Panoceanic Faith developed a leak, its dampened cargo expanded, its plates cracked. It sank in daytime. "People tried to make it to the life rafts but the cold water got them first."

Plaques at the maritime academies list graduates who have been lost at sea. A schoolmate of Andy Chase was on a ship called Poet that went out of Cape Henlopen in the fall of 1980 with a load of corn. She was never heard from again. Nothing is known. In Captain Washburn's words, "Never found a life jacket, never found a stick."

On the Spray, Andy went through one hurricane three times. A thousand-pound piece of steel pipe broke its lashings and "became the proverbial loose cannon." Ten crewmen—five on a side—held on to a line and eventually managed to control it, but they had almost no sleep for two days. The Spray once carried forty men. Reduced manning had cut the number to twenty. "Companies are trying to get it down to eleven or twelve by automating most functions," he says. "When everything's going right, four people can run a ship, but all the automation in the world can't handle emergencies like that."

A small ship can be destroyed by icing. Ocean spray freezes and thickens on her decks and superstructure. Freezing rain may add to the accumulation. The amount of ice becomes so heavy that the ship almost disappears within it before the toppling weight rolls her over and sinks her. Ships carry baseball bats. Crewmen club the ice, which can thicken an inch an hour.

To riffle through a stack of the *Mariners Weather Log*—a dozen or so quarterly issues—is to develop a stop-action picture of casualties on the sea, of which there are so many hundreds that the eye skips. The story can be taken up and dropped anywhere, with differing names and the same situation unending. You see the Arctic Viking hit an iceberg off Labrador, the Panbali Kamara capsize off Sierra Leone, the Maria Ramos sink off southern Brazil. A ferry with a thousand passengers hits a freighter with a radioactive cargo and sinks her in a Channel fog. A cargo shifts in high winds and the Islamar Tercero goes down with twenty-six, somewhere south of the Canaries. Within a few days of one another, the Dawn Warbler goes aground, the Neyland goes aground, the Lubeca goes aground, the Transporter II throws twenty-six containers, and the Heather Valley—hit by three waves—sinks off western Scotland. The Chien Chung sinks with twenty-one in high seas east of Brazil, and after two ships collide off Argentina suddenly there is one. A tanker runs ashore in Palm Beach, goes right up on the sand. The bow noses into someone's villa and ends up in the swimming pool. The Nomada, hit by lightning, sinks off Indonesia. The Australian Highway rescues the Nomada's crew. The Blue Angel, with a crew of twenty, sinks in the Philippine Sea. The Golden Pine, with a shifting cargo of logs (what else?) sinks in the Philippine Sea. A hundred and fifteen people on the Asunción drown as she sinks in the South China Sea. The Glenda capsizes off Mindanao, and seven of twenty-seven are rescued. The Sofia sinks in rough water near Crete, abandoned by her crew. The Arco Anchorage grounds in fog. On the Arco Prudhoe Bay, bound for Valdez, a spare propeller gets loose on the deck and hurtles around smashing pipes. The Vennas, with sixty-nine passengers and crew, sinks in the Celebes Sea. The Castillo de Salas, a bulk carrier with a hundred thousand tons of coal, breaks in two in the Bay of Biscay. The container ship Tuxpan disappears at noon in the middle of the North Atlantic with twenty-seven Mexicans aboard. A container from *inside* the hold is found on the surface. Apparently, the ship was crushed by a wave. In the same storm in the same sea, a wave hits the Export Patriot hard enough to buckle her doors. Water pours into the wheelhouse. The quartermaster is lashed to a bulkhead so that he can steer the ship. In the same storm, the Balsa 24 capsizes with a crew of nineteen. In the Gulf of Mexico, off the mouth of the Rio Grande, fifteen Mexican shark-fishing vessels sink in one squall. In a fog near the entrance to the Baltic Sea, the Swedish freighter Syderfjord is cut in two in a collision and sinks in forty seconds. About a hundred miles off South Africa, the Arctic Career leaves an oil slick, some scattered debris, and no other clues. The Icelandic freighter Sudurland goes down in the Norwegian Sea. The Cathy Sea Trade, with twenty-seven, is last heard from off the Canary Islands. Off Portugal, the Testarossa sinks with thirty. Off eastern Spain, in the same storm, the cargo shifts on the Kyretha Star, and she sinks with eighteen or twenty. The Tina, a bulk carrier under the Cypriot flag, vanishes without a trace somewhere in the Sulu Sea. In a fog in the Formosa Strait, the Quatsino Sound goes down after colliding with the Ever Linking. In the English Channel, the Herald of Free Enterprise overturns with a loss of two hundred. The Soviet freighter Komsomolets Kirgizzii sinks off New Jersey. In the North Sea, the bridge of the St. Sunnivar is smashed by a hundred-foot wave. After a shift of cargo, the Haitian freighter Aristeo capsizes off Florida. On the Queen Elizabeth 2, Captain Lawrence Portet ties himself to a chair on the bridge. Among the eighteen hundred passengers, many bones are broken. Seas approach forty feet. After a series of deep rolls, there are crewmen who admit to fearing she would not come up. Off the Kentish coast with a hundred and thirty-seven thousand tons of crude, the tanker Skyron, of Liberian registry, plows a Polish freighter. The tanker bursts into flames. The fire is put out before it can reach the crude. Fifty-seven crewmen abandon two bulk carriers in the Indian Ocean. The Hybur Trader loses seventeen containers in a storm off Miami Beach. On the same day, off Fort Lauderdale, a Venezuelan crew of twenty-five abandons the container ship Alma Llanera. The Frio, out of Miami for Colombia, sinks off Yucatán. In the Gulf of Alaska, the Stuyvesant spills fifteen thousand barrels of Alaska crude. The Rolandia—twenty-seven hundred tons—capsizes off France. The Ro/Ro Vinca Gordon capsizes off the Netherlands. The Vishra Anurag, a cargo ship under the Indian flag, capsizes off Japan. A Philippine freighter capsizes, too, with forty thousand cases of beer. Somewhere, any time, someone is getting it.

Not every ship that goes down is destroyed by time or nature. Or by collision or navigational error. Crews

An elegant place,
a swellegant place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON
PLACE
HOTEL

San Francisco, at Union Square
(415) 781-5555
Inside CA (800) 235-4300
Outside CA (800) 647-4007

CONCORDE HOTELS GROUP
Preferred Hotels

MAINE. MUSIC.
AND OTHER SECRETS OF
UNWINDING THIS SUMMER.

Quisisana is a unique music resort on the shores of beautiful Lake Kezar in Maine. It's cottages in the pines, superb food, sand beaches, all water sports, 3 clay tennis courts, etc. And, best of all, a staff of talented musicians from America's leading conservatories who perform everything from Broadway shows to classics and opera in the evening.

QUISISANA
A full American Plan resort
Center Lovell, Maine 04016
(914) 833-0293

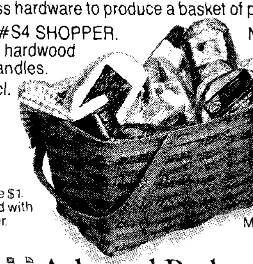
GIVE A LIFETIME OF PLEASURE.
Your Ashwood Basket is guaranteed for ten years.
An unforgettable gift.

For over one hundred years Ashwood baskets were crafted to carry coal and wood during rugged New Hampshire winters. The lightweight, durable wood of the Ash tree is hand-worked, with brass hardware to produce a basket of pleasure.

Shown: #S4 SHOPPER, with two hardwood swing handles. $30. (Incl. S + H)
Natural Ashwood 18x12x9

Color catalogue $1. Refunded with your order.
Call 800-242-2578 and use your MasterCard or VISA.

Ashwood Basket Corp.
America's • Basket • Maker
375 Union St. Peterborough, N.H. 03458



**Introductory Offer -**
**NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!**
***Try A Little Tenderness***

Candlelight, soft music, and magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Introductory Offer:

**#678 4 (6 oz.) Filet Mignons,** 1 1/4" thick &
**1 (4 oz.) Pkg. of Seasoned Butter Sauce**
Reg. $49.95 .............................. **$29.95**
(plus $5.50 shipping and handling)

**You Save $20.00** (Limit of 2, Please) Valid in 48 States Until April 30, 1990

Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and

**Call Free 1-800-228-9055**

Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.

**Omaha Steaks International®**
Dept. 1477 / 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127

Even in business travel, life can be well lived.

We insist.

SW Broadway at Salmon
Portland, Oregon 97205 USA
Call toll free 1-800-551-0011
or 503/241-4100

THE HEATHMAN HOTEL

Preferred Hotels

**MothersWork© Maternity**

**Dresses For Success**

Executive suits, elegant dresses, contemporary sportswear, and evening dresses too! For a great image during and after pregnancy. **Catalog** with swatches and fit guide $3, refundable with order. **Visit our stores in: Atlanta, Arlington Hts., IL, Baltimore, Boston, Charlotte, NC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, *Fair Oaks Mall,* VA, Ft. Lauderdale, Harrisburg, PA, Hartford, CT, Houston, King of Prussia, PA, Los Angeles, Memphis, TN, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Palo Alto, CA, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Princeton, N.J., Rochester, MN, St. Louis, San Francisco, Orange County, CA, Stamford, CT, Washington, D.C.** Phone 215-625-0151. 1309 Noble Street, 5th Floor, Dept. NW0D, Phila., PA. 19123.

have been rescued from lifeboats with packed suitcases and box lunches. Say South Africa needs oil desperately as the result of an embargo and is willing to pay at ransom rates. You disguise your supertanker by painting a false name, take it into a South African port to discharge the Persian crude, leave South Africa, open your skin valves to replace the oil with water, pack your suitcase, make your sandwiches, leave the valves open until the ship sinks. If you follow this scenario, you will win no awards for originality. Possibly you will collect insurance payments for the ship, and possibly for the "oil" that went down inside her. You may have to explain why there was no slick.

There is a lot of pentimento on the bows of the Stella Lykes. Former names are visible, even in fading light. The ship was built in 1964 and stretched in 1982. When she belonged to Moore-McCormack, she was called the Mormacargo. After Moore-McCormack died and United States Lines bought her, she became the American Argo. After United States Lines died, Lykes Brothers chartered her from financial receivers. Phillip Begin, our chief engineer, has said, "We're operating someone else's ship. It's like a rental car. You don't want to come on here and spend a lot of money for one or two years. You want it to be safe and efficient but no more. You put up with irritations. You can't afford to scrimp and save, though. When you read about ships going down, that's what happens."

In Peter Fritz's letters home he avoids mentioning storms. He doesn't want to worry Nancy. On his long vacations, as he leans back, stretches his legs, and watches the evening news, a remark by a television reporter will sometimes cause him to sit straight up. To Peter it is the sort of remark that underscores the separateness of the American people from their Merchant Marine, and it makes him feel outcast and lonely. After describing the havoc brought by some weather system to the towns and cities of New England—the number of people left dead—the reporter announces that the danger has passed, for "the storm went safely out to sea."

McLaughlin in the evening as he steers the rolling ship:

"There is a story in the Cayman Islands about a man who sailed downwind to fish. When the wind unexpectedly shifted, he sailed right back. People asked him, 'Did you catch any fish?' He said, 'Fair winds are better than fish.' "

Captain Washburn, whose belt buckle, like the sun, has shifted during the day from one hip to the other, mentions a Chilean freighter that went down not long ago with thirty-seven crewmen here in the winter swells. "But I've never been in a bad storm on this coast," he reaffirms. "They do happen, but it's like Hawaii, which has never been hit by a hurricane. In any kind of weather system, a thirty-degree roll is not uncommon. The biggest roll I've been in on any ship—that we measured—was fifty-three degrees. It tore things loose on that ship that had never been moved before. It tore out washbasins, desks were pulled loose from bulkheads. Everything on the ship was moving."

"Do you get seasick?" I ask.

"No."

"Have you ever been seasick?"

"Never a hint of it."

"Suppose Columbus had worked for Lykes Brothers. How would he have made out?"

"He probably wouldn't have operated all that well in a fleet situation. He did not produce. He was a maverick; he was an adventurer. Before he sailed, he knew the land was there. He knew of a place with a forty-foot tide. That could be only one place—the Bay of Fundy. I think he expected to discover a continent. He was not surprised at all that he did not find China—yet. He *thought* there was something else first. But this was meant to be not so much a voyage of exploration as a commercial venture. This was not Henry the Navigator just out to discover things. Hey, the people backing Columbus were after a new road to the riches of the Indies without this three-year trip all the way around Africa. They were after money. He tried to pacify them by taking a few Indians back, but he was continually in trouble with the backers, because he didn't show up with a ship full of riches. He was trying to tell them that anything will grow in the soils of the New World. He was trying to tell them, 'Hey, you can *colonize* this.' They weren't interested in colonizing anything. They weren't interested in growing coconuts and bananas and sending them back. They wanted spice, diamonds, jewels, furs, and gold—and he didn't produce. Columbus didn't produce, which is why he wound up in chains. He did not produce, and that was the bottom line. He was a maverick, an adventurer; he was not a follower of the party line. Come to think of it—not to compare myself with Columbus—some of those adjectives kind of fit me. But I did all right."

He has told me that he grew up near Walter Reed Hospital, in the Takoma Park section of the District of Columbia. His father, Daniel Webster Washburn, went off each day to the Veterans Administration, where he worked on the legal staff. Young Paul, in an impromptu manner, now and again took off for months at a time. Certain schools he attended were chosen not by him but for him: Fishburn Military School, Briarley Military Academy, the Y.M.C.A. Day School. For a few months, he also went to Roosevelt High School, and, for a few more months, to Central High School.

"My parents were probably requested to remove me from every school I went to as a youth. I didn't fit in."

Before Paul was born, his mother had lost a child.

"When I came along, and lived, she defended me against all comers. With a smirk and a smile, I walked away. Later in life, I gave that up hard."

He says he could make A in anything. If he wasn't interested, though, he didn't pass.

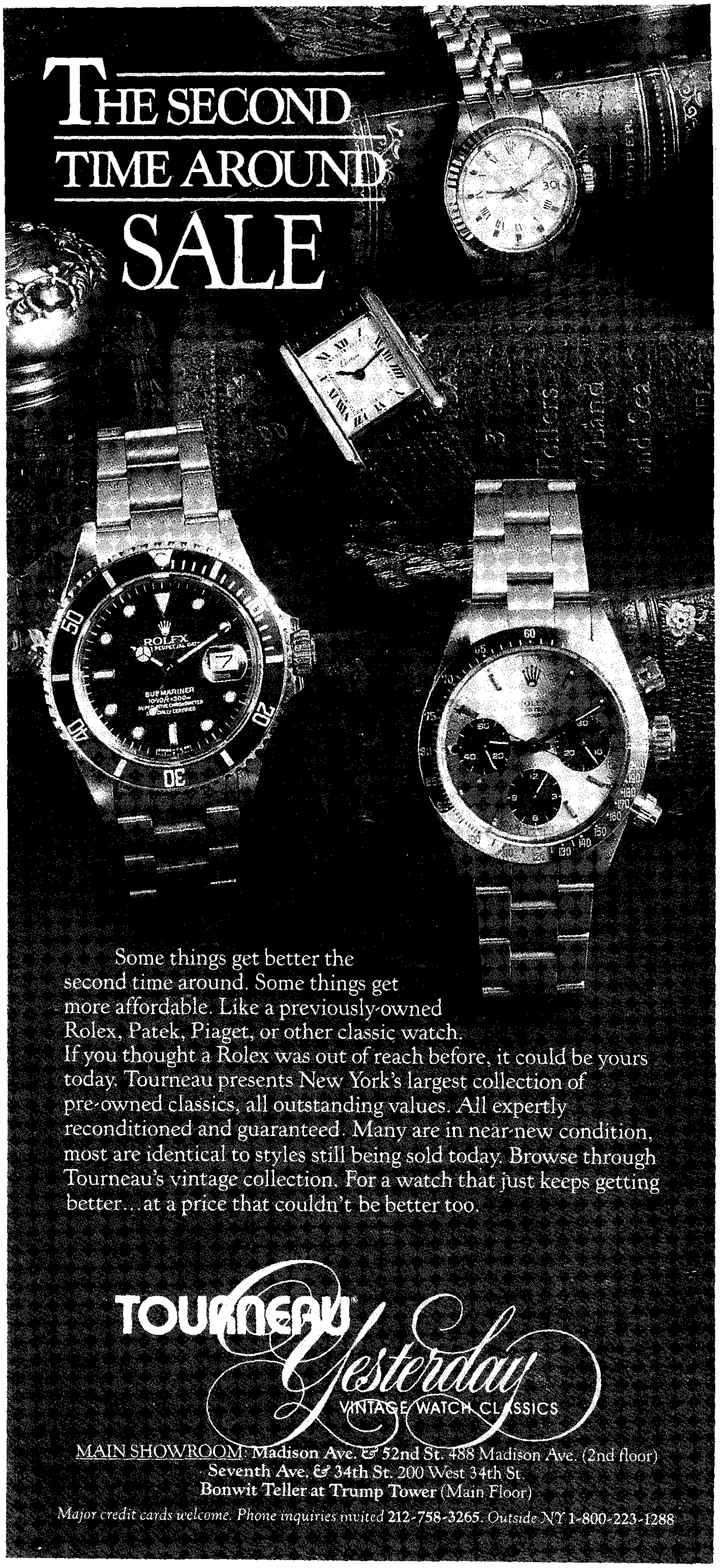
"I would start for school some mornings and not get there."

Aged thirteen, fourteen, and upward, he rode freights as a hobo. This was in the nineteen-thirties. Sometimes he took to the highways and hitchhiked, but he saw hitchhiking as a form of begging.

"Hitchhiking was asking someone for something, riding the rails was taking it. I would rather ride in a freight car than in the comfort of someone's automobile."

He would get on a moving freight even if he didn't know where it was going. He worked in a sheet-metal shop in Albuquerque for a few weeks, and moved on.

"It was time for me to go—why I don't know. I rode a friendly freight—a side-door sleeping car—to El Paso. In El Paso, you could sit on a park bench and, when you were ready to leave, get on the South-



THE SECOND TIME AROUND SALE

Some things get better the second time around. Some things get more affordable. Like a previously-owned Rolex, Patek, Piaget, or other classic watch. If you thought a Rolex was out of reach before, it could be yours today. Tourneau presents New York's largest collection of pre-owned classics, all outstanding values. All expertly reconditioned and guaranteed. Many are in near-new condition, most are identical to styles still being sold today. Browse through Tourneau's vintage collection. For a watch that just keeps getting better...at a price that couldn't be better too.

TOURNEAU Yesterday
VINTAGE WATCH CLASSICS

MAIN SHOWROOM: Madison Ave. & 52nd St. 488 Madison Ave. (2nd floor)
Seventh Ave. & 34th St. 200 West 34th St.
Bonwit Teller at Trump Tower (Main Floor)
*Major credit cards welcome. Phone inquiries invited* 212-758-3265. *Outside NY* 1-800-223-1288

ern Pacific. It ran through the park."

He remained on land but was not unmindful of the sea.

"Whenever I got close to water, I would sit there and watch anything that was floating."

For two months, he swung a sledgehammer as part of a Southern Pacific Railroad gang between Tucson and Yuma. Temperatures reached a hundred and ten degrees. The foreman died, and four others.

"I always asked for work, not food. Poor whites and blacks who had almost nothing were the first to share, and even offer. Affluent white neighborhoods called the police."

He stayed in some hobo jungles, but only briefly. His ideal home was an empty boxcar that had hauled hay or straw. He took coal from the tender and built a fire on the boxcar's wooden floor. He would wake up beside a hole in the floor with a smoking rim. To start fires, some hoboes used the lubricating dope from a train's axles. Captain Washburn never did that. If he couldn't find an empty boxcar, he would settle for the jaw head of a gondola. He rode in ice compartments at the ends of refrigerator cars when no ice was there. Sometimes he blinded a passenger train. Blinding a passenger train meant riding in the vestibule of the first car after the coal car. The site was far from ideal: there were stinging cinders in the wind, and if the train took on water he got soaked. He tied himself to tank cars with his belt to avoid being shaken off. The last resort was the top of a boxcar.

One night, when he was riding the Mobile, Montgomery & Western between Montgomery and Mobile, he saw a hotbox flaming. In rain and darkness, he crawled back over forty or fifty cars to reach the caboose, where he told two conductors about the hotbox. They stopped the train, separated the hotbox car, and put it on a siding. At this point in Captain Washburn's narrative, I expected him to tell me that the conductors called Bull Connor, who arrived with his Dobermans and took Washburn to the slammer. Actually, he spent the rest of that trip beside the stove in the caboose eating sandwiches. He was seventeen years old.

All over the United States, where the freights stopped he would go into city libraries and read books. Primarily, he read history.

"I was enveloped right into it."

He read biographies of Christopher Columbus. And his favorite period was the century that followed. As he paces back and forth on the bridge, one can hear him speaking to himself of Raleigh, of Mary Queen of Scots, of, by his description, "the occupation of France, the early ship movements, the beginning of commerce, the establishment of the colonies—the Drakes, the Hawkinses, the Frobishers, the Davises." He tells it to the ship.

Away for as much as eight months at a time, Washburn would eventually return home, resume life in Takoma Park, try another school, and then, one day, head out again. During that era, Siebrand Brothers Great Three Ring Piccadilly Circus & Carnival Combined had a sideshow freak who walked barefoot over broken glass and could accommodate with impunity any amount of current from an electric chair. This was Paul Washburn. Siebrand Brothers Great Three Ring Piccadilly Circus & Carnival Combined was a truck show that made long stands in Southwestern cities. After a crowd had been collected in the sideshow, the barker introduced Washburn, saying, "And here we have a boy from Asia. He believes in a strange religion: he believes the more you torture the body, the quicker you go to Heaven. Sometimes he punctures his body with nails, needles, and knives. Tonight he walks on glass." When Washburn sat in the electric chair, his upper arms were strapped, and he held a light bulb in one hand. The switch was thrown. The bulb lighted. Any unbeliever who stepped up and touched Washburn received a terrific shock. He also did an "iron-tongue act." A weight was connected by a cord to a hook that appeared to pass through his tongue. He raised his head and lifted the weight.

POPCO
POPCO
d. ehrenberg

He worked his way east with Cole Brothers Circus as a wagon hitcher. And when he happened to be in New Orleans he was—quite by accident—taken up by Ringling Brothers. He got into a dispute with the owner of what he remembers as "a greasy spoon on Canal Street," and the man threw him out the door. Washburn, describing himself, says, "I thought the kid was tough. I tried to fight back—a little fancy footwork, a sticking move." The man hit him so hard on the forehead that his nose bled for three weeks. A policeman intervened, and said to Washburn, "I know you. You're one of those rowdies from the circus." He dragged Washburn to the Ringling Brothers big top at the foot of Canal Street, and said to him, "Get back in there and stay there." Ringling Brothers gave him a job, and he stayed with the circus as it moved to Mobile and then Montgomery and Atlanta and Jacksonville. From Jacksonville, for the first time, he shipped out.

"I was down at the waterfront, and there was a banana boat going to the Dominican Republic—an old ex-flush-decker from World War One, eight dollars a month and all the bananas you could eat. I heard that there were jobs. I asked for one—in the clothes I was standing in. They were getting ready to go, and that was under the Honduran flag."

"You went?"

"I went."

"What about your toothbrush?"

"I didn't have any."

"Extra clothes?"

"I didn't have any. We went down to the Dominican Republic and brought some bananas back. Hard, green, tasteless bananas."

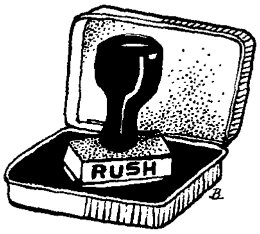
"And tarantulas."

"Tarantulas, small snakes."

In Jacksonville, he hung around with seamen and with prizefighters. In an out-of-the-way place like Jacksonville, there was no regular fight card—no formal schedule of preliminary bouts.

"A bunch of us would go down to the arena, and the promoter, Jimmy Murdock, would make up five or six fights out of the ones who were there. You'd get four or five or six dollars, but it was eating money. You could eat three or four days. You could eat a week. You gave somebody a dollar for being in your corner and giving you the bandages and the tape."

He was looking for a ship, but this was before the Second World War, and ships were hard to get. He worked on a tugboat, a towboat, a homemade fishing boat, a paddle-wheel steamer called Gulf Mist. And he went on fighting. He had been on boxing teams and had fought in Golden Glove competitions during his brief days in private schools. While he rode the rails and read in libraries, he fought at night for money. He fought both "simon-pure" and semipro. If he won semipro, he was paid as much as ten dollars.



"Amateur, they gave you a watch and bought it back for five dollars. You could live for a week on five dollars. A hamburger steak was fifteen cents."

He fought in El Paso, Los Angeles, West Palm Beach. For five dollars, he fought in the Punch Bowl in El Paso. In Los Angeles, he had a trainer named Speedy Dado, and his manager was Joe Kelly—at Willy Orner's Main Street Gym.

"I sparred briefly with Henry Armstrong. The thing that convinced me that I wasn't going to be a fighter: I was knocked out three times in one week. I figured twice would have been enough for most folks. I carried it one more dimension."

In Brunswick, Georgia, he fought in a tent for fifty-three cents: the promoter ran off with the money, and the fighters divided what was left in the till.

In 1941, aged eighteen, he obtained his ordinary seaman's papers, and joined the oceangoing ranks of the Merchant Marine. He got a ship in Savannah. He got a ship in Charleston. He also shipped out of Port Arthur.

"I got a tanker out of there, coastwise."

He had no thought of a career at sea. Riding ships was like riding the rails.

"It was just something to do, some place to go, something that was moving."

One time, between ships, he went to West Palm Beach with a heavyweight friend who was fighting main event. The prelims were fought by servicemen picking up extra bucks, and that night all the prelim fighters' leaves were cancelled. The promoter—"Al Caroli, out of Boston"—was desperate to fill the card. Washburn and the heavyweight arrived at the National Guard Armory five minutes before the first prelim was supposed to begin. Caroli said to Washburn, "Give me a break. You fight a Mexican amateur, no big deal." Ten minutes later, the captain was on the canvas and his eyelids resembled coins.

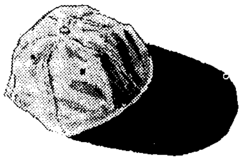
"I got a whole twenty dollars for that," he told me. "That was the kid's last fight."

Three nights later, the Mexican amateur no-big-deal lost a ten-round decision in a Miami main event against the fourth-ranked welterweight in the world.

Looking for a ship in Charleston in January of 1943, Washburn got the John Harvey, a Liberty ship loaded with ammunition, C rations, tanks, and guns. A convoy collected at Cape Fear. Forty-five or fifty ships set out for Casablanca, soon after the Allied invasion there. One general alarm followed another, the convoy was attacked, ships went down, escorts dropped depth charges every night. He then shipped out, as a wiper, on the Howard E. Coffin, on a run to England in the winter North Atlantic. He participated in the invasion of Sicily and in the delivery of matériel to the Italian mainland. On the Moses Rogers, of the Luckenback Steamship Company, he crossed the ocean in a convoy of a hundred and eight ships.

"In New York, the Germans were waiting for you at the sea buoy. In San Juan, they hit you at the dock. Jap submarines were inefficient. Our freighters crossed the Pacific alone. After a certain point, they zigzagged. They formed convoys only near the front. In New York, the front was at the sea buoy."

From San Francisco, in 1944, he shipped out on the Cape Henry, a C-1 diesel, operated by Lykes Brothers Steamship Company. He was an able-bodied seaman now, and sometimes sailed as bosun. He went to Saipan, where the Marines were fighting, and to Tinian, in the Marianas, and to Eniwetok Anchorage, and to Ulithi. On the John G. Tod, a Liberty ship, he did not set foot ashore for six months. He went to Kwajalein, and to



**Hemingway's Cap.**

He probably bought his in a gas station on the road to Ketchum, next to the cash register, among the beef jerky wrapped in cellophane. Or maybe in a tackle shop in Key West.

I had to go to some trouble to have this one made for you and me but it had to be done. The long bill, longer than I, at least, ever saw before, makes sense.

The visor: deerskin; soft and glareless and unaffected by repeated rain squalls. The color: same as strong scalding espresso, lemon peel on the side, somewhere in the mountains in the north of Italy.

Ten-ounce cotton-duck crown. 6 brass grommets for ventilation. Elastic at back to keep this treasure from blowing off your head and into the trees.

Sizes: M, L. (Note: M fits S and L fits XL due to elastic. Really.)

Price: $33. We pay shipping.

(He probably got change from a five when he bought the original.)

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 268-2006 (from Kentucky).
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa, MasterCard, American Express.
Absolute satisfaction
or your money back.

Catalogue on request

**The J. Peterman Company**
2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509
© 1990 The J. Peterman Company

THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT PEPPERMILL

The "PEPPERGUN"® by Unicorn® holds more pepper, loads quicker, adjusts easier, and grinds pepper faster than any peppermill on the market today. And . . you can use it with one hand.

Patented, award-winning design, rugged ABS plastic, finest European steel mill. In red, white, or black, 6 inches high. Salt model in white.

$21 postage paid (MA res. add $1 tax). Specify color, model. Send to "PEPPERGUN" BOX 541-N, NANTUCKET, MA 02554, OR CALL

TOLL FREE 1-800-634-8881 VISA/MC
In MA 1-508-228-6233 IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT

The Adams Family's

**Cartwright Hotel**

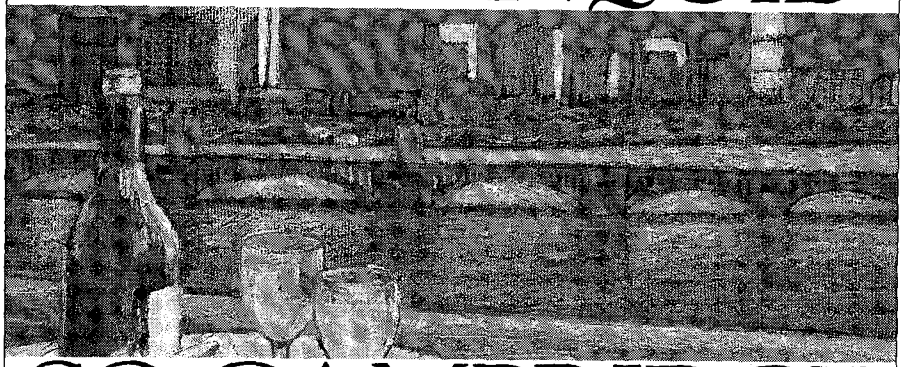
San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square.
$80 to $150.

(800) 227-3844

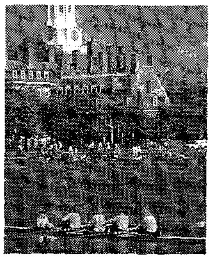
524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

SO TRANQUIL



SO CAMBRIDGE

The Charles River sets the mood. As sails catch the breeze and crewboats glide by below, you know you couldn't have found a more peaceful setting for business or pleasure. With the breathtaking skyline of Boston just over the river, and the prosperous business community of Cambridge right in our backyard, you've got the best of both worlds. So relax. Enjoy our luxurious guest rooms, indoor pool, health club, and the food and entertainment at Toffs Cafe/Restaurant. You've reached a new level of comfort. You've found the Royal Sonesta.



Royal Sonesta Hotel Boston/Cambridge
5 Cambridge Parkway, Cambridge, MA 02142 (617) 491-3600
For reservations call your travel agent or Sonesta toll-free at 800-343-7170.

SO SONESTA

Sonesta Hotels in Boston/Cambridge, Key Biscayne (Miami), Orlando and Sanibel Harbour (Florida), New Orleans, Portland (Maine), Amsterdam, Aruba, Bermuda, Egypt, Israel.

*Exclusively From the*
BRITISH NATIONAL TRUST COLLECTION™

NOW...YOU CAN OWN SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WRITING DESK

Only Churchill's cigar burns are missing!

*AT LAST*... One of the world's most treasured antiques has been finely reproduced! Introducing... the *Writing Desk of Sir Winston Churchill* ... a replica of the great 18th century original on display in the Churchill Library at Chartwell.

*The great desk (66" x 38") is being faithfully recreated by hand in a very limited edition. An engraved brass plaque of authenticity accompanies each desk.*

***Call or Write for FREE details!***

- ***A Fine Reproduction...*** of the 18th century mahogany original, including the hand tooled leather top!
- ***Imported. Handcrafted...*** by artisans using the same materials and techniques as found in Sir Winston's personal desk.
- ***Limited Quantity...*** only a few will ever be made... and because of Churchill's stature as a world leader quick sellout is expected.
- ***Available Exclusively From the British National Trust Collection...*** by special permission from the Churchill Family!

British National Trust Collection
77 Main Street, Tappan, NY 10983 A75

☐YES! Please send me your FREE literature with full details and pricing information on Sir Winston Churchill's Writing Desk.
Or Call **(800) 631-1362.**
In New York Call **(914) 365-0414.**

Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____
Telephone # ____

Okinawa just after the American invasion. The John G. Tod stood off Okinawa for sixty-nine days. There were air raids every night, and two typhoons. Ships capsized, a couple went on reefs. The Tod was at Okinawa when the war ended.

"We paid off in San Francisco."

He had been married during the war. His wife was in Jacksonville. San Francisco was so jammed with travelling servicemen that there was no way to get out—no way to start for Florida by train or air. So he went to the union hall. Getting a ship was not difficult in 1945. Two days after arriving from the South Pacific, he was bosun of the Samuel W. Williston, and was sailing for home.

For home, but not for long. When Captain Washburn looks landward from the bridge of his ship, he will readily say, "I would rather be here for the worst that could be here than over there for the best that could be there. I've never felt comfortable or secure anywhere else. I once thought I was going to college and be a history teacher, but I have never been able to *concentrate on anything* else but this—not on business, family, anything. By the end of 1945, I had passed the point of no return. I was in the soup now good. Anything adverse that came up, this was my safety blanket: 'Hey, I can get a ship.' If I made plans and they went wrong, I was gone—looking for a ship." —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

●

## THE BADLANDS SAID

I am the skull
under your hundred doubts. I, I
will be with you always.
Heart's-deprive.
Still numinous and alive.
Elephant's side.

Come lie down,
tooth and bone.

Ya, ya,
from a mile high
I crook you up warm,
rabbit-arm.

I am love's sorrow,
the desert's violet needle and gray
star.

—JEAN VALENTINE

# THE THEATRE

## *Tender Grapes*

Everybody might be just one big soul,
It looks that way to me;
So everywhere you look in the day or the night,
That's where I'm gonna be, Ma,
That's where I'm gonna be.
—"*Tom Joad*," *Woody Guthrie.*

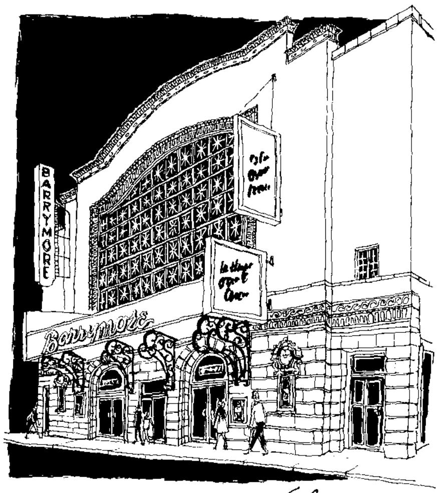
IN John Ford's 1940 movie of "The Grapes of Wrath," which Gregg Toland filmed from a script by Nunnally Johnson, there is a scene in which Ma Joad (played by Jane Darwell) goes through a box of old things—letters and whatnot—trying to decide what to throw away and what to take with her to California. There's a postcard from New York, a newspaper clipping about Tom's being sent to prison, a pair of earrings. A pot of coffee is boiling on the stove beside her; on the soundtrack, an accordion is wailing "Red River Valley"; and as Ma holds the earrings up to her face and looks at her reflection in the coffeepot she catches sight of what she has become. The precise thing that is happening in the melody of "Red River Valley" at the moment when Jane Darwell's face changes breaks your heart.

Anyone who attends the Steppenwolf Theatre Company's production of "The Grapes of Wrath," at the Cort, hoping to see this scene (or one very much like it) is in for disappointment. The Steppenwolf production, directed by Frank Galati from his own adaptation, is quiet, low-key, and utterly unsentimental. There's nothing in it to pull at your heartstrings; it makes no appeal to nostalgia—no appeal at all to your emotions. Mr. Galati's approach to adaptation is matter-of-fact, and his approach to direction is such that no single line or speech or scene is played in a manner calculated to move or manipulate you.

So chaste is this version of John Steinbeck's 1939 Pulitzer Prize-winning novel that it manages to make the movie look cheap, and that's odd, partly because the film is a great document in itself, and partly because what we've come to expect from Steppenwolf Theatre is that same genius for evocation—through a conjunction of music, image, and dramatic event—which we associate with John Ford. Most people who saw the 1984 Steppenwolf/Circle Rep revival of Lanford Wilson's "Balm in Gilead" remember it as one of the signal theatrical experiences of their lives.

Gary Sinise, playing a sort of choric figure—half junkie, half stage manager—raised his arms, and the lights changed and the Springsteen music blared. A junkie has no control over his life, but, inside the Minetta Lane, Mr. Sinise could control the whole theatre—that was what was so affecting. Tom Joad, whom Mr. Sinise plays in the current production, is also a choric figure whose life has gone out of control. But there's no self-conscious theatricality in "The Grapes of Wrath." The sets and lighting (designed by Kevin Rigdon) are simple facts; they evoke—a lone pillar for a dooryard, a panel of siding for a boxcar—rather than try to engulf you. The music is unamplified. And while, in the best tradition of contemporary epic theatre, there's a certain amount of role doubling within a huge company of actors, none of it is schematic, the way the doubling in the Royal Shakespeare Company's "Nicholas Nickleby" was.

Galati's adaptation is so apparently lacking in anything like design as to resemble real life. It sidesteps lyricism and easy emotion and goes straight for whatever is salty or down-to-earth, as does Galati's direction. As Ma Joad, Lois Smith has none of the sad, fat fadedness of a Jane Darwell; she doesn't strive for Darwell's sweetly reproachful homeyness and command, and brings to the role instead a tentative and prosaic flakiness. Most striking of all is the way two veterans of the company—Mr. Sinise and Terry Kinney—seem to free the characters they play from the performances we remember in the movie. Mr. Sinise's Tom is all contained anger, with none of the naïveté or sappiness that Henry Fonda couldn't help bringing to the role. Mr. Kinney's Preacher Casy is mind-bogglingly laconic: John Carradine without the jutting jaw and phony mysticism.



J. Capa

Even the music is matter-of-fact. A good deal of it is actually cynical. Composed by Michael Smith and performed by him and a three-person band (Mr. Smith on guitar; Miriam Sturm on fiddle; William Schwarz on accordion and bass; L. J. Slavin on banjo, harmonica, saw, and Jew's harp), it's expositional music, by and large, not incidental, and meant to plant information about the migrant experience. The idea of drought is established by a jokey bit of twelve-bar blues; five sneering actors singing in close harmony become a breed of used-car salesmen; there's an ironic hymn to Route 66 and a talkin' blues made out of the towns and cities they pass. Once, as the Joads were preparing to leave their home, I thought I heard Terry Kinney tentatively picking out a few strains of "Red River Valley" on a harmonica, and later, when the Joads were settling in to one of the camps, someone was playing "John Hardy," the song whose melody Woody Guthrie used for his version of "The Grapes of Wrath." But even these details seem part of a narrative system—they're facts, not heart-wrenchers. The closest you get to ambient music is a lady fiddler backing slowly offstage.

That the Steppenwolf production is so affecting—and however unmoved you feel at any given moment, a cumulative effect is taking place—is a testament partly to the quality of the ensemble acting and partly to the nature of this story. "The Grapes of Wrath" is about homelessness. All great American epics are, I think: this one, "Gone with the Wind," and "Moby Dick," of course, and—coming down a level or two (though you'll think I'm be-

**SieMatic®**

**We wrote the book on kitchen interior design...**

This comprehensive, 182-page book featuring the finest in European Kitchen Design is sure to be a valuable guide for your own kitchen project.

SieMatic Kitchen Interior Design is available through *your architect or* interior designer.

☐ **YES,** send me the SieMatic Kitchen Book. I have enclosed a check or money order for $12.00.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State_____ Zip_____

Phone (____)__________

**SieMatic Corporation**
Box F286 Dept. NY42
Feasterville, PA 19047-0934
215-244-0790

**Enter La Posada**

. . . a gracious hotel reflecting that which is Santa Fe, a tri-cultural mixture, rich with history and tradition.

On 6 acres of beautifully landscaped gardens, 2 *blocks from the famous* Plaza.

**La Posada de Santa Fe**

Call Rachel for reservations
**800-727-5276** 330 E. Palace Ave. Santa Fe, NM

**GET AWAY**

To a land of no people, of purest air and water, the largest trees on Earth, pristine beaches, gorgeous mountain scenery. Untouched, sheltered wilderness island archipelago 80 miles off the British Columbia coast. *Canada's Galapagos. Unbelievable marine and bird life.* Comfortable, easy-going, 12 days, **ALL** Incl. from Vancouver.

**QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS WILDERNESS TOURS**
3524A West 16 Ave, Vancouver, B.C. V6R 3C1 • (604) 738-4449

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

**Cartouche**

18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. **1-800-237-3759** Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-1, Pgh., PA. 15220

ing flippant)—"The Wizard of Oz." They're about losing whatever home you thought you had a title to and going in search of it—or in search of something to replace it. So haunting and full of meaning to us is the idea of dispossession that it matters not at all how much or how little value our experience has taught us to attach to the actual thing lost—Tara or Kansas or the farm. It is the sense of loss itself that we respond to.

"The Wizard of Oz" is a children's story, and "Gone with the Wind" is one for adolescents. The one teaches the infantile lesson of self-reliance (home is where your loved ones are and "if I ever go looking for my heart's desire again, I won't look any further than my own back yard"); the other offers the dubious comfort of tomorrow's being another day. But Steinbeck's epic is an adult treatment of the phenomenon of dispossession; what the Joads' gradual defeat consists of is a central fact of American life and culture: the breakup of the family.

Henry Fonda, delivering Tom's big transcendentalist speech toward the end of the movie, sounds like a guy who knows he's saying something important. But Gary Sinise, making the same speech to Lois Smith, is just a boy musing aloud to himself and saying goodbye to his mother. Yet, for all its emotional spareness, this production has moments of great beauty. Toward the end, there's an extraordinary rainstorm effect which requires you to look through sheets of water and, behind that, through a doorway or scrim to see what is happening onstage, and you might find yourself thinking back through the production at the sequence of images and events. You might notice, for instance, that each act moves toward a coup de théâtre involving water (going back to the idea of drought), that each contains a scene in which men sit clustered around a pit fire (in one case, the newly dispossessed; in the other, the newly organized), and that, in fact, the whole production has been visually designed around a series of dualities represented by Tom and Casy, each of whom is finally driven to perform the desperate act or sacrifice without which (in American culture) a man stops being a man and a philosopher stops being a philosopher. The realization takes your breath away, but what finally moves you is the curtain call: the expression on the faces of Gary Sinise and Terry Kinney (both too young, really, to be veterans of anything), which tells you how much the material means to them and what it means for them to be able to present it to us in just this way.

THE general impression left by the current revival of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," at the Eugene O'Neill, is that while Kathleen Turner, who plays Maggie the Cat, is not much of a stage actress, she has such great legs that perhaps she doesn't need to be. The audience with whom I attended a preview performance gave Turner a standing ovation at the end of the evening, but, as far as I'm concerned, those legs—which we get to see in all their glory when Turner dons a pair of stockings in Act I—and William Dudley's set were the only things the production had going for it.

I've admired Kathleen Turner in films, but a medium that does not allow for the short take or the single-line delivery leaves her in desperate straits. Most of the first act consists of Maggie performing what amounts to a series of extended monologues, because Brick isn't being very forthcoming, and a sustained speech seems to put a great strain on Miss Turner. In any case, she uses entirely the wrong class and region of accent—Texas white trash rather than Mississippi Delta—so that her Maggie seems coarse, callous, and shallow. She also appears to be ferociously avaricious, which is quite wrong.

Of all Tennessee Williams' plays, "Cat" is probably the most playable—the most difficult to ruin—because it appeals to something elemental in all of us: a thirst for justice in sibling rivalry, a desire to have our true worth recognized by a father figure. We want Big Daddy to see through the hypocrisy of the older, responsible son, Gooper—with his respectable job and his fecund wife—and we want the good-for-nothing couple to be vindicated: alcoholic Brick and childless Maggie, who can't get her husband to sleep with her, on account of something she's done. But we need to feel that Gooper and his wife are plausible enough to present a real threat; similarly, there has to be some real feeling between Maggie and her in-laws—a concern for them, and particularly for Big Daddy. Most of all, we have to wonder what stands between Brick and Maggie, and how he can possibly resist her. For that we need an actress who can bring to the role of Maggie the whole spectrum of innocent, female narcissism—what used to be called feminine wiles.

Part of what makes "Cat" so interesting is that in it Williams put on trial a whole culture—that of the South and its women—by placing feminine wiles in a very tricky situation. ("How in hell on earth do you imagine that you're going to have a child by a man that can't stand you?" "That's a problem that I will have to work out, boy of mine.") Howard Davies, who directed this production (and another, in London), seems not to understand any of this. He gives us a Big Daddy—in the person of Charles Durning—so self-involved as to be negligible as either patriarch or moral force; a Big Mama (Polly Holliday) who invites abuse and dismissal (she's silly-complacent rather than silly-oblivious or silly-pathetic); and a Gooper and family straight out of *Mad*. Worst of all is the performance he elicits from Daniel Hugh Kelly, the actor who proved so inadequate playing the hero in the recent revival of "Born Yesterday." Kelly smolders well—he's all right as long as he isn't talking. But he somehow manages to give his lines the wrong import, and has a temper tantrum over the homosexuality issue.

Listening to Miss Turner natter on about "Big Daydduh's buthduhy" and get two distinct syllables out of the word "cat," you can't keep your mind from wandering, so droning is the single note of her performance. There's body heat—steaminess—but no subtlety, and in the end it all seems like a lot of hot air. —MIMI KRAMER

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Dr. Lamb" in the Peterborough (Ont.) Examiner*]

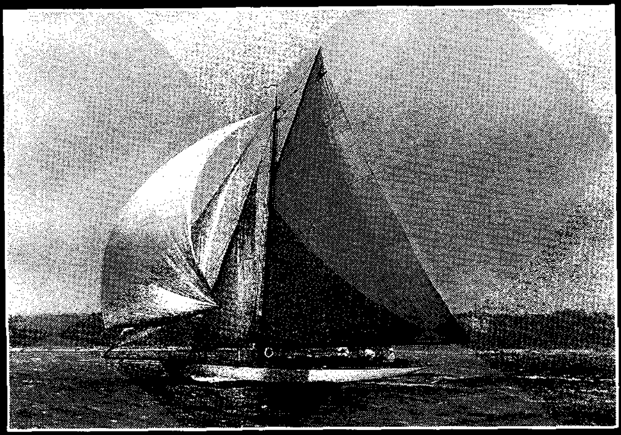
However, heart attacks in living people were unknown until this century.

•

COUSTEAU'S REDISCOVERY OF THE WORLD. "River of the Crocodile Men." Continuing their fascinating expedition in Papua, New Guinea, Jacques Cousteau, his son and crew journey up the Amazon. 9:05 p.m., WTBS—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Accompanied by a bewildered native guide.

MONTAGUE DAWSON (1895?-1973)

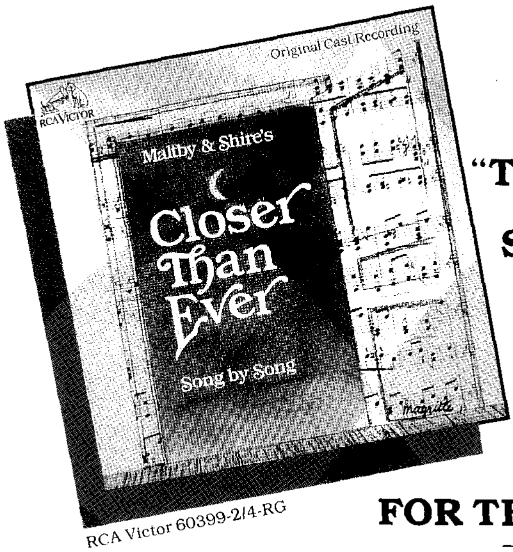


"Racing on Long Island Sound, Gaff-Rigged Sloop *Azor*"
11¾″ x 17″, watercolor, SLL.

AMERICAN SHIP PORTRAIT AND MARINE EXHIBITION
April 3 – May 31, 1990

*Major oils by 19th and early 20th Century American Artists.*
*Fully illustrated catalogue with prices.*
*$10.00 ppd., write to Dept. N.*

Vose GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC. ESTABLISHED 1841
Dealers in fine paintings for five generations.
238 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MA. 02116 • (617) 536-6176



"BEST NEW MUSICAL"—1989.
—DAVID PATRICK STEARNS, USA Today

"TERRIFIC SONGS, one of the FINEST SCORES of the year."
—MICHAEL KUCHWARA, Associated Press

"This is a lovely, mellow, warm, uplifting, and above all musical evening. I CAN NOT WAIT FOR THE CAST ALBUM."
—MARK SHENTON, Theater Week

The critics and public agree that CLOSER THAN EVER is this season's newest musical hit! Recorded in its entirety with orchestrations created especially for the album, CLOSER THAN EVER is the Original Cast Recording of the season.

- Specially priced
- Two CDs/DAAD Cassettes
- Liner notes and photos from the production

Also available:
Maltby & Shire's
STARTING HERE, STARTING NOW
2360-2/4-RG

To order Toll-Free call: 1-800-221-8180
FOR TICKETS CALL (212) 564-8038

BMG CLASSICS
A division of Bertelsmann Music Group
RCA VICTOR

TMK(S) ® Registered • Marca(s) Registrada(s) RCA Corporation, except BMG Classics logo ® BMG Music • © 1989, BMG Music

# THE SKY LINE

## *Homage to Mumford*

Lewis Mumford died in January, at the age of ninety-four. For most of us, the nineties are enemy country, imprudent to approach and still more imprudent to attain, and Mumford was no exception. For several years, he was both in the world and out of it. Selflessly and heroically, his wife, Sophia, cared for him and protected him, as she had done throughout almost seventy years of marriage, and toward the end there were moments when the light of his mind returned and blazed with much of its old intensity.

Years ago, I described Mumford as the only authentically noble man I had ever met. This appraisal was quoted in his obituary in the *Times*, but by then I was aware in my heart that the adjective "noble" is an unfair one to apply to any man; it is for heroes in fiction, not heroes in real life. What we have learned of Mumford through his partial autobiographies and, more recently, through a biography of him by Donald L. Miller emphasizes how, with incomparable ardor and diligence, he struggled to master many fields of knowledge, and then, sometimes with anguish and never to his satisfaction, set down in book after book the fruit of his tremendous musings.

Mumford wrote this department for over thirty years. Though I have claimed to be a disciple of his, in his lifetime he found that I wasn't always a sufficiently well-informed one. Once, I was invited to give a talk at the Metropolitan Museum on the topic "Utopian Suburbs." Knowing that Mumford had lived for over ten years in an experimental housing project called Sunnyside Gardens, just across the East River from Manhattan, I telephoned him in the country, mentioned the name of my talk, and began to inquire about Sunnyside. But the memorable deep Mumford voice broke in, charged with irritation. "In the first place, Sunnyside wasn't utopian, and, in the second place, it wasn't a suburb," he said. Silence, during which I sensed that there wasn't going to be a third place. Hastily, I said goodbye.

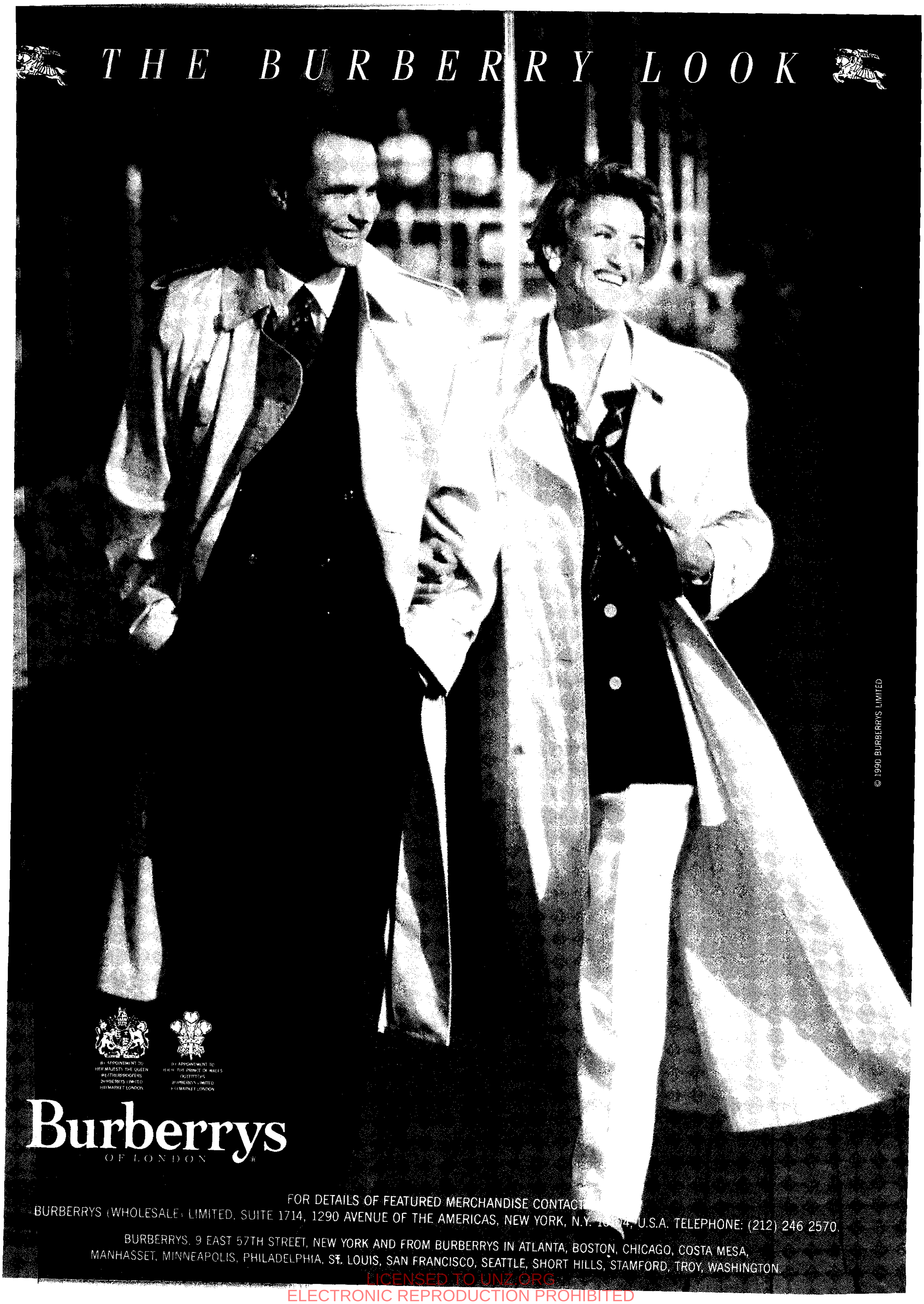
Despite that blunder, I count myself among the thousands—perhaps, indeed, tens of thousands—of people who over the past half century have learned more about the nature of cities from Mumford than from any other single source. I say the *nature* of cities, for, plainly, it is not enough to live in a city to become an authority on it. Its face is not its nature; what we see of a city is only a small portion of what we take from it, either in physical terms or, more significantly, in what, with Mumford, we might risk calling spiritual terms.

The city is a mystery, existing inside our heads as well as outside, and we who are students of cities may well spend our lives seeking in vain to elucidate that mystery. To begin with, why are we here, in this city or any city? What draws us to its heart when common sense tells us that we should be running full tilt in the opposite direction? Dirty, dark, and deadly dangerous—that is contemporary New York. It is an ever-increasing mountain of uncollected garbage. It is torrents of sewage spilling daily into the Hudson. It is five murders a day, rain or shine. It is an old lady knocked down by a hit-and-run driver and robbed of her purse as she lies dying. It is rape in Central Park. Why should we leave such a city with reluctance? Why do we return to it with delight?

It is Mumford to whom we still turn first for answers—Mumford, who devoted much of his life to cities and yet chose to live as far from them as he could conveniently get. This choice was a paradox in the world's eyes, but not in his. To do justice to the horrors of megalopolis, he said, required a hermit's isolation. He lived in an old farmhouse deep in the countryside, and there, seated at a neat desk, he described at length, to the sound of crickets outside his study window, the tumultuous disorder of New York.

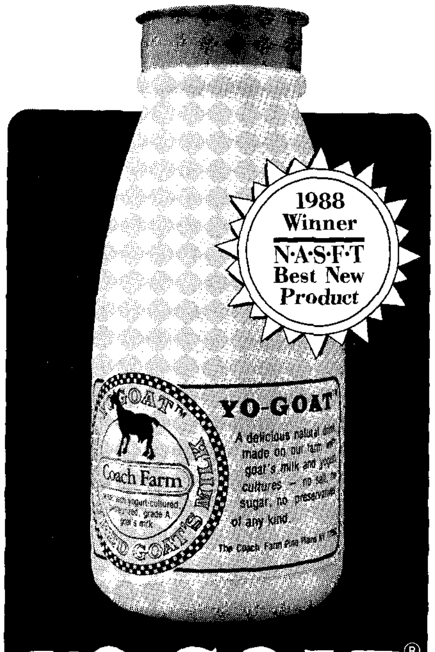
If one were obliged to reduce his books to a single sentence, it might be "The city is civilization." But how hard we must work to make those four words surrender their taint of glibness and yield a meaning worthy of Mumford! As a first step, might we say, "The city is civilization, and everything that is not the city is parasitic upon it"? For in Mumford's view civilization consists in man's coming together

*"Just in time. We need ballast."*


THE BURBERRY LOOK
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WEATHERPROOFERS BURBERRYS LIMITED HAYMARKET LONDON
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES OUTFITTERS BURBERRYS LIMITED HAYMARKET LONDON
Burberrys OF LONDON
© 1990 BURBERRYS LIMITED

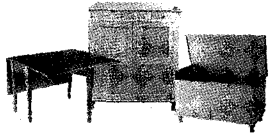
FOR DETAILS OF FEATURED MERCHANDISE CONTACT
BURBERRYS (WHOLESALE) LIMITED, SUITE 1714, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10[illegible]04, U.S.A. TELEPHONE: (212) 246 2570.

BURBERRYS, 9 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK AND FROM BURBERRYS IN ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, COSTA MESA, MANHASSET, MINNEAPOLIS, PHILADELPHIA, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SHORT HILLS, STAMFORD, TROY, WASHINGTON.



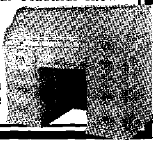
YO-GOAT®
GOAT'S MILK YOGURT DRINK
Delicious yogurt-cultured goat's milk in a single-serving 8 oz. bottle.
*Coach Farm T-shirt (S M L XL)..$10*
The Coach Dairy Goat Farm
Pine Plains NY 12567 (518) 398-5325

Furniture Reproductions



Old Road Furniture Company specializes in fine reproductions of antique Amish furniture, including our Henry Lapp Collection. Made by superb Amish and Mennonite furnituremakers. Exquisite solid wood tables, cupboards, desks, chairs, and chests.

Write for Catalog
Send $3.00 (refundable with purchase) for our illustrated catalog to: Old Road Furniture Company, *Dept. 23, Intercourse,* PA 17534. Or visit our beautiful showroom along Route 340 in the village of Intercourse, PA. 717/768-7171.



Classic Roll Top Desks
A handsome, solid wood classic with graceful lines. Also solid wood file cabinets.

Speak French
like a diplomat!
Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 56 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. 1-800-243-1234
AUDIO-FORUM® Room M440, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

CANADA BY RAFT!
Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin & mighty Fraser. Yacht cruise up coastal fjord, fly over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 exciting yet very safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery in Canada! 11 days ALL incl. from Vancouver.
J.H. MIKES, CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS, Ste. 401
845 Chilco St. Vancouver, B.C. V6G 2R2 • Ph. (604) 738-4449

with his own kind not by instinct and for a common benefit (many of our fellow-creatures do this more efficiently than we do) but on the basis of reason. Man joins with his fellows for a purpose self-consciously arrived at and subject to constant revision, and he does this by building and inhabiting cities.

In two formidable books, "The Culture of Cities" and "The City in History," Mumford traced the means by which technology has served as the handmaiden of urban culture, drawing together greater and greater numbers of people in need of food, shelter, clothing, light, and water. Not that Mumford, recording in what Ada Louise Huxtable has called his "hortatory" prose the expanding complexity of cities, consented to the notion that change amounts to progress. On the contrary, he was evangelically eager to demonstrate that the history of our cities is often a chronicle of steps leading down instead of up, of our surrendering some of the leading attributes of civilization in the very act of seeming to acquire them.

Mumford liked to compare himself with Jonah instead of with Jeremiah; he was sorry, he said, to be known as a bearer of evil tidings. If he preached woe, he did it with warmth and without wrath. Characteristically, he had a soft spot in his heart for Pompeii, of which he would have liked to be a native. (He would have been a very big native, twice as brawny as his fellow-Pompeians, and wearing, in my imagination, a richly bedizened purple toga.) Mumford writes:

> Ever since I visited the ancient Italian town of Pompeii, buried under the ashes of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, I have found myself comparing the dead city that has been brought to life there with the seemingly live cities that we are living in—or more often trying to get away from—in America. This comparison continues to haunt me. . . . This little provincial town, of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, produced such an orderly and coherent and esthetically animated life that even in its ruined state it gives a less ruinous impression than the central areas of most American cities of ten times that population. . . . When one considers the amount of space and fine building given to Pompeii's temples, its markets, its law courts, its public baths, its stadium, its handsome theater, all conceived and built on the human scale, with great nobility of form, one realizes that American towns far more wealthy and populous than Pompeii do not, except in very rare cases, have anything like this kind of civic equipment, even in makeshift form. . . .
>
> Every part of Pompeii was within walking distance, just as if its inhabitants enjoyed each other and wished to profit by each other's company. And the thousands of people who gathered to watch the games, or attend the theater, could leave their seats and reach home on foot before a similar American crowd could begin to get their cars out of a parking lot. In terms of biological vitality, in terms of social life, there is no question as to which kind of community could offer the best facilities and enjoyments for its inhabitants. Now, mind you, Pompeii was not a showpiece or an ideal community; far from it: it was just an ordinary Roman provincial town, so well designed that if it were not for Vesuvius it might still be doing business on the same spot.

Certain words and phrases in that excerpt recur again and again in Mumford's writing—words like "orderly," "coherent," and "animated," and, especially, the phrases "nobility of form," "biological vitality," and "human scale." Here in America in 1990, we do well to listen to Mumford as he insists upon our striving to become Pompeian—insists, that is to say, upon our choosing an urban scale appropriate to our physical and emotional requirements. Today, we treat with contempt those attributes of urban life—coherence, orderliness, nobility of form—that Mumford spent a lifetime championing. We couple an aggressive, seemingly uncontrollable process of overbuilding with the possible collapse of the infrastructure upon which the overbuilding is being imposed. At a faster and faster rate our city becomes at once unrecognizable and uninhabitable.

MUMFORD taught us to see cities as the quintessence of civilization, but by what means can we preserve and enhance that civilization? If the city and the civilization it produced are being plundered, that is happening by conquest not from without but from within. And even in opposing this destruction we tend to fall back upon rhetoric, which Yeats has defined as the will doing the work of the imagination, and which, as we all know, digs no subways, builds no bridges, cleanses no rivers, puts no criminals in jail.

Mumford was unable to solve the problems he set out so eloquently in the pages of this magazine. In his Sky Line articles we see him struggling with the contradictions of urban planning. Mumford believed in big plans, à la Robert Moses in his early park-build-

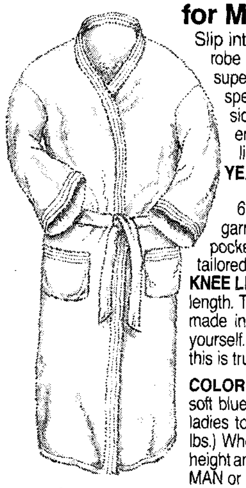
*Blantyre*

*A very gracious, very special country house hotel. 23 guest rooms on 85 acres. Exceptional cuisine . . . tennis, croquet and swimming.*

*Named one of 6 "Favorite Hideaways of the 80's" in the USA by Hideaway Report, and recipient of the "International Welcome Award" 1989 from Relais & Châteaux Hotels.*

*Season, May through November. Please call 413-637-3556 (summer) or 413-298-3806 (winter).*

*Lenox, Massachusetts 01240*



**SUPER SAVINGS on this STYLISH**

**100% COTTON TERRY ROBE**

**for MEN & LADIES**

Slip into this KIMONO dream robe and feel the luxury of super soft cotton thanks to special terry loops on both sides for greatest absorbency (not possible with lighter weight robes) and **YEAR ROUND COMFORT**

* * * *

6 Needle stitching on all garment trim including collar, pockets, sleeves—gives neat tailored look. Generous **BELOW KNEE LENGTH** (48"), ¾+ sleeve length. This is not an import—it's made in the USA. Compare for yourself. We guarantee you'll find this is truly an exceptional buy.

**COLOR CHOICE:** Snow white or soft blue. **SIZES:** S thru XL (fits ladies to 160 lbs. & men to 220 lbs.) When ordering give approx. height and weight AND specify for MAN or LADY.

**SPECIAL TIME LIMITED PRICE — Only $35**

***Postpaid on this 4 lb. shipment.***

SAVE EVEN MORE—2 for $64

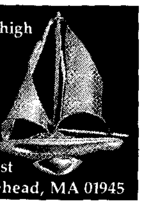
GREAT FOR HIS & HER GIFTING

*Satisfaction Guaranteed—ORDER NOW, while prices include all postage/handling!*

**WITTMANN TEXTILES,** Dept. 530

Hobe Sound, FL 33475 *(Ship. to FLA add 6% tax)*

*Natural Fiber Specialists Since 1955*



SLOOP PIN 1½" high

Moveable main and boom, #10-N,
Sterling: $51 ppd. 14K: $328 ppd.
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS
TORY'S M-F, 9-5, EST
Catalog upon request
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

ing days on Long Island, but when Moses later sought to impose some of those big plans on Mumford's beloved city—proposing a cross-Manhattan expressway linking New Jersey and Brooklyn, the construction of which would have cut the island in half at the point we now call SoHo, and actually building the Cross-Bronx Expressway, which led to the Bronx's near evisceration—Mumford turned against him. One could read his Sky Line articles as a civil-defense manual against the city's adversaries, those usurpers of our space, light, and air who have deprived even themselves of the few remnants of Pompeian livability that twentieth-century New York possessed. And one could also read them for their hints of a foreboding that darkened with the years: again and again, as he approached old age, Mumford asserted that only a miracle could save our civilization.

Nevertheless, Mumford in age enjoyed the consolation of believing that some principle of design was at work in the universe—a design that had no preordained end in view but was no less truly a design, even though it was undetectable by us, the unwitting composers of parts of it. This consolation is not available to all of us, but it made Mumford's career—indeed, his very existence—possible. "If life prospers," he wrote, "there is no limit to its possibilities, no terminus to its creativity; for it is part of the essential nature of man to transcend the limits of his own biological nature, and to be ready if necessary to die in order to make such transcendence possible."

At the same time, Mumford wrote, "No outward tinkering will improve this overpowered civilization, now plainly in the final and fossilized stage of its materialization. Nothing will produce an effective change but the fresh transformation that has already begun in the human mind." And if we ask, "What transformation is that? And in whose mind has it begun?" we do so not to deride Mumford but to make clear the terms of a debate that will always center on a great perhaps. Robert Frost wrote, "I had a lover's quarrel with the world," and so, indefatigably, did Mumford. For us who follow him, the task is to share not only his guarded optimism but also his courage.

—BRENDAN GILL

SANTA FE-
OUR STYLE.

The carefree and secluded atmosphere of our historic valley has been soothing a busy, restless world for over 70 years. You'll find everything you enjoy on our 1000 privately-owned acres: ride, hike, swim, shoot, play, soak, or relax right at the Lodge. Only five minutes from fascinating Santa Fe with museums, galleries, concerts, world-famous opera, unique shops. Sightsee the many nearby Indian pueblos. And **Mobil Four-Star Rated** means delicious cookery and finest amenities. Call 505-983-6377, or write.

THE BISHOP'S LODGE
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

The Bishop's Lodge
Box 2367K, Santa Fe, NM 87504
Please send brochure.

Name ....................

Address ....................

City/state/zip ....................

*During the past eighteen years we have arranged many superb cruises on the Nile; and we now repeat a uniquely comprehensive and adventurous tour of Egypt which has been enormously popular and successful annually since 1985:*

The Nile and the Sinai

CAIRO, ABU SIMBEL, A FELUCCA CRUISE DOWN THE NILE, AND ACROSS THE SINAI PENINSULA IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MOSES.

**NOVEMBER 7 TO 25, 1990**

We combine the luxury of staying at the finest hotels in Cairo, Aswan and Luxor and seeing the stupendous monuments of Pharaonic, early Christian and Muslim Egypt, with the romance of drifting down the Nile in simple sailboats to visit temples, tombs and sites when the crowds are not there and journeying across the Sinai Peninsula, where we inspect the 12th Dynasty temple at Sarabit el Khadim and the 6th Century Monastery of Saint Catherine, climb Mount Moses, swim and snorkel in the Gulf of Aqaba, and sleep under the stars.

*Detailed brochures of the tour are available from:*

**HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC**
513 FLEMING STREET, KEY WEST, FLORIDA 33040
TELEPHONE (305) 294 8174

**STYLISH LEATHER COLLECTION**
Top Grain Cowhide bags, Handcrafted in Argentina

CHUKKER COUNTRY

(A1) POLO BAG
Natural Color 18" x 13" x 8"
Satisfaction guaranteed

**FREE CATALOG** (212) 888-8733
CHUKKER COUNTRY, P.O. Box 974
FDR Station, NY, NY 10150

# REPORT FROM ROMANIA

## DOWN WITH THE TYRANT

THE Reformed Church of Timisoara calls no attention to itself. It shares a grimy three-story brick-and-stone building with a keymaker's shop, which has the more conspicuous sign on the façade. A tram line runs nearby, taking workers who live in the neighborhood to their motor and chemical factories, and from the tram the building looks like any other block of flats and shops. It has no cross, no spire, no grand entrance. Only the steep pitch of the roof and some large windows suggest the presence of a nave. The Reformed Church is Calvinist, and none of the governments that have ruled Timisoara (it was called Temesvar when the Hungarians controlled it) have favored the Calvinist faith.

Until the Reverend Laszlo Tokes became pastor, in 1986, the congregation consisted mainly of elderly women. Mr. Tokes, who is now thirty-seven, invigorated the membership of the Reformed Church. "He gathered students and intellectuals—they were attracted by what he said and by his personality," Zoltan Balaton, a member of the congregation, told me. Tokes, he went on, had a knack for explaining the Biblical injunctions to honesty and fairness in a way that allowed his listeners to draw clear inferences about the lack of those virtues in the Romanian regime. His sermons and the kind of congregation he was building naturally drew the attention of the Securitate, Romania's secret police, but Tokes stayed out of trouble until October of 1988, when he held a service at which three students recited poetry. The rules under which the church operated in Romania prohibited the participation of students in that way.

Six months later, Tokes received notice that he had been suspended from the ministry. It is an article of faith in Tokes's congregation that the bishop who gave the order, Laszlo Papp, was under the thumb of the Securitate. Tokes resisted the order, and his congregation gathered signatures on a petition in his behalf. After a few months, during which Tokes continued to serve as pastor, the bishop responded by offering a milder sanction: Tokes could remain a minister, but he would have to take a new assignment, in a remote, tiny village—in effect, go into exile. Tokes and his congregation found this order, too, unacceptable.

At about that time, Tokes crossed an important line. He and his congregation belonged to the large Hungarian minority that was incorporated into Romania at the end of the First World War, when Hungary, which ended the war on the losing side, ceded the province of Transylvania. Since the end of the Second World War, the discipline of the Warsaw Pact had stifled Hungarian resentment over the loss of Transylvania and over the mistreatment of Hungarians by the Romanian regime, but as *glasnost* expanded the limits of political expression the fate of Transylvania became a major issue in Hungary. Word of Tokes's plight leaked out, and a television crew managed to get to Tokes and film an interview with him. Tokes spoke about his own situation and, more generally, about repression in Romania. The interview was broadcast on a Hungarian program called "Panorama," which, according to Balaton, "everybody who has the right antenna watches." The interview also made its way to Radio Free Europe, the BBC, and other Western radio stations that transmitted to Romania. Within days, Tokes's name and situation became known all over Timisoara.

Many writers have compared modern Romania with Joseph Stalin's regime in the Soviet Union, and, indeed, both countries demonstrate the vulnerability of the Leninist system to absolute dictatorship. But in at least one respect Romania was dif-

Shanahan
RAPUNZEL AT THE HOP

ferent. Stalin's regime tended to deal quickly with any hint of dissent: the police knocked on the door in the middle of the night, and the victim disappeared. In Romania, the authorities preferred a long and visible campaign of intimidation against dissidents. They quickly initiated one against Laszlo Tokes. Anonymous callers began to threaten him. Cars filled with watchful men often parked in front of the church. An architect who was working with Tokes on a church-restoration project received calls warning him to abandon the project. He refused, and in September his body was found in a Timisoara park; the police ruled his death a suicide. On Sundays, uniformed policemen, jiggling their handcuffs in front of them, formed a gantlet that members of the congregation had to walk to get to services. In November, four thugs broke into Tokes's residence, beat him, and cut his face with a knife. Finally, a court ordered his eviction, on the ground that he no longer had the right to occupy the minister's residence. It set the eviction date for December 15th. On Sunday, December 10th, Tokes told his congregation what was going to happen. Balaton remembers that he said, "If anyone would like to see an illegal eviction, I invite him to come and watch."

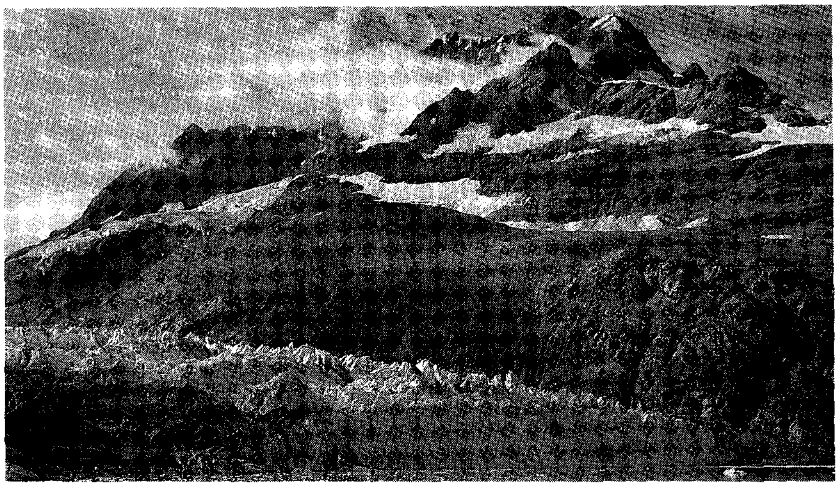
Word of the impending eviction spread quickly, first in Timisoara's Hungarian community and then throughout the city. One of those who heard about it was Sandor Bicsok, a railroad engineer who lives in Timisoara with his wife and daughter. In January, when I asked Bicsok to recount his experiences during the uprising, he invited me to a coffee shop around the corner from the Reformed Church, and as he began to talk about the uprising his eyes gleamed with pride.

The Romanian regime had alienated Bicsok as far back as 1971, when, as he recalled, it shut down the city's Hungarian schools. For almost twenty years, he was afraid to express his discontent, and during much of that time the conditions of his life grew steadily worse. His house had no electricity from nine o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon. Frequently, the authorities cut off the power from six in the evening until nine, and again at irregular intervals throughout the night. His family re-

Exploring

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND SOUTHEAST ALASKA

ABOARD THE 138-PASSENGER M/V YORKTOWN CLIPPER



Seattle • Victoria • Johnstone Strait • Queen Charlotte Islands
Prince Rupert • Ketchikan • Misty Fjords • Petersburg • Sitka
Glacier Bay • Skagway • Haines • Tracy Arm • Juneau

Our 14-day voyage along the sheltered coastline of British Columbia to Alaska's fabled Inside Passage provides a unique perspective, from the sea, of snow-glistening mountain ranges, undulating forests of dark evergreens interrupted by deep cut gorges and rocky coves. Our nimble, shallow-draft ship has access to wilderness areas where the big cruise liners can't navigate. You'll capture the wild and free spirit of Southeast Alaska, from the soaring bald eagles overhead to the thunder of glaciers calving into the clear, icy waters below. Experienced naturalists will be on board to enhance your enjoyment and understanding of the environment. Departing Saturday, May 26, 1990.

For information, call toll-free **1-800-325-0010** or see your travel agent.

CLIPPER
In the Spirit of Adventure

7711 Bonhomme Ave. ✦ St. Louis, Missouri 63105-1965

*Yorktown Clipper* is of U.S. Registry, staffed by American officers and crew.

ceived three kilograms of meat and fifty grams of butter per month. Sugar, oil, and flour were also rationed. In one respect, he was lucky. People in apartment blocks in Timisoara had hot water once a week, and in the winter their apartments were rarely warmer than fifty-five degrees, but Bicsok owned a small house with a wood-burning stove, and he was able to get wood from the countryside, so he had heat. Wherever I went in Romania, I heard similar stories. City dwellers survived in recent years by foraging for themselves in rural areas. They might find firewood, or a peasant willing to slaughter a hog and sell it to them. The formal economy had almost completely failed.

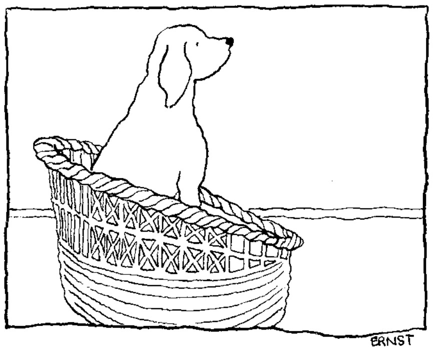
Bicsok could not point to anything specific that moved him to go down to the Reformed Church on the morning of December 15th. He is a Catholic, and he did not know Tokes personally. Certainly the examples set in the rest of Eastern Europe in the past year had influenced Romanians, but there was no plan, no call to revolution. Bicsok simply went over to the church to see what might happen. "It was completely spontaneous," he said.

He found that some fifty or sixty people with similar ideas had already shown up and were milling about. He saw no police, but there seemed to be a few Securitate men in plain clothes standing at the church entrance. Hours passed, and the crowd swelled to about two hundred. The idea began to spread among them that if they stayed the Securitate would perhaps think twice about carrying out the eviction. Tokes, who had been waiting in the church office, opened a window. "He greeted us and said that he did not know what might happen, that he was still being required to leave," Bicsok recalled. "Someone shouted, 'We won't leave you, Father! We're with you, Father!' " The crowd continued to swell, and Bicsok noticed that Romanians, Serbs, and other ethnic groups had joined it. "Even Gypsies," he said. Several hundred people stood watch through the night.

The next day, Saturday, the crowd began to sense both the fragility of the established order and its own power. The weather was sunny and unusually warm, and more and more people took to the streets around the Reformed Church. The mayor of the city, Petre Mot, came and spoke to Tokes, offering a compromise: he could stay on at the church if the crowd dispersed. Tokes then opened his window and announced to those outside that the problem had been solved, and they could go home. But someone shouted back, "We don't trust them, Father!" When the Mayor tried to face down the crowd, some women spoke up. "We'll stay! You leave!" they said. Later, a group of students began singing an old patriotic song called "Romanians, Awake!" And Sandor Bicsok and Zoltan Balaton both recall that as evening fell they heard for the first time someone shout "Down with Ceausescu!"

NICOLAE CEAUSESCU was then seventy-one and had led the Romanian Communist Party for twenty-four years. In bare outline, his life and career closely resembled Stalin's. Like Stalin, he was born in poverty—to a peasant family from a village called Scornicesti, about a hundred miles west of Bucharest. He received only a few years of education before, at the age of eleven, he left his family, moved to the capital, and found work as a shoemaker's apprentice. Like Stalin, he became a Communist and a revolutionary while he was still in his teens. The Romanian press first noticed him in 1936, when the government tried him on a charge of Communist activity, convicted him, and sentenced him to eighteen months in jail; he received an additional six months' sentence for a courtroom outburst. Like Stalin, he got his higher education from fellow-revolutionaries in trouble with the law; he spent most of the time between 1936 and 1944 in jail with other Party members.

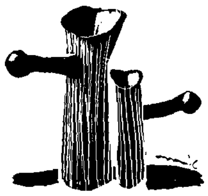
Romania in those years concluded a brief, not particularly successful experiment with democratic government—the only time in the country's history when it had ventured to try democracy. Between the world wars, it had a constitutional monarchy, under Kings Ferdinand and Carol II. They were members of a German noble family that the Romanian aristocracy had invited into the country in 1866, to become its rulers, after five centuries of Ottoman suzerainty. Romanian politics after the First World War featured many parties, many elections (not all of them honest), and twenty-one different governments. One of the more robust political groups to be spawned during those years was the Iron Guard, a native Fascist organization very similar to the Nazi Party in Germany. After the Second World War broke out, Carol II abdicated in favor of his son Michael, thereby making way for a pro-German government, under General Ion Antonescu, that was heavily influenced by the Iron Guard. Romania fought on the side of the Axis until the summer of 1944, when the Soviet Army was poised to roll the Germans back through the Carpathians. At that moment, Antonescu was deposed and Romania adroitly switched to the winning side. Although many Romanians hoped that the Allies would restore a democratic system, the presence of the Soviet Army settled their fate. By 1947, the government was firmly in the hands of the Communists, and Ceausescu, as one of the few Romanian Communist Party members whose allegiance predated the arrival of the Soviets, was well launched on a government career. He brought certain talents to it. Ion Mihai Pacepa, who served as the director of Romania's foreign-intelligence forces until 1978, when he defected, described Ceausescu to me as a man of "native intelligence, phenomenal memory, and iron will."



Ceausescu came to power, in 1965, and positioned himself as a reformer and a nationalist. Alone among the Warsaw Pact leaders, he publicly opposed Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia in 1968. Many Romanian intellectuals joined the Party in those years, and the Nixon Administration singled Ceausescu out as America's favorite Eastern European leader: he was the only one it invited to the White House. But Ceausescu's devotion to liberal reforms lasted only as long as it took him to eliminate the old Stalinists in the Party who might have challenged him for power. He gained control over the military in 1969, and became President in 1974. He had accrued power so gradually at first that for years many Romanians and many outsiders who studied the country could not quite believe what he had become.

Once he had achieved power, he preserved it by means of a nepotism so rife that it assures him a special place in the annals of Communism. His brother, Ilie, became a vice-minister of defense. A second brother, Nicolae Andruta, became a lieutenant general in the security forces. A third brother, Ion, became first vice-chairman of the state planning agency. Ceausescu's youngest child and namesake, known as Nicu, became the head of the Communist youth organization and then the Party leader in Sibiu, Transylvania. But the most despised beneficiary of Ceausescu's nepotism was his wife, Elena. I spoke about her with Vladimir Tismaneanu, who is now a scholar at Philadelphia's Foreign Policy Research Institute. In the fifties and sixties, Tismaneanu, the son of a ranking Romanian official, attended school with Nicu Ceausescu. Mrs. Ceausescu, he remembers, behaved much as any other mother until her husband became the leader. Tismaneanu knew that things had changed when an edition of the official Romanian encyclopedia listing the year of her birth as 1917, a year before her husband's, was recalled and destroyed. "The next edition said she was born in 1919," Tismaneanu recalled, smiling. Mrs. Ceausescu then decided that she wanted a doctorate in chemistry, though she had never completed grade school. In 1967, she approached one of Romania's most respected chemists, a professor at the Polytechnic Institute of Bucharest named Costin Nenitescu, and asked him to award her one. He refused. Mrs. Ceausescu then found a more pliant professor, at a provincial university in the town of Iasi. She received her doctorate, and soon thereafter became the chairman of the National Council for Science and Technology; the Romanian media began to praise her as one of the world's most distinguished scientists. Textbooks and scientific encyclopedias were published under her guidance. The unfortunate Professor Nenitescu went into premature retirement.

Mrs. Ceausescu had meanwhile added political work to her scientific duties. She joined the Romanian Communist Party's Central Committee in 1972 and became a member of its ruling board, the Political Executive Committee, in 1974. Romania became a diarchy, and Mrs. Ceausescu was so much feared that people referred to her only as She. I spoke with a man named Vasile Negrescu, who was the director of the state's metals-trading company in the nineteen-seventies. After an earthquake demolished the company's headquarters, in 1977, Negrescu solicited relief donations from foreign companies with which he did business. He collected two million dollars for the construction of a new headquarters building and deposited it in the state bank. One day, ready to begin the project, he called the bank's director about withdrawing the funds. The money was no longer there, the banker said, because "She took it." Negrescu knew precisely whom he meant, and he knew there was nothing that either of them could do about it.



Romania is a fertile land, and only gross mismanagement could drive it to abject poverty. The Ceausescus provided just that. In the early years of the regime, Romania borrowed deeply from abroad to build heavy industry—particularly petrochemical factories, which would rely on imported oil. But world oil prices soared, and there was little demand for Romania's industrial production. Ceausescu then determined that repayment of the debt would be the nation's highest priority, lest it fall under the influence of foreign creditors. To accomplish this, he squeezed the consumer sector unmercifully, shipping much of the country's food abroad. In April of last year, the government triumphantly announced that the debt had been paid, but no improvement in consumer supplies followed. The stores in Bucharest last summer offered some peas and pickles in jars and a little flour; at the butchers' counters, people could buy pigs' heads and pigs' knuckles, but there was no sign of any of the intermediate parts of the animal.

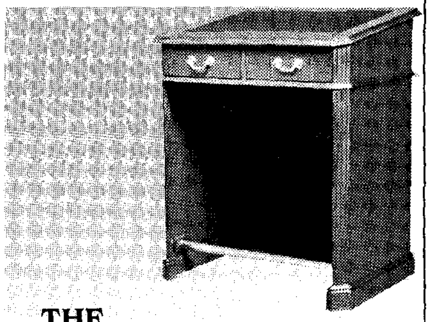
While Ceausescu was paying off the debt, he was also pouring resources into a demolition-and-construction program he called "systematization." When he announced the program, in 1974, it struck many Romanians as a benign version of urban renewal. But over the years Ceausescu transformed it. Had he completed his "systematization," it would have razed the majority of the nation's thirteen thousand rural villages, because villages with populations of less than two thousand people were deemed "economically unviable," and the populations would have been transferred to apartment blocks in designated agro-industrial centers. In the towns and cities the program would have razed more than ninety per cent of existing housing, along with dozens of churches, and replaced them with concrete apartment blocks. As it happened, Ceausescu had neither the time nor the money to "systematize" the entire country, but his program still destroyed thousands of urban homes and a handful of villages.

Ceausescu had a purpose in all this destruction. "He truly believed in the Soviet model of the nineteen-thirties—in building a new society," a Romanian historian named Dinu Giurescu, who now lives in this country, told me last year. "If you want to have this type of society, you need a totally new type of human being—a being who will willingly, cheerfully, and diligently carry out all the orders given by the leadership. To have such an individual, you must create a new environment for him. If you allow this individual to be on his own, to have personal reactions, then he will oppose this new society, because that's human nature. But if the individual is totally dependent on the collective from his birth to his exit, then he will react according to the will of the collective."

The Ceausescus ordered the clearance of a swath of land in the center of Bucharest about three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide for the centerpiece of systematization, which they called the Boulevard of the Victory of Socialism. Roger Kirk, the American Ambassador to Bucharest at the time of the demolition, estimated that at least forty thousand people lost their homes; some of Romania's oldest churches and monasteries were either destroyed or moved. The new boulevard runs die-straight across the belly of the city, flanked by parallel rows of nearly identical white ten-story apartment buildings, ornamented with balconies and columns. The boulevard is about ninety yards wide—wider, Ceausescu's architects liked to boast, than the Champs-Élysées. At its west end looms a new House of the People, on which

THE HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL

WE ACCOMMODATE IN SAN FRANCISCO
*Anticipate comfort and service beyond your expectations.*
HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL
FAMILY RUN FOR OVER 40 YEARS
351 Geary Street
San Francisco, CA 94102
(800) 223-0888 or (415) 781-7800
**To receive our discount corporate rate, mention you saw this ad in The New Yorker.**
While in San Diego, stay at
The Handlery Stardust Hotel & Country Club.



THE STAND•UP DESK COLLECTION
Catalogue, $ 1.00. Call 1-800-227-9256. In Texas, call collect (512) 220-1211.
Fax (512) 270-4501
301 South Frio
San Antonio TX 78207

1 YR/4 ISSUES Fly Fishing HERITAGE ONLY $12.95
*The literary magazine for fly fishers.*
Short stories, natural science, historical essays, profiles, instruction, strategy, art and collectibles by the finest authors including Lee Wulff, Dave Whitlock, Gary Borger, Dick Talleur, Lefty Kreh & Poul Jorgensen.
EXCERPTS FROM OUT OF PRINT ARTICLES AND BOOKS
2025 S. Brentwood Blvd. • St. Louis, MO 63144 • 314/968-8424
SEND CHECK OR CALL & USE VISA, MASTER CARD, AMERICAN EXPRESS.

EUROPE BY CAR
ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

construction started in 1986, and which covers three times as much ground space as the United States Capitol, and has about a thousand rooms, many of them the size of respectable college gymnasiums. The interior décor features white marble, enormous columns, and gilt. According to Lieutenant Colonel Mihai Evores, an Army officer, who showed reporters around the nearly completed building in January, Ceausescu dropped by two or three times a week to supervise the construction, and on almost every visit he ordered design changes. "He changed the scale or the materials of the staircase in the south foyer twelve times," Evores said.

In Eastern Europe, urban design has always been inseparable from politics. The careful preservation or reconstruction of old and venerable parts of Budapest, Prague, and Warsaw were statements of respect for national heritage and an assertion that the values of the past have not been lost. The Boulevard of the Victory of Socialism makes a statement that deliberately belittles the contributions of vanished generations, and claims the Ceausescu era to be a gigantic, irreversible stride forward. Few urban landscapes in the world equal its scale. In fact, its only true rival may be an avenue that existed solely as an architect's model: the grand avenue that Adolf Hitler planned for Berlin.

THE Ceausescus demanded and received constant public veneration. I visited Bucharest last summer, a few days before the principal national holiday—August 23rd, which celebrates the 1944 anti-German coup. Walking around the city in the late afternoon, I often came to wooden police barricades blocking off a few streets. Beyond the barricades were throngs of people rehearsing for the big holiday parade—practicing chants, and waving poles bearing signs and portraits. Afterward, they would stream past the barricades with their poles slung over their shoulders like miners' shovels. One common slogan, in white letters on a red banner, read "1965-1989. THE ERA OF NICOLAE CEAUSESCU. THE GOLDEN ERA." The portraits were all of Elena and Nicolae Ceausescu. Recent photographs of Ceausescu show a man with gray hair, a deeply lined face, and suspicious, hawklike eyes. The ubiquitous official portrait, however, depicted him as he perhaps looked years ago—with a bushy brown pompadour, smooth cheeks, and a kindly smile playing on full pink lips.

Few in Bucharest could escape that face as the holiday approached. Romania has one television channel, which at that time broadcast for three hours each evening. I caught most of the program on August 22nd. The newscast led with a long report on a reception at which the two Ceausescus clinked glasses with the diplomatic corps. A report on counties that had overfulfilled their production plans in honor of the holiday was next, and that completed the news. Then came a musical hour. A choir massed under Ceausescu's portrait sang a long hymn in praise of the nation's leader. The music was followed by a documentary film about the achievements of the Romanian economy, which consisted principally of clips showing the Ceausescus snipping ribbons, inspecting dams and factories, and greeting happy workers, who were carrying the official portraits.

The next day, cheers and chants and the sound of marching feet awakened me shortly after dawn. From my hotel window I could see marchers in phalanxes of several hundred moving through the streets below, and I went downstairs to follow them. The paraders, carrying icons and their banners, filed through sleepy, quiet neighborhoods toward Strada Berzei, the starting point for the parade. Middle-aged men in tan suits escorted them. Once in a while, one of the escorts would give a signal, and his group would practice a chant: "Ceau-ses-cu, Er-o-ism! Ro-ma-ni-a, Com-mun-ism!" Many groups wore costumes: there were girls in diaphanous white dresses, dancers in colorfully embroidered peasant clothes with cockaded hats, and wiry young athletes in bright-red shirts, red sweatpants, and red caps. As the paraders neared Strada Berzei, they bunched up, stopped, and waited. Some draped their filmy red banners on the curb or the pavement and sat on them, to protect their costumes. Some propped themselves against lampposts and smoked or chewed sunflower seeds. Here and there, a man in a suit walked through a group with pen and paper, and wrote down names. Parade participation was an obligation that rotated among the staff members of every fac-

LATCH 'N' LOCK
The Ultimate Collector's Frame
Glass Front and Solid Oak
18⅝"×17¼"

$29.95

Cushioned Fabric and Hinged Frame Design Allows Display of Coins, Stamps, Medals, Photos and Certificates of Varying Thickness in Just Minutes!

Send $29.95 plus $5.00 (shipping and handling) for each frame to:
NAME IN A FRAME
P.O. Box 66917 Dept. NYR
Chicago, IL 60666
(Illinois residents please add 7% Tax)
(We offer a 14 day guarantee return period)

O·X·F·O·R·D
AND CAMBRIDGE

• UNIVERSITY VACATIONS •
Exclusive series of one and two-week cultural vacations for adults. Spring, Summer, and Autumn programs.
FREE BROCHURE. In the U.S. contact:
• UNIVERSITY VACATIONS •
9602 N.W. 13th St., Miami, FL 33172
TOLL FREE: 800-792-0100

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

A feast for the spirit...
PENDLE HILL, a Quaker Center for Study and Contemplation, offers resident terms, short stays, weekend conferences. Private rooms, home cooking, 23 wooded acres. All creeds are welcome. Write Box N.
PENDLE HILL • WALLINGFORD, PA 19086 • (215) 566-4507

tory and office. The leaders of each workplace Party cell designated the appropriate number of marchers and made sure they attended.

At the head of the line, on Strada Berzei, was a cordon of policemen. Behind them I could see the military segment of the parade. Dark-green tanks, mobile anti-aircraft guns, and trucks filled with troops waited on the cobblestones while engines idled, filling the air with exhaust fumes. I wanted to walk farther, to get ahead of the parade and watch it go past, but the policemen stopped me. Only people with special passes could stand along the line of march, a policeman explained. The parade, it turned out, was only three blocks long, and went past a temporary reviewing stand in front of a museum under construction on Strada Stirbei Voda. Only invited diplomats, selected officials, and the Ceausescus watched it in person. The rest of the nation could see it on television. I turned around and headed back to my hotel. Along the way, I passed a line of people at a sidewalk table where someone was selling butter. It was the only spontaneous crowd I saw that day.

On television, the parade made an impressive spectacle. A military band, standing in formation across the avenue from the reviewing stand, provided background music. Legions of chanting workers marched past the cameras, their faces almost obscured by the forest of Ceausescu portraits and banners. The girls in white dresses pirouetted prettily. As they passed the reviewing stand, the young men in the special red costumes broke ranks and regrouped to spell "C-E-A-U-S-E-S-C-U" in precise block letters. Then they formed the Roman numerals—"IX, X, XI, XII, XIII"—that designated the Party congresses over which Ceausescu had presided. The cameras panned often to the reviewing stand, where the Ceausescus stood, smiling and waving—she in a white dress, he in a dark suit. In contrast to the custom at Soviet parades, where the Party leadership lines up on top of the Lenin Mausoleum in political pecking order, the Ceausescus stood in regal isolation. There would be no pictures the next day that analysts might use to spot a potential successor.

When the last marcher had passed, soldiers rolled out a red carpet from the reviewing stand to the street. A single black car drove up, and the Ceausescus walked to it, side by side. At the curb, a

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, one of the most brilliant, youthful and romantic of all historical leaders. For your home or office. Reproduced in chloride magnesia from the original in Munich's Glyptotek. Beautiful bronze like appearance. 11¾" on marble base $125 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. Artbook color catalogue of 320 masterpieces $6.
ELEGANZA LTD. Importers of Fine Statuary
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1774
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

BOSTON'S COLONNADE HOTEL BECAME SUCCESSFUL BY NEVER TRYING TO MAKE IT BIG.
The Colonnade
BOSTON
120 HUNTINGTON AVE.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02116
(617) 424-7000 • (800) 962-3030
Preferred Hotels Worldwide

Gracious. Glorious.
Waterview suites. Glorious gardens.
American Regional Cuisine.
Open Year Round.
Coonamessett Inn
Of Cape Cod
P.O. Box 707Y, Falmouth, MA 02541 ■ 508/548-2300

SOUTH OF FRANCE
Your pied-à-terre on the French Riviera should be La Collette Saint-Pierre. Explore Avignon to Pisa from our secluded 260-acre estate owned by a hospitable Anglo-American family. Five comfortable private apartments, pool, informal dining patios with splendid views and yet only half an hour from Cannes. Brochure available from La Collette Saint-Pierre, P.O. Box 7543, St. Petersburg, FLA 33734. Or call France directly 94•76•96•79.

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

dozen or so schoolchildren [illegible]d neckerchiefs lined up with bouquets of flowers in hand. One by one, they stepped up to one or the other of the Ceausescus and presented their bouquets. Ceausescu accepted them with practiced ease, taking a bouquet in his right hand, embracing the child with his left, and kissing a proffered young cheek. As he kissed, the right arm swung out toward an aide, standing just out of the camera's view. The flowers disappeared, the arm swung back, and Ceausescu was ready to greet another youngster. The ritual consumed but a moment or two. Then, with a final smile and wave, the Ceausescus got into the back seat of the car and were driven away. They looked proud and happy.

Ceausescu professed to believe that carefully orchestrated ceremonies like this represented the adulation of a prosperous and grateful people. Two years ago, in a meeting with John C. Whitehead, the Reagan Administration's Deputy Secretary of State, he complained about an American newspaper article that portrayed him as unpopular. "I'm extremely popular," he said. "I have evidence of it every day. Every time I make a speech, people rise and applaud." He also upbraided Whitehead for a reference that President Reagan had made to Romania's economic difficulties, and asked whether the President knew that Romanians' per-capita income had been rising steadily for eight years. Whitehead concluded that Ceausescu must have surrounded himself with sycophants who made up statistics to please him.

Whether or not he truly believed that his people loved him, Ceausescu, as he aged, displayed acute fears of poisoning and germs. According to Pacepa, he had radiation detectors installed in his offices and residences, and employed special bodyguards to taste all his food before he ate it. Immediately after duty required him to shake the hand of a stranger, he washed his right hand in alcohol. On a journalists' tour of Ceausescu's Bucharest residence after the revolution, I found among some papers strewn on a coffee table in the entrance hall a document from a hospital laboratory certifying that a case of cooking oil sent to the residence's kitchen had been tested and found free of contaminants. A Bucharest physician I spoke with told me that all the children who presented the Ceausescus with flowers were selected in advance, sent to hospitals, examined, and certified free of infection before they were permitted to proffer their cheeks for his kiss.

Ceausescu created a vast security apparatus to protect his regime. Pacepa estimated that by the end of the seventies three million people—out of a total population of twenty-three million—worked or informed for the Securitate.

The Securitate maintained a collection of handwriting samples from sixty per cent of the population. Anyone with a typewriter had to register it. Mail and telephones were routinely monitored. As a result, anyone tempted to send a letter to, say, Amnesty International had to assume he could be caught. An unpublished law, Decree 408, required Romanians to report to the police any contacts they had with foreigners. A physician in the provincial city of Medias told me about some of the equipment found in the Securitate headquarters there after the revolution. On the ground floor was a bank of electronic equipment that could tap, and record conversations from, any telephone in the city. In the basement was a chamber with an operating table, a device for electroshock, and various instruments of torture, including needles and a vise. In a bag secreted in a wall were files listing the sexual specialties of several dozen women, who were being blackmailed and forced to ensnare others. Until December, the vast majority of the Romanian people feared the Securitate and submitted wearily to its control.

A handful of people did not. But the regime had a method—similar to the South African practice of banning—of silencing people without creating the kinds of martyrs to human rights that might have attracted condemnation from outside the country. In the fall of 1988, Silviu Brucan, a seventy-two-year-old Communist who had once edited the Party newspaper, composed a letter criticizing nearly every aspect of Ceausescu's rule; operating quietly and secretly, he got five other aging former members of the élite to agree to its contents and managed to smuggle a copy out of the country, and it was published early in 1989. After interrogating Brucan, the Securitate forced him to move to a two-room cottage in the village of Damaroaia, outside Bucharest. Police erected a spotlight to illuminate his doorway day and night, and prevented him from receiving visitors or leaving the village.

Occasionally, foreign journalists would manage to meet and interview dissidents. In early 1989, a poet named Mircea Dinescu told a reporter for *Libération* that God had turned his face away from Romania. The Party expelled him, and he lost his job on the editorial board of a literary magazine. Securitate agents showed up on the street in front of his house and stood guard, putting him under the same kind of house arrest that Brucan suffered. Last August, I called on a dissident physicist named Gabriel Andreescu at his apartment, in Southern Bucharest. For eight years, Andreescu had quietly struggled against the regime, principally by smuggling out letters and essays of protest to Western human-rights groups. For almost as long, the regime had tried to intimidate him. He had spent a month in prison in 1988, and the police had recently threatened to commit him to a mental institution unless he emigrated or abandoned his political activities. I dropped in on him uninvited, and he hesitated before agreeing to an interview. Once committed, however, he responded in earnest when I asked why Romania, in contrast to countries like Poland and Hungary, had never developed more than an atomized dissident movement. Partly, he said, it was the country's history and tradition; its people had been conditioned to submit during the centuries of Ottoman rule, and neither the pre-Communist Romanian aristocracy nor the Communist regime had done much to change that. And partly, he went on, it was the efficiency of the Securitate. No Communist country had developed a dissident movement under conditions of unbridled Stalinism. As if to demonstrate the veracity of the latter point, Securitate agents arrested me as I left Andreescu's apartment, and expelled me from the country within hours. They summoned Andreescu for several days of interrogation, and after he refused once again to emigrate they exiled him to a small town called Buzau, where no foreigners were likely to encounter him.

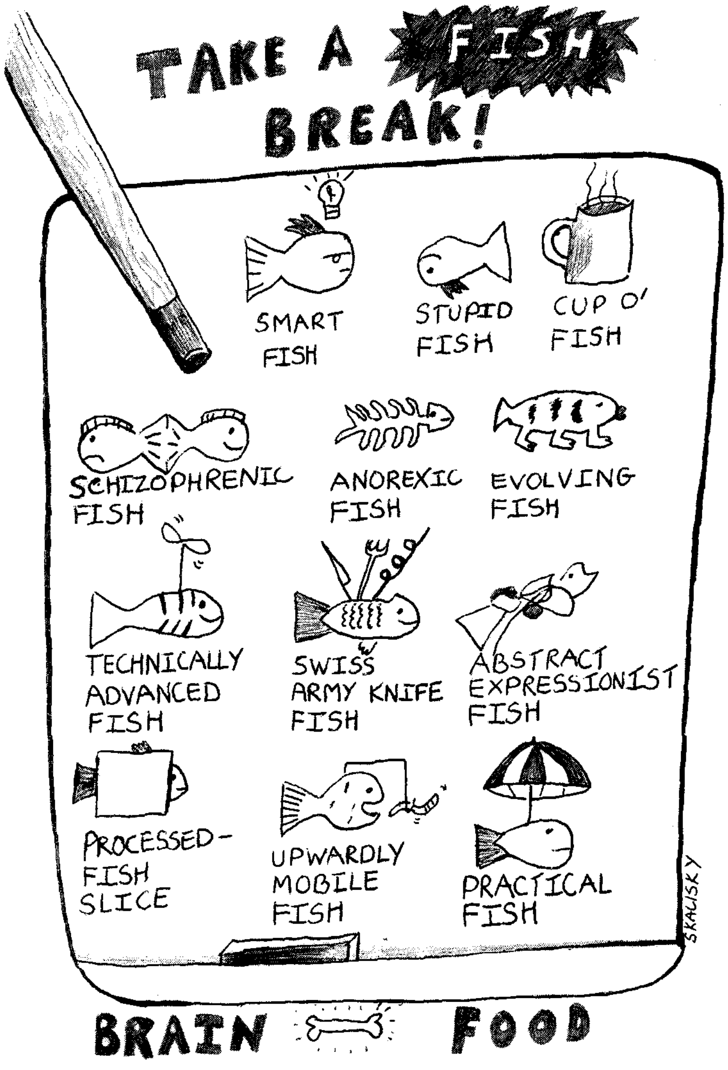
A poet named Dan Desliu had left Romania in 1987 to live in Canada with his wife, a pianist who had defected during a foreign tour. Then he decided that in the years left to him he wanted to oppose the regime in his native country. Desliu, who was then sixty-one, returned to Bucharest in 1988 and got an open letter published abroad in the spring of 1989. He suffered three months of house arrest. Thereafter, the Securitate summoned him periodically for further interrogation and intimidation. At the last of these sessions, on December 12th, his interrogator mocked the country's handful of dissidents. "Can't you see that in our country everything is silent?" the interrogator asked. "Nothing is moving and nothing will ever move."

ON Sunday, December 17th, after two days of rioting in Timisoara, Ceausescu convened a meeting of the Political Executive Committee of the Romanian Communist Party. According to a transcript that was published some three weeks later by the newspaper *Romania Libera*, there was a telecommunications hookup from the meeting room in Bucharest to remote sites where some of his generals and security men were monitoring events. In the transcript, Ceausescu demanded to know why the military had yet to open fire on the Timisoara demonstrators. "Why didn't they shoot?" he asked Defense Minister Vasile Milea. "They should have shot to put them on the ground, to warn them—shot them in the legs." Apparently addressing his commanders on the scene, Ceausescu said, "Everybody who doesn't submit to the soldiers—I've given the order to shoot. They'll get a warning, and if they don't submit, they'll have to be shot. It was a mistake to turn the other cheek. . . . In an hour, order should be reëstablished in Timisoara."

Ceausescu left shortly afterward for a previously planned three-day visit to Iran, apparently unaware of how fragile his situation had become. His support in the Romanian Army had been eroding for years. One of the officers on the scene in Timisoara was Colonel Nicu Pedronescu, the commander of an armored unit stationed nearby. "Even before December 15th, the Army was very unhappy," he told me, and he added that Ceausescu had neglected to provide what the officers considered adequate funds for weapons and equipment. Even more foolishly, he had reneged on the payment of some promised bonuses to the officer corps. "For six years, I was one of the officers who did not get a nine-hundred-lei bonus I was due," Pedronescu said. (Officially, nine hundred lei is worth about a hundred dollars.) There had been no meetings or conspiracies among the officers, he said; there did not have to be. He simply knew that neither he nor his colleagues in Timisoara were prepared to shed blood to preserve the regime. When orders came from Bucharest after the December 17th meeting, Colonel Pedronescu determined that the commanding officers at the Ministry of Defense felt the same way. They told him to deploy his troops and to protect the Army's men and property. No one told him to shoot demonstrators.

But the regime had other forces at its disposal—troops of the Ministry of the Interior, and Securitate agents trained for combat. On Sunday, December 17th, thousands of Timisoara demonstrators moved through the city. Many broke into bookstores, tore apart displays of books by and about the Ceausescus, and set them afire on the pavement. A large group gathered outside the gray granite Communist Party headquarters, on the broad Boulevard of August 23rd. The Prime Minister, Constantin Dascalescu, who had been sent from Bucharest to restore order, appeared on a balcony along with the local Party leader, and both officials told the people to go home. The crowd booed, and more cries of "Down with Ceausescu!" rang out. The officials withdrew, and the demonstrators, emboldened, broke into the building, tore portraits of Ceausescu from the walls, and hurled them through the windows. They broke into a storeroom and found cases of such delicacies as coffee and salami, which the Party had been hoarding. These were liberated. A fire truck came to the scene, presumably to disperse the crowd by spraying it with fire hoses. The crowd seized the truck and burned it. At that point, according to Sandor Bicsok, armed men in civilian clothes opened fire; he presumed that they were Securitate agents.

The shooting spread to other quarters of the city on Sunday night, in what Timisoarans came to call "the massacre." Exactly how many people died will never be known. "There was a lot of confusion," Bicsok recalled. Some witnesses said that Securitate agents in trucks picked up bodies and hauled them away, to prevent a complete



count. The city hospital, I was told, counted a hundred and ten dead before its list of victims was confiscated by the Securitate. However, reports that thousands of people died in Timisoara, and tens of thousands in the rest of the country during the ensuing week, were doubtless exaggerated, by people who could not believe that so feared a regime could fall without taking an enormous number of victims with it. A month after the events, the new government announced a revised national count of six hundred and eighty-nine dead—a figure that seems credible.

The confrontation in Timisoara continued for three more days, with government forces either unable or unwilling to kill enough of the city's three hundred and fifty thousand people to end the uprising. Gradually, power began to swing to the demonstrators. Groups of factory workers organized and took to the streets. A revolutionary committee formed in the balcony of the state opera house, which became the headquarters of the protest. On December 20th, the rebellion gained control of one of the city's largest factories, a petrochemical plant called Solventul, and threatened to burn it down unless all the prisoners held in the city jail were released. The Securitate let the prisoners go. More important, the rest of Romania began to hear about the events in Timisoara. Most people in Bucharest told me they had first learned about what was going on by listening to the BBC or Radio Free Europe on December 18th. Some of the Timisoarans themselves, afraid that they would be isolated and crushed if their revolt failed to spread, began telling friends about it in carefully veiled telephone calls. A woman in Bucharest told me that a friend in Timisoara had called her and said only, "There is a big storm, and the sky is red."

In Bucharest, people began to talk to their most trusted friends about what they might do to help the Timisoarans. Christopher Iosub, a twenty-year-old student at the University of Bucharest, met with two or three fellow-students. "We decided we should try to do something, but we thought it had to be secret, because we were scared," he recalled. "We talked about writing flyers calling for people to go out on the streets and fight like the Timisoarans. We couldn't print them, of course. None of us were allowed to have typewriters. We thought we might just write them out. Then, we thought, we might go to the subway station and, just before a train entered, throw them in front of it. The train would blow them around, and people would read them, but we wouldn't be seen handing them out." Despite such plotting, the capital remained outwardly quiet.

CEAUSESCU returned to Bucharest on December 20th, and immediately addressed the nation on television. Anyone who expected him to be conciliatory was disappointed. He called the Timisoara demonstrators "a few groups of hooligan elements," and said, "On the basis of data available so far, one can say with full conviction that these actions of a terrorist nature were organized and unleashed in close connection with reactionary, imperialist, irredentist, chauvinist circles, and foreign espionage services in various foreign countries." He scheduled a demonstration of support for the regime the following day, in the square in front of the Central Committee building. The Party apparatus got to work organizing a crowd and handing out the usual banners and portraits.

The sight of demonstrators walking obediently toward the square the next morning disgusted Marian Mierla, who was watching them from a vantage point in the National Art Museum, in a wing of the old palace, across the square from the Central Committee building; he worked there part time as a guide. Mierla is twenty-seven, and, like most of his contemporaries, he had bent before the Romanian system. In the museum's Party organization for young people, he was the deputy secretary—a job, he told me, that "they suggested very strongly I take." Partly because he wanted to begin graduate studies at the University of Bucharest, he had agreed. Like Christopher Iosub, he had talked, fearfully, with friends about doing something to support the Timisoarans. Then, when he saw the pro-Ceausescu marchers, "I couldn't stand it anymore," he recalled. He left the museum and went out into the square.

As the rally began, it appeared that the regime would once again be able to demonstrate that the people were, if not loyal, at least docile. Ceausescu, wearing a black fur hat, stepped out onto a shallow second-story balcony. Mrs. Ceausescu and members of the Political Executive Committee flanked him. A crowd of several thousand people had assembled, under a thicket of banners and portraits. "To begin with, I would like to extend to you . . . warm revolutionary greetings," Ceausescu said, with unintended irony. Cheers and chants of "Ceau-ses-cu! Ro-ma-ni-a!" answered him.

Dan Desliu, the dissident poet, was standing at the rear of the crowd, near the neoclassical Romanian Athenaeum. He had come to the square not in support of Ceausescu, of course, but out of a faint hope and an almost morbid curiosity; he wanted to see what would happen. He saw some jostling and shoving in the crowd in front of him. A lamppost wobbled, and its lamp fell to the ground, shattering with a loud crash. The woman standing nearest to it shrieked. Immediately, the people around her assumed that she had been shot by the Securitate. Someone shouted "Timisoara! Timisoara!" to suggest that another massacre had begun. Some young people at the edge of the crowd chose that moment to unfurl a homemade banner they had been secretly carrying: "DOWN WITH CEAUSESCU." Other people began to run away.

The noise and confusion seemed to startle Ceausescu. He stopped speaking and waved his arms. "What? No, no . . . Hello, hello," he said, apparently thinking that something was wrong with the microphone. He looked, for a moment, old, bewildered, and vulnerable. Mrs. Ceausescu stepped to the microphone and called for silence. The confusion lasted for three minutes, during which Romanian television interrupted the broadcast and played a patriotic song. Then Ceausescu resumed his speech, which offered a raise in pensions and in the minimum wage. There were even a few obedient cheers and chants from the crowd at the front of the square. But the damage to the regime had been done. The shrieks and the confusion, combined with the interruption of the broadcast, had produced a moment of weakness, and that, in turn, had punctured irreparably the notion that the people of Bucharest would forever submit meekly to the Ceausescus' rule.

The tumult at the rear of the square swept up Marian Mierla and some of his friends from the university. He heard some people singing "Romanians, Awake!" He and his friends began to shout whatever revolutionary slogans came to mind: "Down with Ceausescu!" and "Yesterday Timisoara, today Bucharest!" and "The Army is with us!" The last represented wishful thinking. "We didn't know," he recalled. "We just shouted, hoping they would be with us." Soon the streets were full of young people, singing and shouting the same things. Some waved what at once became the new banner of the revolution, a red-blue-and-yellow Romanian tricolor with the Communist seal torn from the middle, leaving a ragged hole.

The center of the turmoil was the university, a few blocks from the Central Committee building. There was ironic justice in this. In 1968, Ceausescu had decided that Romania needed a bigger population to fulfill his plans, and had issued a decree banning abortions. For a few years, the birth rate in the country shot up, until women found alternative, albeit often crude and dangerous, forms of birth control. The children born in the late sixties and early seventies were called "decree babies," and, because nothing else in the society expanded with the birth rate, they had always been particularly deprived. There were never enough shoes, or toys, or classroom space for them. Decree babies at the university made up a good part of the crowd in the streets of the capital that day, and decree babies were the Army conscripts on whom the fate of Ceausescu now depended.

As in Timisoara, different kinds of uniformed soldiers were deployed in the streets against the demonstrators. Some were apparently Interior Ministry troops, and some were Securitate men. Most students could not differentiate between the soldiers' uniforms, and the Securitate agents could well have commandeered other services' uniforms in any case. Marian Mierla judged the soldiers by their eyes. He recalled that the soldiers on Bulevardul Magheru—a main street near the university—"were different," because "there was nothing in their eyes." He decided that they were Securitate men. When he encountered ordinary soldiers, "I could see it in their faces," he said. "They were finished, desperate. They knew they might receive the order to fire. We gave flowers to the soldiers and asked if they would fire at us. They cried."

The regime responded hesitantly and ineffectually to the turmoil in the streets. Around the country, the Securitate rounded up some dissidents, but not all. In Buzau, agents arrested Gabriel Andreescu and took him to a cell in Bucharest. Tanks and armored personnel carriers patrolled the streets but did not control them. Some soldiers received orders to fire, and shot into the air. Others, possibly Securitate agents, wounded and killed demonstrators. Some fired tear gas. Some used fire hoses to try to disperse the crowds. But the regime's ability to intimidate had vanished, perhaps because of Ceausescu's display of weakness, because of the people's knowledge of what had happened elsewhere in Eastern Europe, and because of an exhilarating sense that Romanians were finally standing up and asserting themselves after decades of humiliation.

Mihaela Serbu, one of the decree babies and a student of German and English, told me that she and some of her friends had taken the subway to the university after seeing Ceausescu's performance on television. "I couldn't believe the people were shouting 'Down with Ceausescu!' " she said. "I was so happy. Every five minutes, a helicopter would fly over, and we would shout 'Boo!' at it. A fire truck came and started to spray, and I saw people cut the hose. Then soldiers started to shoot in the air and to shoot tear gas. Some people ran, but I couldn't believe that people could be shot in the streets in the middle of Europe in 1989. Then I saw those things that make light. What are they called—tracers? And I heard a *pop-pop-pop*." She ran, too. But before the night was over she stopped at a shop window, took out her lipstick, and used it to write "Down with the Tyrant" on the glass.

Ceausescu's downfall came the next morning. He made a final effort to speak to the angry crowds from the balcony of the Central Committee building. The people booed and, according to one witness, threw things at him, including potatoes and shoes. He retreated inside the building and again ordered the Army to fire on the

1-800-VIDALIA
(1-800-843-2542)

Call Today to Order a Bag of Fresh Vidalia Sweet Onions!

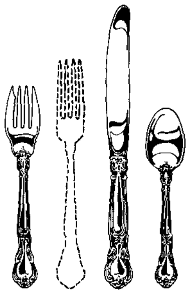
The fresh flavor of our hand-selected Vidalia Sweet Onions can now be enjoyed just by calling the toll-free number above! You'll receive the finest, genuine Vidalia Sweet Onions. . .guaranteed fresh from our fields, to your door, and packed with a FREE RECIPE BOOKLET! Limited availability May thru June. . .so call today to order your bag of Nature's Sweetest Onions!

10 lbs.....................$12.95
25 lbs. ....................$29.95
50 lbs. ....................$56.95
(Add $1.95 per address for shipping & handling)

We also offer a variety of other delicious items for your enjoyment. Please write or call for a free catalog today!

BLAND FARMS

P.O. Box 506-N4-S90/Glennville, GA 30427-0506

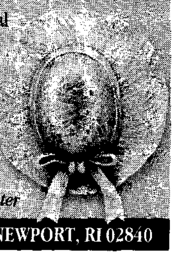


MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your pattern. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.



Breakell Silversmiths

STRAW HAT PIN, this whimsical straw hat is a lovely reminder of solstice, summer and sun! In Sterling silver $40, in 14K gold, $682. In RI add 6% tax. Add $3.50 handling. VISA/AMEX/MC. Call 1-800-767-6411. Send $2 for our new color catalog.

Actual Size 1 1/2" diameter

69 MILL STREET, DEPT. N14, NEWPORT, RI 02840

20 yr Warranty

The cedar one...
naturally.

We build our playsets with splinter-free cedar 4x4's to protect both your child and our planet. Cedar does not need to be pressure-treated with chemicals because it resists rotting naturally.

FREE COLOR CATALOGUE
1-800-233-7757

Cedar® works
Rt. 1, Box 640-N
Rockport, Maine 04856

IMAGINE SANTA FE...

Brilliant color... Contemporary Southwest style... A newly renovated look with folk art, kiva fireplaces, mini-bars, heated outdoor pool and patio. Mañana Restaurant and Bar. For the intimacy of an inn with all the services of a hotel—AN OASIS IN THE HEART OF SANTA FE

1-800-234-4534
(505) 982-4333

INN OF THE GOVERNORS
234 Don Gaspar · NY
Santa Fe, New Mexico
87501

Santa Fe Fine Art Posters
POSTERS of Santa Fe Inc.
Catalog $3.00
111 East Palace Ave., Dept. NY
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
(505) 982-6645

THE BBC DOES IT!
Learn how in London. Write, direct, produce an original video screenplay with BBC's former Head of Staff Training, members of the BBC and RADA. College credit.
ANGLO AMERICAN MEDIA (212) 737-1559
12 East 86th St. #408 New York, NY 10028

crowds. What happened next was that the Minister of Defense, Vasile Milea, was shot. His death was announced as a traitor's suicide, and a later account by the military confirmed that Milea had shot himself rather than carry out his orders. Many Romanians nevertheless believed that Ceausescu had ordered Milea's summary execution. However it occurred, Milea's death did not bend the Army to Ceausescu's will. By that time, many of the soldiers and junior officers had defected to the crowds in the streets. A crowd surged against the Central Committee building and began to break in. Ceausescu, his wife, and some of his entourage went to a landing pad on the roof, squeezed into a helicopter, and fled the city.

A little while later, the Dutch Ambassador to Bucharest, Coen Stork, headed for the home of his friend the dissident poet Mircea Dinescu, in the northern end of the city. Dinescu's Securitate guards prevented the Ambassador from going inside, but he stood at the entrance and shouted the news: "Mircea! Mircea! Ceausescu ran away!" Dinescu recalls that he did nothing for a while, afraid that the Securitate might shoot him in revenge. But half an hour later Dinescu's neighbors came and gave him even better news. The Securitate agents, too, had run away. Dinescu is a burly man with unkempt dark hair. When I met him, he was wearing jeans and boots, which added to his tough appearance. But on that day, when he left his home freely for the first time in months, he was crying.

Dinescu walked to the nearest main street, Calea Dorobantilor, where a welcome afforded to few poets awaited him. A crowd was coming up the boulevard from the center of the city, heading toward the television station. An Army tank flying the Romanian tricolor with the hole in the middle rumbled slowly along with it. A colleague in the crowd recognized the tearful man walking toward it. "It's Mircea Dinescu!" he shouted, and the crowd, which had heard nothing of Dinescu since his *Libération* interview, began to shout, "Mircea Dinescu is alive! Dinescu is alive!" Someone handed him a revolutionary flag, and someone else gave him a boost onto the tank. Holding the flag, he led the crowd to the television station. They entered without opposition, and made their way to the broadcasting studio. Sympathetic technicians patched them into the national radio and television network, and the first news that most Romanians had of the events of that morning came when they saw the tear-stained, stubbly face of Mircea Dinescu and heard him say, "God has turned his face toward Romania again."

At the Securitate jail on Calea Rahovei, a guard came to the cell where Gabriel Andreescu was being held. The guard took him to a front office, and he was told, "You can go."

"They were very irritated," Andreescu told me. "I didn't know Ceausescu had fled. I walked out of that building looking over my shoulder, because I was afraid they wanted to shoot me and claim I had been trying to escape." When he got to the street, he saw a column of people, both workers and students, gleefully shouting a rhyme of the new revolution: "*Ole! Ole! Ole! Ceausescu nu mai e*," which means "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Ceausescu is no more." Andreescu, recalling the moment two weeks later, spread his hands and shook his head, searching for words to describe how much it had moved him. "I still didn't believe Ceausescu was gone," he said. "But for me the most important thing was that these people were no longer humiliated—that they had found the strength to fight the dictatorship."

AT the Central Committee building, meanwhile, power seemingly lay for a moment on the littered floor, available to whoever had the wit and determination to grab it. I spoke with a witness to the events in the building, a tall, sturdy seventy-year-old man named Valentin Gabrielescu, who had been an officer in the Romanian Army during the Second World War and afterward joined the National Peasants' Party. As the Communists solidified their power, he was arrested and served ten years in prison. Gabrielescu was in the square when Ceausescu's helicopter took off, and he entered the building a few minutes later through a window. He made his way to Room 229, a large hall with access to the second-floor balcony that overlooked the square. In the confusion, Gabrielescu recalled, no one seemed to be in charge. Prime Minister Dascalescu came out onto the balcony and announced that Ceausescu's government had been dismissed. According to a later newspaper account, there was a short-lived effort by a member of Ceausescu's Political Executive Board, Ilie Verdet, to form a successor government. About an hour later, Ion Iliescu arrived in Room 229.

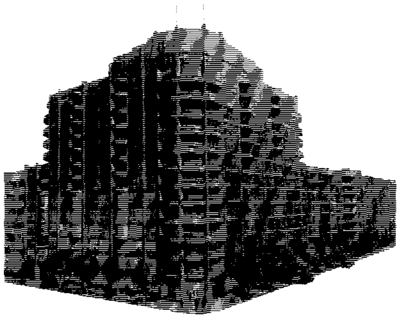
Iliescu is a stocky, broad-faced man with thinning hair and a wandering forelock, which frequently falls down onto his face, giving him a sincere but harried look. He was part of a group of once prominent Party officials who had run afoul of the Ceausescus and had been, as the Romanians say, "marginalized." He belongs to the generation that came of age after the war, and in 1949, according to Vasile Negrescu, a contemporary of his, he was one of thousands of Romanian students who went to the Soviet Union for their higher education. He studied engineering, in Moscow, and was elected leader of the Romanian students' organization there. Another student in Moscow at the time was Mikhail Gorbachev; he was studying law at Moscow State University. It has been widely reported that Iliescu and Gorbachev were friends. Iliescu, however, has disclaimed any relationship with Gorbachev, and Negrescu, who was also in Moscow then, agrees that it was highly improbable that the two, studying at different institutions, could have known each other well.

For fifteen years after his return from Moscow, Iliescu rose steadily through the ranks of the Romanian Communist Party. He became a secretary of the Central Committee and a deputy member of the Political Executive Committee. But in 1971 Ceausescu sacked him from the post of director of the Party's youth organization; according to several accounts I heard in Bucharest, Iliescu had disagreed with Ceausescu's economic program. His fortunes then declined as steadily as they had once risen. After a spell in the Party's provincial apparatus, he was demoted to director of the state's water-resources program. Although he apparently did a creditable job there for five years, he was demoted again in 1984 and assigned a job in a technical publishing house.

Iliescu was not left without friends or contacts, however. He remained a member of the Romanian Academy of Social and Political Sciences, which at the time harbored a group of marginalized intellectuals who would gather at the Academy's baroque mansion, not

HOT HOUSES.

Beautiful view homes
in The City's hottest new
neighborhood.
Call or visit today.
Models open
weekdays 9am-6pm.
10am-5pm weekends.
Open Occupancy Building.



MUSEUM PARC
300 Third Street · San Francisco · 94107
(415) 543-2400

Focus on Design in New York City
at The Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation Columbia University

A summer program introducing:
•Architecture
•Historic Preservation
•Urban Design
July 7–August 17, 1990
for anyone interested in architecture and the design profession.
Columbia University Graduate School of Architècture,
400 Avery Hall, New York,N.Y. 10027 (212) 854-3510

Custom Photo Playing Cards
We'll make a deck of quality playing cards using your photograph or drawing.
Finished in b/w - original can be color.
$30.00/deck, plus $3.50 shipping
Send any photo up to 8x10 to:
FACECARDS
PO Box 1304, Yakima, WA 98907
Inquiries: (509) 453-2904

Commemorating the 100th birthday of
Agatha Christie
Unique Murder Mystery Tour to England
From 3 days at Christie's own Torquay Honeymoon Hotel to 10 days at a Welsh Island Castle
Call toll-free:
-800-428-7462 Nationwide
-800-457-9515 California
Or write:
TAO inc
THE TRAVEL AGENTS' OFFICE
1001 Garnet Avenue #600
San Diego, California 92109

Now Printed in New York

When You Travel Abroad, What's Your Favorite Paper?

Until now, you couldn't get the Paris-based International Herald Tribune in the U.S. Now you can—with same-day delivery available in some U.S. cities. For your daily brief on the world, with its features on travel, fashion, international investing and much, much more, call us toll-free:

1-800-882-2884
(in NY: 212-752-3890)

International Herald Tribune
Published With The New York Times and The Washington Post

brigger®
is for those who love comfort, solid oak and beautiful fabrics. We ship our rockers, chairs, loveseats, sofas, and side tables free with UPS.
Write or call for brochure and direct ordering information.
toll free
1-800-451-7247
klein design, inc.
99 sadler street, gloucester, ma 01930

DESERT TEA
(Mormon or Squaw Tea)
This Original Wild American Tea Gives you a Remarkable Drink.
YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
2 OZ. CANISTER (100 CUPS) – $8 POSTPAID
● SEND FOR BROCHURE ●
Desert Mountain Tea Co., POB 328N, Whitethorn, CA 95489
A RARE GIFT OF THE DESERT

EVERYTHING'S AUSTRALIAN
Cooking, Crafts, Travel & Children's Books, Counted Cross Stitch, Foods, Gifts, Magazines & More. Send $2.00, refundable with first order, to Australian Catalogue Co., Dept. N, 7408 Grist Mill Rd., Raleigh, NC 27615. 919-848-9977.

An Introduction to Elegance by
Classic Steaks of Omaha™
by Skylark Meats, Inc.
Receive six exquisite U.S.D.A. CHOICE, Filets Mignons, 6 oz. each, 1¼" thick, *Classic's* center-cut. Unconditional guarantee.
*Save $15! Only $34.95*
(Plus $4.50 shipping) Limit 3.
Offer valid until April 20, 1990

To order your steaks, or Free Catalog,
call
1-800-28TASTE
VISA, MC, AMEX, OPTIMA accepted

There are a
score of fine
San Francisco Hotels,
but only one is truly majestic.
Rates from $90 per room.
THE MAJESTIC
1500 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
(800) 869-8966 or (415) 441-1100

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to the Village of Fearrington
Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

*To the Call of the West*
*Ride!*
Send $2 For
Magazine/Directory
of 92 Qualified Members.
Dude Ranchers Association
P.O. Box 471N
LaPorte, CO 80535
(303) 493-7623

far from the Central Committee building, for "seminars" on issues like the systematization program or the agricultural system. "The discussions were not openly or strikingly critical, but they were critical," Mihnea Gheorghiu, who was the president of the Academy at that time, told me. On the street, afterward, the members would whisper to one another of their feelings about Ceausescu. But there was no organized conspiracy, Gheorghiu said.

Valentin Gabrielescu told me that Iliescu arrived at the Central Committee building along with another marginalized official, Dumitru Mazilu, and almost immediately took charge. "He went out on the balcony to address the crowd in front of the building," Gabrielescu said. "I followed him. He began to speak by saying 'Comrades!' Some of the crowd hooted. I suggested he say 'Ladies and gentlemen.' He changed it to 'Citizens.' " Iliescu announced that he would like to appoint Ilie Verdet, a Ceausescu holdover, Prime Minister. The crowd booed, and that was that. Gabrielescu recalled that Iliescu went back inside, got on the telephone, and summoned Silviu Brucan, the old Party-newspaper editor who had smuggled out the anti-Ceausescu letter, and some other people he knew from the Academy of Social and Political Sciences. These men became the core of the ruling group that emerged in the next few hours, which called itself the National Salvation Front.

In the weeks after the revolution, there were reports that a cabal of former Party officials, led by Iliescu and Silviu Brucan, had plotted a coup, perhaps with covert Soviet support, and had either fomented or taken advantage of the events in Timisoara to stage it. Some fragmentary evidence supported that idea. Last autumn, for example, a letter from a "National Salvation Front" arrived at Radio Free Europe, urging the Romanian Communist Party to reject the leadership of Ceausescu at the congress to be held in November. Marian Mierla told me that on the evening of December 19th, the night before Ceausescu's interrupted speech, he met with a young man named Adrian, who purported to be part of a large, organized group planning an action against Ceausescu on January 5th. But no one has ever come forward to claim credit for that group, or for the autumn letter from the "National Salvation Front." Brucan, who became the Front's informal ideologist, told me it was pure coincidence that the name was used twice.

Gabrielescu's account suggested a spontaneous transfer of power, and his account was the more convincing because he was now a member of what had become an opposition party, and so would have had a good motive for painting Iliescu and the others as conspirators whose aim was to preserve Communist power by ousting the hated Ceausescu. According to Gabrielescu, and several other participants as well, the Army commanders essentially conferred power on Iliescu, whom they knew and respected. "What alternative did they have?" Gabrielesc asked me. "The others there were only students or workers."

Iliescu and General Stefan Gus soon appeared before the crowd to announce that the Army had gone over to the side of the revolution. "We wil now withdraw to set up the Council o National Salvation," Iliescu said. He Gusa, and several others began to do just that, Gabrielescu recalls. According to two other witnesses I spoke with Iliescu also called the Soviet Embassy and asked for military assistance to defend the revolution against an expected counterattack by forces loyal to Ceausescu. Gabrielescu told me he heard General Gusa arguing with Iliescu, telling him that the Army could handle the situation without Soviet help. The Bucharest radio made a brief announcement the next day abou the request for assistance, but, according to a Front official, General Gusa' argument prevailed before any Sovie military assistance could arrive, and the revolution proceeded without outside intervention.

Some six hours after the departure o Ceausescu, Iliescu and his colleague decided that the way to solidify thei authority was to take control of th television station, which was then occupied by Mircea Dinescu and th group of rebels that had arrived ther in the early afternoon. The situatio that night was still one of spontaneity bordering on chaos. Marian Mierl had gone to the television station along with hundreds of others, to protect it against a counterattack. "I wa standing in an entrance, and someon came downstairs and said the counci needed a student," he told me. "Someone else pointed to me and said I was a student. That's how I became a member of the council." He went up to a conference room on the eleventh floor. The windows had been broken, and it was cold. Iliescu, Brucan, Dinescu, and a couple of dozen others were completing a communiqué to the people. Mierla does not remember voting on it, but a few moments later the communiqué was issued on behalf of the Council of National Salvation.

That night, the Securitate struck back against the Central Committee building and the television station. Its men used helicopters and an abundance of assault weapons that had been stashed in a secret network of tunnels under the Palace Square and in other key points in the city. The fighting was vicious, and reduced the buildings around the television station to blackened hulks, their façades peppered with bullet holes. Two weeks after the ighting, the baroque Central University Library, across the square from the palace and the Central Committee building, looked as though a bomb had scored a direct hit on its cupola. I found the library's director, Dr. Ion Stoica, sifting through what was left and supervising crews that were trying to salvage books from the rubble and to rebuild enough of the roof to enclose the building. "On the twenty-second, Securitate men fired incendiary bombs nto the library and set it on fire," Dr. Stoica said. "They wanted to distract attention from the Central Committee building, which they were trying to take. We managed to put the fire out that night. But the next night a couple of dozen of them got into the upper loors and started sniping at the soldiers n the square. The soldiers shot back at the library, and it caught fire again. That fire we couldn't put out. We lost ive hundred thousand books." With Dr. Stoica, I walked up a staircase, past marble walls covered with soot, into the stacks. On shelf after steel shelf, the remains of the books sat in neat rows, charred a pale gray. A cold wind blew through the hole in the roof and along the stacks, lifting a fine ash into the air.

At the height of the fighting, Iliescu and his colleagues in the Front decided to dispose of the Ceausescus. According to an account given by the deputy chief of the national police a week afterward, the Ceausescus' helicopter

D i r e c t

From The New Yorker
Reader Services

Timely Information ♦

Special Promotions ♦

Retail Locations ♦

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to find out more about the quality products and services listed below.
Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1 • 800 • 284 • 5539

BERMUDA.
A SHORT TRIP TO THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.
☎ 30056

PINEHURST
HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB
CrossCreek®
MADE IN USA
Golfer's Weekend Contest
☎ 30051

HILTON Senior Honors
☎ 30067

MANHATTAN EAST SUITE HOTELS
☎ 30055

1696 Jonathan's Landing
☎ 30037

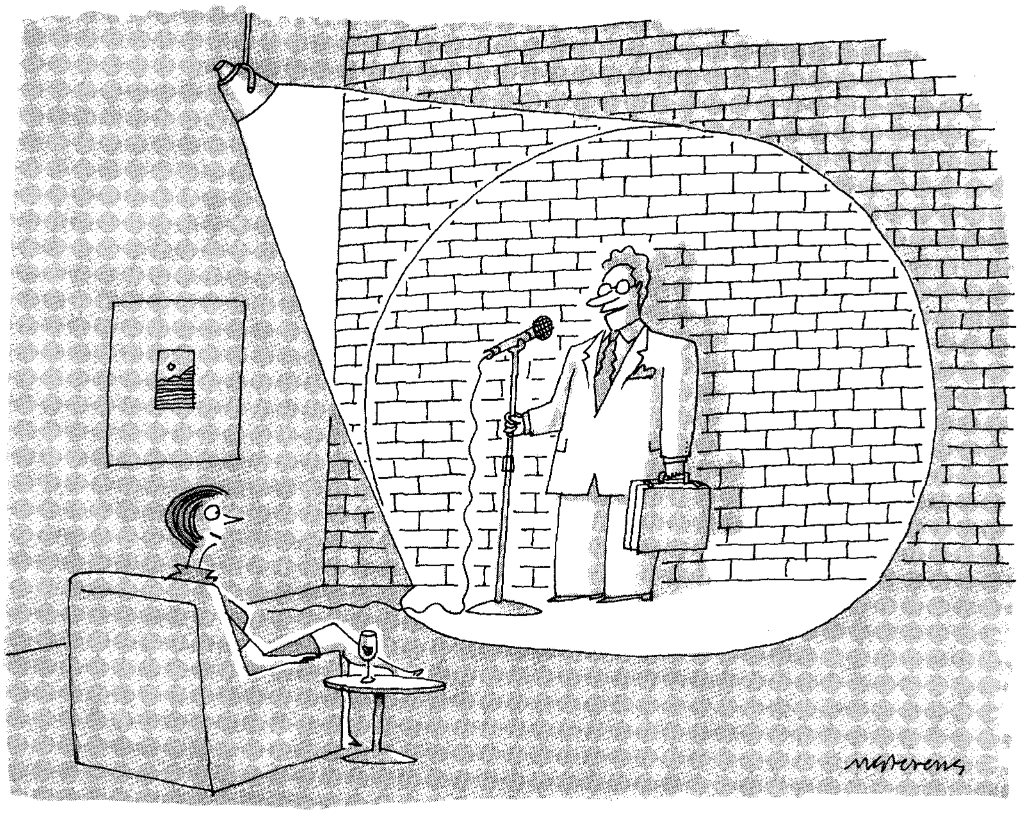
Canon
PC
PERSONAL COPIERS
Canon Brings The Copier Home.
☎ 30032

Royal Sonesta Hotel
Boston/Cambridge
☎ 30053

DENMARK
ROYAL
CLASSIC·HOTELS
☎ 30041

WINDSTAR®
SAIL CRUISES
☎ 30059

Advertisement



*"And that was my day at the office. Thanks, Alice, you've been a great audience!"*

• •

had landed near Tirgoviste, a city northwest of Bucharest. They commandeered a car, drove to the town of Cimpulung, and hid in a seed-distribution center. The local police found them, however, and handed them over to the Army, which kept them in an armored car for three days. On Christmas Day, a military tribunal tried the Ceausescus for, in the words of the anonymous prosecutor, "serious crimes against the people, which are incompatible with human dignity." On a videotape that was later released, they looked wan and dazed. To the end, Ceausescu admitted nothing. "I am not an accused person," he said just before sentence was pronounced. "I will only answer to the Romanian people. Have you not seen how the people cheered when I went to the factories?" The sentence, imposed on both Ceausescus, was death by firing squad, and it was reported that there was an abundance of volunteers to serve on it.

Late the next night, Romanian television showed Ceausescu's corpse, lying in a pool of blood. After that, the Securitate resistance wilted, although sporadic sniping continued for a week or so. It turned out that not all the Securitate fighters were Romanian. A ranking member of the National Salvation Front told me that about a hundred of them, including some who fought the longest, were from Syria, Iraq, Libya, and other countries with histories of involvement in terrorism. They had come to Romania ostensibly as exchange students, but had in fact received commando training. In return, they agreed to serve the Securitate for several years. As these foreigners were captured, and rumors—accurate ones—about their origins began to spread, the Front publicly denied that any Arabs had been involved with the Securitate. It did so because it wished to avoid any trouble in relations with the Arab world, the Front official explained. I asked what would become of the captured Arab commandos, and he responded by silently drawing his index finger across his throat.

CEAUSESCU's demise completed the extraordinary cycle of revolutions in Eastern Europe in 1989. In some ways, it was the most significant of those transforming events. Of the Eastern European Communist leaders, only Ceausescu tried to crush the popular forces that rose against him. His failure invalidated the first principle of political life in the Communist world—the belief that in the end the Party has the means to force the people to submit—and suggested that instead the Communists still in power may face a choice between yielding power gracefully and yielding it as Ceausescu did. It was no coincidence that a month or so after Ceausescu's fall Mikhail Gorbachev decided that the time had come for the Soviet Communist Party to seek legitimacy through some kind of multiparty system, and that even the Soviet conservatives went along with him.

In Romania, the Front quickly set to work to reverse some of the worst excesses of the Ceausescu regime. The communiqué issued from the television station on the first night had promised democracy, pluralism, an end to the destruction of villages, and free elections in April. In the following days, the Front merged the Securitate with the Army. It annulled the laws forbidding abortion and requiring people to report conversations with foreigners and to register their typewriters, and also a law requiring them to address one another as "Comrade." One of the Front's early decrees forbade any further exports of food. Another offered the citizens their first chance in years to acquire passports, and about four hundred and fifty thousand Romanians immediately applied. A couple I knew couldn't agree on whether to leave the country or stay on. He hoped that Romania would emerge from the revolution a decent place to live and wanted to wait and see. She had little confidence in the future, and thought they should quickly take advantage of the passport opportunity and get out for good by travelling to Germany, where they had relatives, and seeking refugee status.

Although Soviet troops never intervened, the Front immediately promised that Romania would remain in the Warsaw Pact. The Soviets, in turn, seized the chance to demonstrate both support for the Front and their intention of continuing to play an influential role in Eastern Europe. Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze arrived for talks on January 6th. Afterward, he announced that the Soviet Union would maintain its oil-and-gas shipments to Romania, even though, for the time being, Romania would not be shipping any food to the Soviet Union. He also reported that the Front leadership had "promised to respect existing borders" between the two countries. That was a polite reference to the territory the Soviets call the Moldavian Soviet Socialist Republic. Until the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939, it was the Romanian province of Bessarabia, and its population, which is Romanian-speaking, is now quite restive. By agreeing not to seek the return of the territory, the Front spared Moscow an exacerbation of its multitude of ethnic problems.

The Front abolished the Communist Party's monopoly on power, and within a few days veterans of some of the pre-1947 parties emerged from obscurity or from hiding. Valentin Gabrielescu and some of his old colleagues reëstablished the National Peasants' Party and declared it to be the Romanian representative of Europe's Christian Democratic tradition. They dusted off their forty-year-old platform, which called for a revival of Romania's religious tradition, the return of land to the peasants, and, eventually, the restoration of Bessarabia. The new party got the keys to one of the Romanian Communist Party's old buildings, on Rosetti Square, not far from the university. "The building was called a study center by the Communists," Gabrielescu told me when I visited him there. "We found a lot of cases of Kent cigarettes and whiskey in the attic." Both, of course, were prized black-market commodities. "They must have been serious students of Marxism," he added.

Dozens of people were millng about in the entry hall, talkng and filling out membership forms. Most of them seemed to be about as old as Valentin Gabrielescu. And, apart from the cigarettes and the liquor, the Party had almost none of the tools needed to mount a campaign. "We have one typewriter," Gabrielescu said. "A Norwegian newspaper correspondent came by, and she felt sorry for us and gave it to us."

Once the Securitate resistance had died down, the Front selected an executive board and about a dozen commission chairmen to serve as a provisional government. This inner circle moved into the Foreign Ministry building, on Victory Square, and it was now guarded by a detachment of bored-looking soldiers and a couple of tanks. What the Front stood for was not immediately clear. Silviu Brucan, who had taken over the well-heated office that once served the Foreign Minister, published his idea of an ideological manifesto in a newspaper article on the last day of the year. History had so stunted Romania, he wrote, that "at least for some time we shall have to give up such concepts as socialism, communism, capitalism, fascism, etc." What was important was that the Front had "unquestionable legitimacy," having been forged in the revolution. A few days later, he told a press conference that the Front itself would run candidates in the promised elections. The old Communist Party was a spent force, Brucan said, and unless the Front stepped forward Romania would suffer from a dangerous political vacuum.

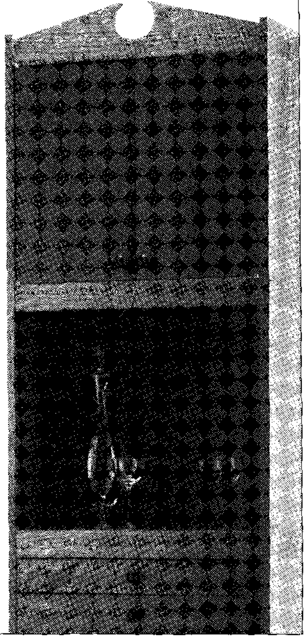
In many respects, the Front indeed slid quickly into the vacuum left by the abrupt dissolution of the old order. By the middle of January, it had developed local and regional branches that replicated the old Communist Party structure, right down to the election of representatives from each workplace collective. While one newspaper, *Romania Libera*, published harsh critiques of some Front leaders, most of the rest of the media, including the television station, seemed simply to shift their allegiance from the old master to the new. The erstwhile Party newspaper, *Scinteia* (Spark), changed its name to *Adevarul* (Truth) and published the full text of Iliescu's speeches on the front page, just as it had published Ceausescu's. In Timisoara, as in many other towns, the Front leadership moved into the old Party headquarters and began using the same chauffeured cars and filling much the same role. When I asked the man who at that time headed the Timisoara branch of the Front, Ioan Lorin Fortuna, about the similarities between the Communists' administration and the Front's, he seemed puzzled. "What do you think—that there was another way to seize power?" he said.

Some of the Front's leaders plainly revelled in the abrupt reversal of their fortunes. Brucan, in his office at the Foreign Ministry, talked to me of his struggles with Ceausescu, whom he

CHARLES WEBB
designer/woodworker

51 McGrath Highway
Somerville, Massachusetts 02143
(617) 776-7100

Catalog of
Designs:
Four
Dollars

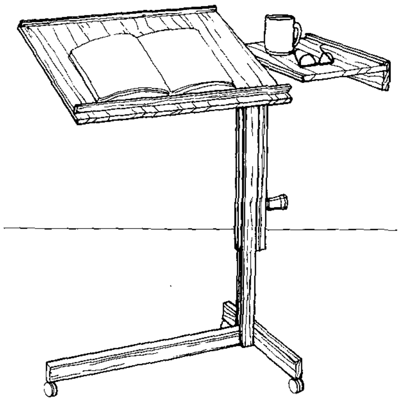


Blue Note
WORLDS FINEST JAZZ CLUB·131 W. 3rd ST. 475·8592
FIRST ANNUAL BLUE NOTE BLUES FESTIVAL
WEEK 1
KOKO TAYLOR
Tue thru Sun Apr 3 - 8 at 9 & 11:30
WEEK 2
IRMA THOMAS
Apr 10-15
JIM HALL/RON CARTER DUO
plus EDDIE DANIELS QUARTET
Apr 17-22
WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

HOMEWOOD INN
ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE
Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland, 10 min. from L.L. Bean. Hearty country breakfasts. Pool. Tennis. Housekeeping avail. Open all year.
P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, ME 04096. Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.
Featured in Country Inns and Back Roads

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE
Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics
18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)
HANDMADE IN EGYPT

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design, and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

**$184** includes shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

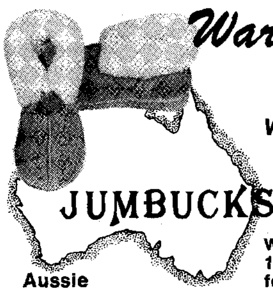
LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT9, Delray, FL 33445

GALAPAGOS

You, nine others and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking and even college credit, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galapagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galapagos. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.

FREE BROCHURE

**Inca Floats** 415-420-1550
1311-YL 63rd. St., Emeryville CA 94608



Warm Your Feet!
WASHABLE AUSTRALIAN SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS
JUMBUCKS
Write or Call 1-800-950-2668 for FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection 825 N.E. BROADWAY Portland, OR 97232

KITES
FREE COLOR CATALOG
Choose from over 100 exciting kites.
• Many unusual & innovative designs.
Call or write for your catalog today!
Into The Wind • (303) 449-5356
1408-NY Pearl St., Boulder, CO 80302

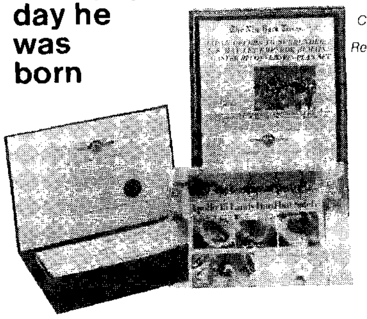
called a "cultural illiterate," and recounted in great detail how he had managed to overcome the dictator's efforts to silence and discredit him. "I was like a bone in his throat," he said, and he laughed, slowly and with evident relish. At a dinner party, I met another Front leader, who before the revolution had been an unhappy engineer desperately looking for a country that would allow him to immigrate. He arrived for dinner an hour late, accompanied by an Army major, who was serving as his bodyguard. His chauffeur waited outside in the car.

Mircea Dinescu became the chairman of the Writers' Union at its first meeting after the revolution, and Dan Desliu became a member of the provisional board. One morning in January, I went to see Dinescu in his new office, in the union's headquarters, once a merchant's palatial home, a few blocks north of the Palace Square. After telling me the story of his triumphal ride to the television station, he excused himself, saying that he had to attend a meeting, and invited me to resume the conversation that afternoon at lunch. Lunch, it turned out, was a five-course meal, featuring steak and French-fried potatoes, and was served to us and fourteen of Dinescu's friends in an immense red-walled dining room, complete with a grand piano. Two waiters in white jackets kept everyone's glass filled with the choice of a cold white Riesling, a dry red, or Romanian cognac. One of the guests played something light and gay on the piano. I asked Dinescu whether he had given any thought to abolishing the writers' union and letting writers work on their own. He had not, he replied. In fact, he said, a properly run union would be a great benefit to the country's writers, and he intended to expand its activities by establishing a new magazine and a new publishing house.

AFTER Ceausescu's death, the weather grew cold. Snow fell, no one shovelled it, and the sidewalks turned to ice. The exhilaration of the uprising gave way to a realization that—for most people, at least—the transformation of political life did not guarantee more warmth or light, or even food. In most of the homes and offices I visited, people still went through their daily routine in overcoats and hats. In the Timisoara coffee shop where I interviewed Sandor Bicsok, we could see our breath. Immediately after the revolution, red meat, oranges, and coffee reappeared, liberated from stocks that the old regime had stored for export or for its own use, but within days the windfall evaporated, and long lines again formed outside many of Bucharest's stores.

At City Hall, a young physician named Dan Predescu had become the acting mayor, in the same way other people had become members of the Council of National Salvation. He happened to be in the right place, and he was drafted. He immediately confronted the task of heating and lighting the dwellings of people who had enough housing space, and providing space for the people who did not. "There was practically no investment in heat and power under Ceausescu," he told me. "We're just hoping to stabilize the situation until the elections." The city had no choice but to complete the buildings along the Boulevard of the Victory of Socialism and offer them to people who had been evicted from the neighborhood, he said. (No one seemed to know what would happen to the House of the People. The Mayor had received various suggestions for what to do with it, ranging from setting up university classrooms there to turning it into a museum depicting the world's worst dictatorships, but no decision had been made.) After the elections, Dr. Predescu said, he wanted badly to return to his research, in cell biology. He had won a fellowship from Yale in 1980, but the regime had refused to permit him to go abroad. He hoped Yale would invite him again.

In the first weeks after the revolution, some of the people in Bucharest reminded me of survivors of a great storm or an air raid, emerging from their shelters and blinking in the sunlight, a little dazed. Like Dr. Predescu, they started thinking about ways to resume the lives they had been leading before Ceausescu forced them to concentrate solely on survival. I called one day on Virgiliu Constantinescu, a professor of engineering at Bucharest's Polytechnic Institute. He lived in an old, pre-Communist building that still boasted a few of the touches of elegance which had once prompted people to compare Bucharest with Paris. He and his wife, their son, and the son's wife shared four large rooms that had belonged to his wife's parents. He offered


Give him the *actual* newspaper printed the day he was born

FREE Catalog Upon Request

Now you can purchase a well-preserved, ***authentic*** edition of an original newspaper printed as long ago as 1880. *Not* reproductions or just front pages, these are *COMPLETE, ACTUAL* newspapers from major cities across America. Every page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city, and someone special.

Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for ***birthdays, holidays, business functions*** and other special occasions.

**Newspaper** In **Clear Vinyl Portfolio $39.50***

**Newspaper in Personalized Presentation Case $75.00 ****

*(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.)*

**Newspaper** in **Classic, Gold-Leaf Frame $89.50*****

***It's the ORIGINAL EDITION! Not a reprint. We're Old News!***

***Ideal Gift for Mother's Day***

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 195
In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext. 195

By mail: **Historic Newspaper Archives**
Dept. 95, 1582 Hart St., Rahway, N.J. 07065
*Add $3.95 UPS. ** Add $4.95 UPS. *** Add $6.95 UPS.
● UPS charges for Continental U.S.A. only ●
Major Credit Cards accepted. (N.J. residents add 6% sales tax.)
Sunday paper (main section only). Historical dates priced higher.

*Are you in search of a part-time career?*

*Do you have four weeks a year you can set aside to work out of your home?*

If you would enjoy the opportunity to work with classic, traditional women's clothing, then being a Sales Representative for THE APPLE BASKET is for you!

For further information, please contact
**THE APPLE BASKET**
1382 Old Freeport Road
Pittsburgh, PA 15238
(412) 967-0160

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House

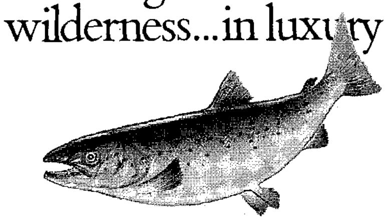
Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland. Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

**HILTON HEAD**
*Island South Carolina*
1-800-845-6802
IN SC 1-800-868-4887
*Villa & Hotel RESERVATIONS*
OCEAN FRONT

me coffee and ushered me into his study, a long, sunny room filled with engineering books and with Oriental art and curios that he and his father-in-law had picked up before travel became virtually impossible, in the mid-seventies.

Professor Constantinescu showed me a hoard of things he had carefully preserved to remind him of what the outside world was like, including cancelled checks from a bank account he had opened during a stint as a visiting professor at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, sixteen years before. Then he handed me a letter he had typed on an old manual machine, and asked me to pass it along to interested American engineers. "We begin the year of 1990 full of hope," he had written. "The purpose of this short letter is to stress the lack of contacts with you and other people in our field, among the many other things which constituted the imprisonment of our bodies and souls for so many years. . . . Right now, we try to learn how to be free, as people as well as teachers and scientists. Obviously, we have many needs; we lack documentation, computers, and facilities. But first we need contacts, personal contacts. . . . If you can spare some issues of the current journals, and some recent books these will be welcomed."

Later that day, I went with Professor Constantinescu to a faculty meeting at his institute. We picked our way over the icy sidewalk to the subway, passing little knots of people who were reading the revolutionary handbills pasted to the walls, and people lined up to buy newspapers, which every day, it seemed, revealed a few more details about the depredations of the old regime. At the institute, we sat at a Formica-covered table in a teaching laboratory with seven or eight engineering teachers, all of whom were dressed in polyester suits and seemed to be chain-smokers. Their agenda was curriculum reform. Under Ceausescu, engineering students had to take prescribed courses, and sometimes the courses had kept them attending mandatory lectures and laboratories for twelve hours a day. They had had no options and no time for individual study, and now the faculty was proposing that the Ministry of Education give them a little of each. That, Professor Constantinescu said, would be easier than to do what some of the


Fishing the Maine wilderness...in luxury

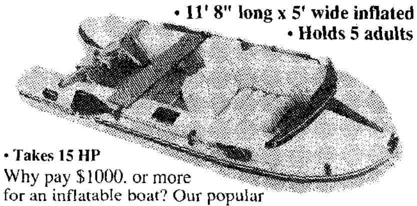
***Superb cuisine. Elegant accommodations. Your own personal guide.***

We greet you at Bangor International Airport. The Falcon float plane then flies you back into the wilderness. Back to one of Maine's most remote, most pristine fishing grounds. The Falcon lodge, and your personal living quarters, are amazingly plush. Cuisine has been likened to the finest European restaurants. Evening cocktails and quiet sunsets all included. As is your guide, the spectacular scenery and amenities uncommon to the wilderness. Corporate rates available.

***The Falcon Experience***
*videocassette: $15.00. Mastercard. VISA. American Express.*

FALCON LODGE IN MAINE
800-825-8234

*Brochure and reservation information:*
*FALCON-BK, P.O. Box 1899, Bangor, Maine 04401*


THE QUALITY ALTERNATIVE TO HIGH COST INFLATABLE BOATS

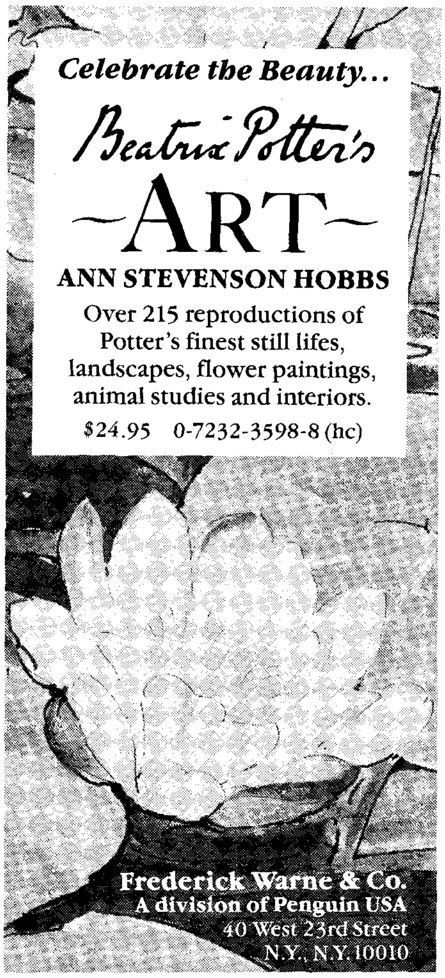
**• 11' 8" long x 5' wide inflated**
**• Holds 5 adults**
**• Takes 15 HP**

Why pay $1000. or more for an inflatable boat? Our popular Sea Eagle GT-15 holds 5 adults, goes over 20 mph and costs far less. It features molded plastic floorboards and transom for longer life, better performance, easier assembly and no maintenance!

FREE COLOR CATALOG! Phone Toll-Free Anytime: **1-800-366-1818** Ext. 810 or write:
SEA EAGLE Dept 810
200 Wilson St., Port Jefferson Station, N.Y. 11776

*ON THE TRAIL OF THE MOTHER GODDESS*
*17-Day study tour in Turkey*
July 18-August 3, 1990
**** dbl occ $1300 + airfare
Professional lecturer/guide
Goddess Tour, 480 S. 12th St.
San Jose, CA 95112 (408)293-0881

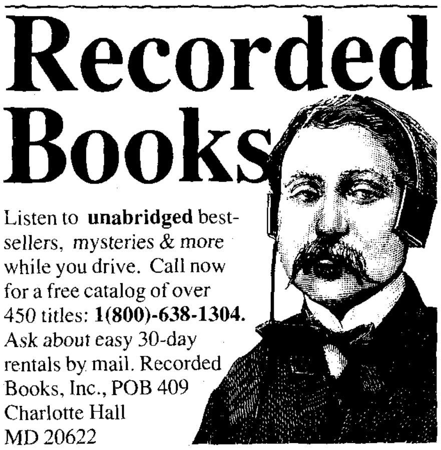
AL HIRSCHFELD
ETCHINGS/LITHOGRAPHS
Catalog Available
**GEORGE J. GOODSTADT, INC.**
17 DANBURY ROAD, RIDGEFIELD, CT 06877 203-438-1836



*Celebrate the Beauty...*

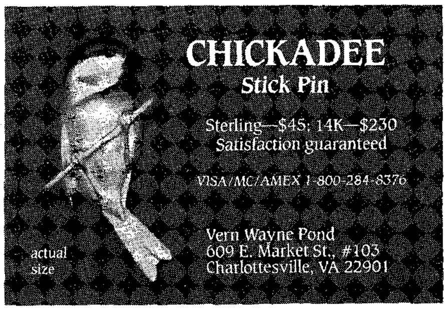
Beatrix Potter's
ART
ANN STEVENSON HOBBS
Over 215 reproductions of
Potter's finest still lifes,
landscapes, flower paintings,
animal studies and interiors.
$24.95 0-7232-3598-8 (hc)

Frederick Warne & Co.
A division of Penguin USA
40 West 23rd Street
N.Y., N.Y. 10010



Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622



CHICKADEE
Stick Pin
Sterling—$45; 14K—$230
Satisfaction guaranteed
VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-284-8376
Vern Wayne Pond
609 E. Market St., #103
Charlottesville, VA 22901
actual size

*BOOK HUNTING?*

**Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS** Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

students were demanding, which was to purge the faculty of those who had been too zealous in their support of the old regime. On the institute's faculty, of more than a hundred and fifty, all but five or six were Party members.

After the uprising, the universities delayed the resumption of classes for a couple of weeks, leaving the students with little to do but watch the Front closely and worry about its stewardship of a revolution they considered theirs. On the spots where their friends had fallen some of the students built shrines of flowers and evergreen boughs and thin amber-colored candles, and they tended them every day, creating little islands of warmth and light amid the blackening snow. Marian Mierla, the student who had been plucked from the barricades and made a member of the Front's council, told me that after issuing him an identity card the Front leadership had stopped notifying him of its meetings, and he had largely lost contact with it. "I don't trust them anymore," he said.

But neither Mierla nor his fellow-students had a detailed concept of how politics might be organized in a democratic system. "All I want is liberty and democracy," Mihaela Serbu, the language student from the University of Bucharest, told me. "I'm not interested in the name of the system," she said, and she added that she did not plan to join a political party or vote in the elections, which she expected the Front to win.

"What if the Front turns out to be only a scant improvement over the old regime?" I asked.

"Then the people will go out into the streets again," she said.

Just a few days later—on January 12th—politics did return to the streets. A crowd of about five thousand marched to Victory Square and laid siege to the Foreign Ministry, calling for the blood of the Communists and Ceausescu loyalists they detected within the Front. Iliescu and Petre Roman, the new Prime Minister, tried to calm them, and promised to outlaw the Communist Party. A day later, the Front reversed the decision. The following week, there was a larger anti-Front demonstration, and a pro-Front demonstration that was larger still and bore signs of having been manufactured in the Ceausescu fashion. Dumitru Mazilu and Silviu Brucan were formally purged from the Front leadership, but Brucan remained in his office at the Foreign Ministry, and went on issuing pronouncements. Iliescu agreed to enlarge the council to include opposition parties, and to postpone elections from April until May, so that the new parties would have more time to organize. But a month or so later another crowd of anti-Front demonstrators, shouting "Down with Communism!," broke into the Foreign Ministry building, held it for a while, and roughed up a deputy prime minister. The next day, the Front transported thousands of coal miners to Bucharest to demonstrate on its behalf. In mid-March, the old animosity between Hungarians and Romanians in Transylvania erupted, and there were riots. The country seemed to be teetering on the edge of chaos.

Gabriel Andreescu met me one evening at the Inter-Continental Hotel, which overlooks one of the largest of the students' shrines. After telling me what had happened to him after our meeting the previous summer, he began to talk about the present situation. The fact that we could meet and talk at *all* was evidence of the progress his country had made, of course, but Andreescu had no illusions about the future. The problem, he said, was that Ceausescu had obliterated nearly all Romanian institutions that were not under his complete control, leaving the country to grope along with none of the nascent political structures that are helping to guide the transition to new political systems in Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, and even in the Soviet Union. In such conditions, the Front, or whatever government succeeds it, will almost inevitably resemble Ceausescu's regime. "The most important thing at this moment is to create a civil society," Andreescu said. "We need free trade unions, free mass media, lots of different structures." He added that he had embarked on an effort to establish an independent Romanian human-rights organization. "Until Romania has a civil society, elections are of no significance," he said. "The parties are only names. If we are lucky, a good government could emerge and give us freedom and liberty. But only a civil society can assure it."

—ROBERT CULLEN

# BOOKS

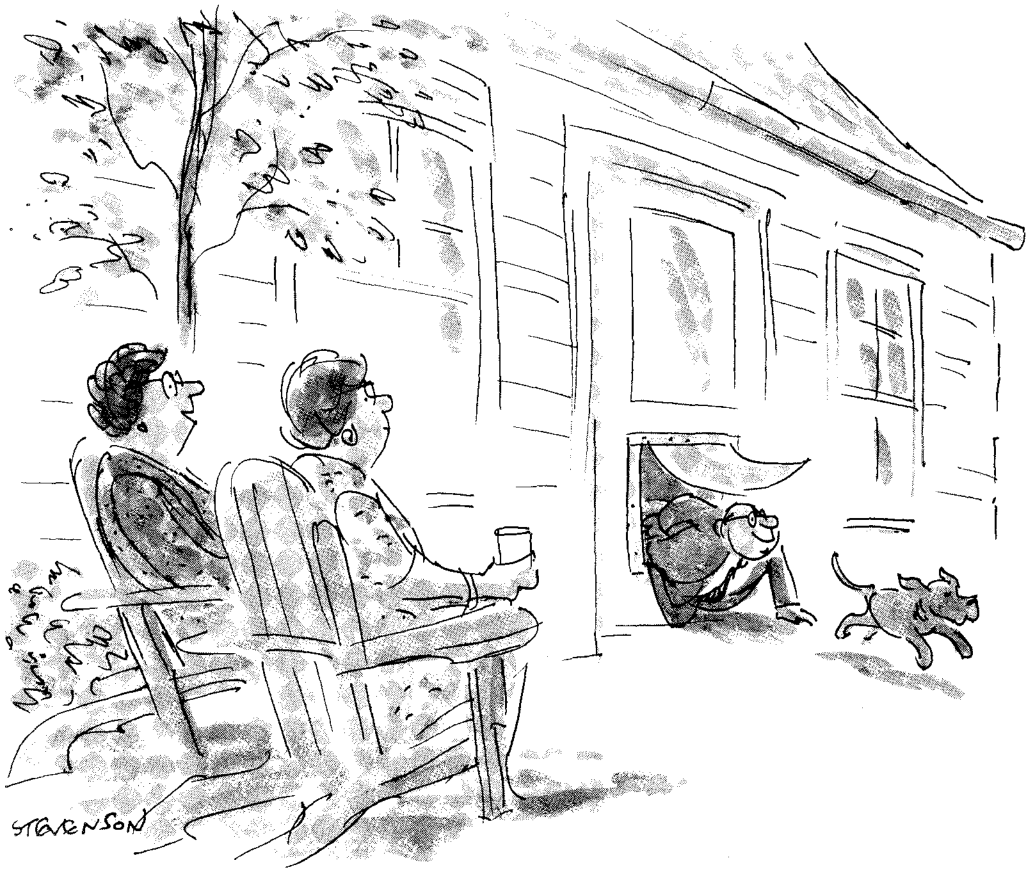
## *Southern Weather*

DAVE SMITH, now in his late forties, is a poet descended less from the modernists than from a strange, violent, masculine line of poetry that begins with "Beowulf," continues in the Milton of "Paradise Lost," and finds its American home in authors ranging from Poe to Richard Hugo and Robert Penn Warren. For these writers, and for Smith, the page becomes something wrestled into submission, its repudiatory blankness overcome by a broad and strong calligraphy laid against it. The amount of sheer gothic weight mustered against the page can frighten the reader who has less of an investment than these writers have in the combats of language and in the wish to tell some brutal truths.

In his first important book, "The Fisherman's Whore" (1974), Smith exposed, in both lyrical and documentary fashion, the rhythmic and grinding work of the watermen in Chesapeake Bay. (Smith is a native Virginian.) "Cumberland Station" (1976), with poems of home and ancestors, continued to exhibit an apparently realistic surface, but interesting things were happening inside the poems: narratives were crosscut into fragments, details were sometimes left unexplained, and tonal effect was favored over expository clarity. Lyric poets who want to tell stories very soon discover that Dreiserian leisure is not a lyric option, and have to find ways to sketch a narrative both economically and truthfully. Reading "Cumberland Station," one might have guessed that a species of expressionism was waiting in the wings. In "Goshawk, Antelope" (1979), that expressionism displayed itself in anguished narratives that were not self-explanatory but had the urgency and desperateness of dream. At the same time, Smith continued to write realistic nature poems, which took as their subject the landscape of Wyoming (where Smith has never lived). Later, these were succeeded by poems of Utah (where Smith *has* lived). Smith's more macabre poems acknowledged at least one aspect of their parentage in the title of his 1981 volume, "Homage to Edgar Allan Poe." Smith now lives in Poe's Richmond.

"Cuba Night," Smith's new volume (Morrow; $18.95), follows his selected poems, "The Roundhouse Voices" (1985), a book too austerely thinned to give an adequate overview of his twenty years of poetic production. "Cuba Night" itself is both representative and rebellious. The Southern-gothic themes—family, memory, fear, fate, sex, violence—remain, but the hope of forming them into structures of either historical intelligibility or philosophical consolation is becoming ever more precarious. Smith bursts out in the midst of poems with questions that polite company has long since disallowed: "*Why are we here*?" "What should we see in this artifact?" "What could he do, or me, or you?" "Why am I me?" "What matters to anyone, I thought, in a deer/I may or may not have seen?"

The fear that the pursuit of writing may not be a justifiable way of spending one's life, that art may not be an accurate way of representing the lives of others, seeps like a destructive acid through all twentieth-century writing, and is not absent from Smith's work. The problem is not resolved (as it can hardly be in a culture that does not notice whether poems are being written about it or not). The inherited confidence of the modernists that art counted for something in the long run, even if in the short run it made nothing happen, was European in origin, and was derived from the patronage of art by courts and by churches. Smith, like many postmodernists, is impatient of the long run and its equable tele-



*"Martin and Rusty are virtually inseparable."*

scopic views. He rages against a quilt displayed in the Bennington College library:

> Pretty is
> as pretty does, this tidy architecture says,
> its squares like houses stitched in firm.
> A village of cloth American as a Currier & Ives.
>
> But this too-perfect Puritan fantasy rankles,
> moves us back, forward to focus, find the room
> with that girl ended in some posture of abandon
> near the piss-pot toppled to a reeking stain.

This is an anti-Whitman poem, repudiating the pastoral domestication of the American peasant stylized in poems like "Come Up from the Fields Father." The art of the Puritan quilt—America's Mondrian effect—belies the life of pain and death from which it issued:

> Hung here, the quilt's a shapeless play-pretty,
> American abstract, survivor of no one's evil.
> They've nailed it up in the air, out of reach
> of the sun that remembers the bed, the woman
> groaning and bleeding until she was colorless,
> a dark space no one looked at or questioned.

It is of no use to protest that the maker of the quilt may not have been the hemorrhaging girl of Smith's imagination—that she may have died quietly in her bed, full of years and pleasures. Smith's overriding conviction is that somewhere there is a gap between suffering and art. When he sees something culturally defined as "art," he will hurl a "reeking stain" at it.

It may be that the dice are loaded here, and that Smith would not be moved to such fury by foreign art—by, say, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Perhaps the quilt stands less for art than for our idea of America, which effectively hides our dislocated and deprived citizens under a façade of Currier & Ives "tidiness." The shame of slavery hiding under the "civilization" of the South may have obliquely prompted Smith's fury at the quilt. There are poems in "Cuba Night" that make this connection. In the long opening poem, "To Isle of Wight," Smith drives out of Richmond to the county known as Isle of Wight, and his initial narrative of the ride becomes a symbol of the Southerner's mental world, populated by an irreconcilable group of inmates: Lee and Patrick Henry, the dead gentry, domesticated blacks, tobacco sellers and slaves, Poe, the modern inhabitants of the city, the black churches, Nat Turner, and the Indians, long dead, who saw the British come ashore:

> I ride through Richmond over gray cobblestones, passing porticoed houses,
> locked iron fences of gentried shadows, pale
> as their Anglican ancestors, then private clubs where the only blacks are still waiting
> tables, their faces smooth and innocent
> as the dead gaze of Lee's looming statue. . . .
>
> [I ride] through Shockoe Bottom
> where the state began: slaves, produce markets,
> centuries of tobacco. Now boutiques, bars,
> condos, all-night joints for lawyers cruising
> after coke in Volvos. Here you pick up
> Church Hill, passing under Patrick Henry's
> impeccable shrine, street filth everywhere,
> brick hulks the home of whores, winos, poor blacks
> increasingly thumbed out, casualties
>
> of developers in restoration.

"To Isle of Wight" is written in ten-line stanzas of mostly decasyllabic lines, the syllable count and stanza shape serving as checks on Smith's documentary fervor. The block-shaped stanzas act as verse paragraphs, breaking the ride into manageable units.

In other poems, Smith's shorter stanzas often run unhesitatingly one into the next, and his stanza breaks seem arbitrary. For Smith, form doesn't really have to do with stanzas or line lengths as much as it has to do with a structure of images that for him compose a gestalt. When the structure is finished, so is the poem. This is the case in the title poem, which recalls the night of the Cuban missile crisis. It is written in two stanzas of ten lines, and three of nine. Could the ten-line stanzas have been reduced to nine lines? Or the nine-line stanzas expanded to ten lines? And if not, why not? And why stanzas at all, since they are not separated at stanzaic or imagistic points of closure? These are not really the questions, perhaps, to ask of this electric poem—a montage of death warnings, family fears, tragic accident, undone love, and political threat. But by writing with stanza breaks and near-equal stanza lengths Smith invites us to consider whether these formal features have any important structural function. In "Cuba Night" and other poems here, they seem to exist chiefly to give the reader a breathing space, so that the lines do not form an impenetrable and intimidating wall of words.

Smith works his raw material—raw in its crudeness, its flatness, its indubitableness—hard, insisting often, sometimes mistakenly, on the crude formulation as well as the crude fact: the dead are "meat," the layers of paint on a wooden gargoyle become "a whore's makeup," an accident victim is "drooling blood into a stranger's ditch." Smith walks a difficult line between the indignant and the overripe; since his subject is the drastic and the destructive, his language perhaps needs to risk overkill. When he manages a balance between the natural wrongness of life and the genuine rightness of art, the poem can radiate a fierce splendor. In "Camellias," for instance, the poet wakened at night by an animal scream flicks on the light and sees a predator at the kill. The naked color of unmasked appetite is compared with the pink of garden camellias:

> Instantly something clenches
> the earth, digs in, doesn't
> bolt, lifts itself to see, mouth partly open,
> the tiny tongue in throat-black,
> and throat as well, disguised but pink
> as the unfolded, dewy crenellations
> of camellias uncountably opening
> themselves in seasons
> pure as Florida. It is all framed
> by the flawless black meat and fur coiled
> upon itself like night-after-night.

In this late, revengeful version of "death is the mother of beauty," death is no longer a dying fall but, rather a trap sprung. Within the light of psychological revelation are clasped together the open throat and its broken victim. Things are not beautiful to mith unless they disclose a rending ithin:

In beauty something is jerking a small
  other
apart, breaking the slight bones,
the cross-stitched sinews.

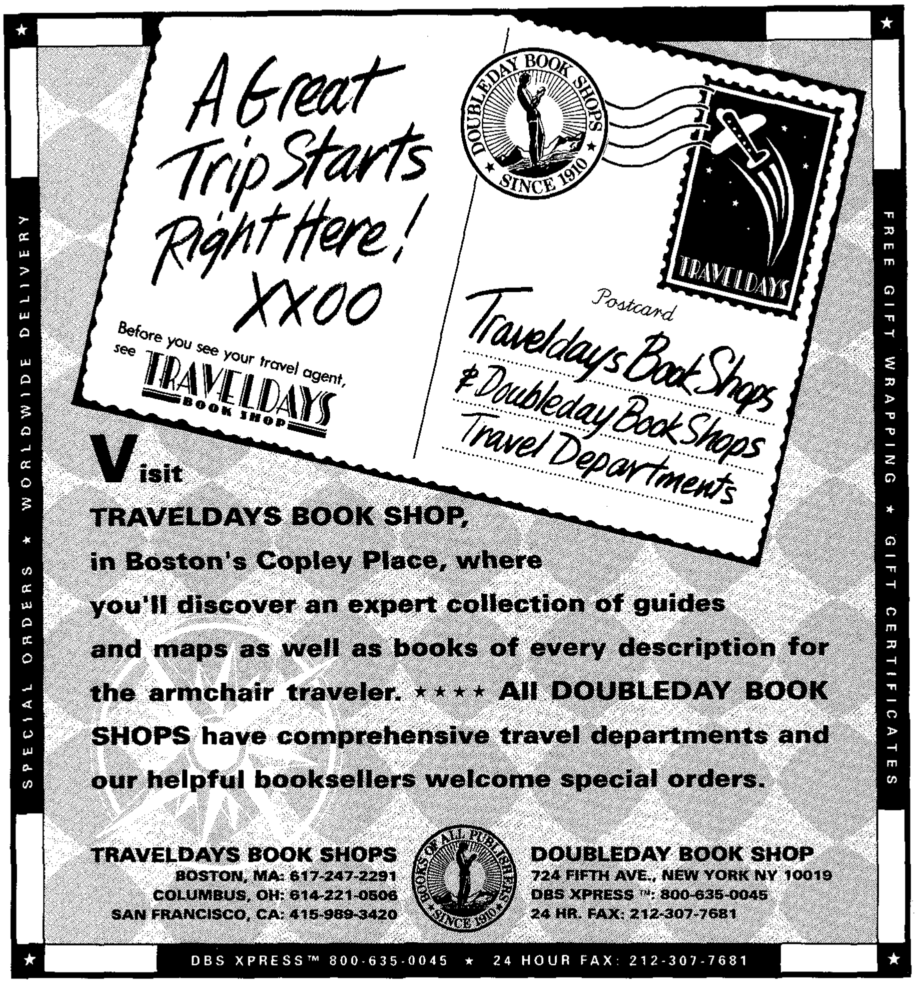
This is a specialized taste, one that mith forces on those who may not hare it. His tableaux of fatal auto rashes, ravaged girls, stillbirths, shot ucks, suicides, and fights dare us to eny their verisimilitude. His defini-on of beauty that I have just quoted ıggests that he is beginning to explore is own complicity in his chambers of orrors. When he relents, as he has of-n done in poems about his wife and hildren, there can be a slackening of nsion which almost seems forgetful, s though in Smith violence and ten-erness have as yet found no sure eans of coexistence.

Smith has always shown an uncanny lent for catching the adolescent feel-gs of young men. A representative oem, "Careless Love," shows a man membering his younger self as a boy t the beach, teetering on the edge of arriage; characteristically, his girl is almer and bolder than he is. The man ys to her now:

I remember
not why but how you chose me. . . .
From your hair came
the smell of flesh, of salt tides
flooding back giddy
minutes of happiness. I saw
the bloody spot
of dawn the ocean dragged behind.
"We'll get married,"
you said, peeling your suit off.
"Don't be afraid."

The bloody spot"—never long absent om Smith's mind—is here domes-cated to a subordinate glare, threaten-g but not destroying happiness.

At moments, Smith thrashes against is own violence, and those moments sult in what are for me his most in-resting, if not always his most ac-omplished, lines. He tells a weird and ompelling story from his childhood, f a neighbor who, against all advice, uilt a house on land with a high water ble. Of course, the cellar was soon alf filled with thick swamp water. he neighbor's response was to moor a noe in the basement. The child-poet nd the neighbor's son dream that the noe might one day rise through the llar ceiling and float out through the ouse, "but day by day/the walls osed in, and nothing changed." The rown poet reflects on the neighbor's



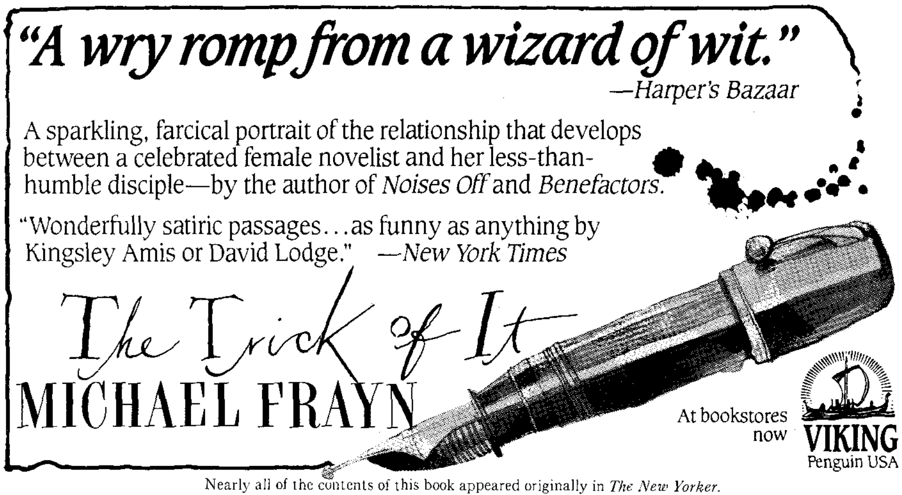
A Great Trip Starts Right Here! XXOO
Before you see your travel agent, see TRAVELDAYS BOOK SHOP
DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOPS SINCE 1910
TRAVELDAYS
Postcard
Traveldays Book Shops & Doubleday Book Shops Travel Departments
SPECIAL ORDERS ★ WORLDWIDE DELIVERY
FREE GIFT WRAPPING ★ GIFT CERTIFICATES

**Visit TRAVELDAYS BOOK SHOP, in Boston's Copley Place, where you'll discover an expert collection of guides and maps as well as books of every description for the armchair traveler. ★★★★ All DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOPS have comprehensive travel departments and our helpful booksellers welcome special orders.**

**TRAVELDAYS BOOK SHOPS**
BOSTON, MA: 617-247-2291
COLUMBUS, OH: 614-221-0506
SAN FRANCISCO, CA: 415-989-3420

**DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOP**
724 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK NY 10019
DBS XPRESS ™: 800-635-0045
24 HR. FAX: 212-307-7681

DBS XPRESS™ 800-635-0045 ★ 24 HOUR FAX: 212-307-7681



*"A wry romp from a wizard of wit."*
—*Harper's Bazaar*

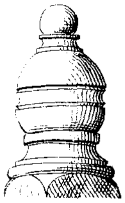
A sparkling, farcical portrait of the relationship that develops between a celebrated female novelist and her less-than-humble disciple—by the author of *Noises Off* and *Benefactors.*

"Wonderfully satiric passages...as funny as anything by Kingsley Amis or David Lodge." —*New York Times*

The Trick of It
MICHAEL FRAYN

At bookstores now
VIKING
Penguin USA

Nearly all of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

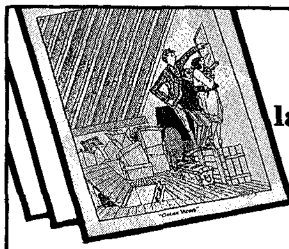


**PRESERVATION**
PLAN ON IT
*Write:*
**National Trust**
**for Historic Preservation**
Department PA
1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

**GOOD USED BOOKS**

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.

**EDITIONS** DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412



**A great new idea from the land down under.**

**The Real Estate Series**

**Genuine Kentuck Prints Make the Perfect Gift!**

**Full-color humorous prints are a unique way to send a gift. Each set includes three 10" x 14" prints on fine art paper, handsomely framed and delivered anywhere in the USA. Ask about the Legal Series! Just $99.95 plus $5.75 UPS.**

**☎800-525-4519**
Ask for department 12
Satisfaction guaranteed by Sarelle Publications.
Allow three to six weeks for delivery.

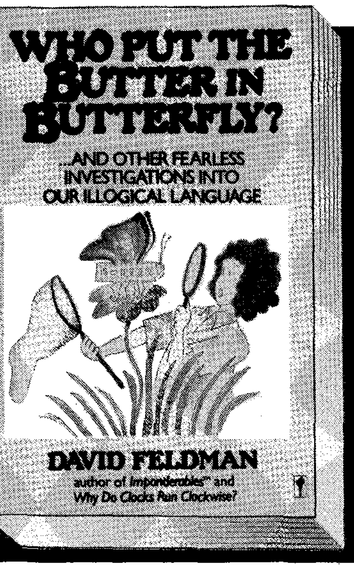
Now in paperback

What's a "shrift" and why is it always "short"?

Scores of new linguistic riddles – and their solutions – fill the latest book by the author of the bestselling *Imponderables*™ series and *Why Do Clocks Run Clockwise?*

$7.95

PERENNIAL LIBRARY
HARPER & ROW, PUBLISHERS
Available in Canada from Harper & Collins


WHO PUT THE BUTTER IN BUTTERFLY?
...AND OTHER FEARLESS INVESTIGATIONS INTO OUR ILLOGICAL LANGUAGE
DAVID FELDMAN
author of Imponderables™ and Why Do Clocks Run Clockwise?

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg.U.S.Pat.&T.M.Off.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
A Farewell To Arms

Polished Pewter Pin & Earrings

WILL NEVER TARNISH — HAND CRAFTED IN THE U.S.A. $49 Pin—3" Earrings—1³/₄" (Pierced)

add $3.50 for shipping/handling
VISA/MC/CK/MO
N.J. residents add 6% tax

Brochure Available:
(201)848-1747
(201)891-8734

Laraine K. Inc.
103 Godwin Ave. Midland Park, NJ 07432

claustrophobic sojourns in the cellar, paddling his canoe from one wall to the other:

> No eye could see much in your life's
> horizon, spiders, cocoons,
> shiny killers in hard black shields,
> but in this room-sized lagoon
> I came to imagine the strange selves
> I keep writing down.

And the posture of the man in the canoe becomes that of the poet in his chair:

> When I go down
> in my chair to write, I see you
> begin to conceive it, the outrageous
> boat proud upon the earth's
> scummy upwelling, its carriage a soul's
> indifferent to despair as to joy.

This proud bearing, surmounting joy and despair with stoicism, is not yet Smith's: he cries out, he protests, he sulks, he hates, he revenges himself. But the fact that he envisages a less personal set of responses, and in some way distrusts his own delectation in the tragedies of the insulted and the injured, gives this poem, "The Canoe in the Basement," a theoretical pride of place in "Cuba Night"; it measures the temperature of various enigmatic but not violent phrases scattered through the volume. These are phrases that have the savor of corpses: "silence, ignorance, season's passage"; "Disinterred, the past grins. Mute. Past"; "grateful for the rain washing his steps from earth"; "A cold enigma"; "faces . . . moonstones, blank mirrors." These phrases are the chilly late flowers of a coming season pushing up through Smith's steaming earth.

To these phrases belongs the cool, eloquent poem called "Writing Spider." The poet as a child watches the spider at work, preparing her web for the corpses she will install in it:

> Electric against the black law of the trees,
> huge yellow zigzags around her
> like lightning. A mystery, I think.
>
> There's not yet the evidence we expect,
> swaddled
> stingers, fuzzy cocoons well prepared—
> but for whom? The web glistens. . . .
>
> How old am I when I lift the stick,
>
> prod this and that corner of her
> concentration?
> It requires her to type back and forth
> her swaying, signing possession.
>
> I want to touch her now but instead
> blow casual, ordinary breath
> over the moment of her beautiful resting.

The emblem of the spider seen in her aesthetic (rather than her destructive) motion is an old one in poetry. Dickinson, looking at a male spider, claime him as her own: "Neglected son o genius/I take thee by the hand." I Smith's poem, the momentary refraining of the spider from inflicting suffering, and the arrest of the poet's hand a he breathes rather than touches, canno be said as yet to represent the poet' usual manner. For now, he hurls himself, blindly, against his potential deat (in one poem he mentions that he ha diabetes) and, at his most extreme makes it happen. "To Isle of Wight' ends in a fatal accident as the half-asleep, half-drunk speaker crashes int a hearse coming from the funeral of black man. He hears voices above him:

> A man says "Gon' die." . . .
> He says "Don't ask,"
> when one wants my name. Then,
> "He Isle of Wight,"
> and I hear them shuffle as if to
> leave.
>
> *No!* I gasp against hands on me. *I'm
> kin!*

The desperate claim of the Souther white on the Southern black seep away, unheard or unheeded, as anothe Southern-gothic tale ends in a Faulknerian debacle. A Southern weather—sultry, sullen, and unforgiving—permeates this book. To Northerners tha weather always has a slightly foreig and melodramatic air; to Southerner it seems, it defines the very atmospher in which life is lived. Smith adds to i the grimness and tenacity of someon shaking life by the throat and commanding it to speak. The absence o any word from the death's-head withi drives him to fury. What this Jaco will write when his wrestling with th angel of death finds its dawn is beyon conjecture. —HELEN VENDLE

•

ANOTHER CLEVER BUSINESS NAM
WE WISH WE HADN'T SEEN

Cut the Crepe, a catering service in Melbourne, Australia.

•

MOST ALARMING ADV. OF THE WEE

[*Adv. in the Rockledge* (*Pa.*) *Breeze*]

WOMAN WANTED to help prepare male for an elderly woman.

•

QUAKE WARNINGS ISSUED BY STAT
IN GROUNDBREAKING SAFETY
EFFORT

—*Orange County* (*Calif.*) *Registe*

Oops.

## Louis XIV. What a closet should be.

A vision of how things should be. It can answer a practical need with a work of art. Or turn the simple act of driving into an extraordinary experience. The Lincoln Continental. One of the world's most advanced luxury cars. You can feel it in the ride of its air suspension. The control of its anti-lock brakes. The reassurance of its driver and right front passenger air bag Supplemental Restraint System. For a free brochure, call 1 800 446-8888. Or visit a Lincoln dealer. One drive and you'll see why most other luxury cars are just ordinary. And why Lincoln Continental is exactly what a luxury car should be.

**LINCOLN. What a luxury car should be.**

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

They don't brag about their kids,
or make you watch slides of their vacations.

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 43% ALC./VOL. (86°) • © 1988 CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

What are you saving the Chivas for?